he Saturday Evening Post · January 15, 1966 · 25c

POST

Exclusive:

AN AMERICAN STUDENT'S DRAMATIC STORY
MY LIFE IN A SOVIET PRISON

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVOLUTION

FEB 3 '66

The effect on
MORALS

The progress in
SCIENCE

The role of the
CHURCH

The changes in
LAW

The new freedom
and new responsibilities
facing the wom

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Villarceaux, built in 1755, is a jewel of French chateau architecture, is packed with period treasures in furniture, tapestries, paintings. The cars: a 1966 Ford XL and a hand-fitted Citroen Chapron, made by the greatest custom coachbuilder in France.

Ford's Quiet Man reports from France:

"I was sure the Citroen Chapron would be quieter, because it is hand-made," said Count de Villefranche... but the new Ford XL quickly changed his opinion!

The Quiet Man demonstrates Ford's new Stereo Tape System with a snap-in cartridge that plays more than 70 minutes of continuous music.

Count Emmanuel de Villefranche was amused when the Quiet Man, touring Europe, challenged him to test the extraordinary hush of Ford's 1966 XL . . . but he was intrigued. The French nobleman has two chateaux on his 2000-acre estate, a town house in Paris, a villa in Rome . . . and a polished appreciation for everything that is excellent.

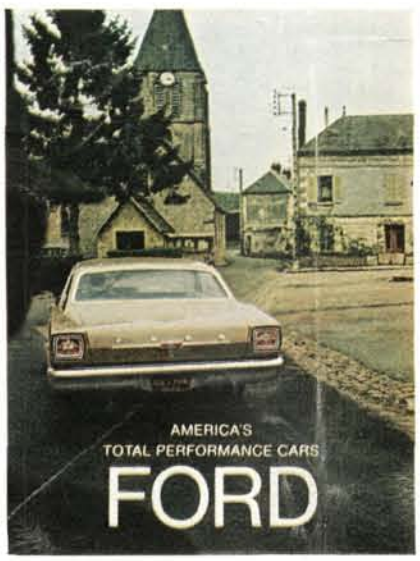
He met the Quiet Man at the gates of Chateau Villarceaux with the most exclusive car made in France today, a handcrafted Citroen Chapron "Majestie." The "springs" of this car are spheres of nitrogen, compressed by oil. The body is all leather-lined, even the roof, and every part is fitted by hand by Henri Chapron's 170 craftsmen.

It is a very quiet car. But when Count de Villefranche finished driving the Ford XL he said: "It seems to me most remarkable a factory-made car like this could be more quiet, more *grand luxe* than a car made individually by the craftsmen."

The Quiet Man agreed that it is remarkable . . . but not when you consider the tremendous resources of Ford engineering, the great strength of the body, the refinements like "recessive" front wheels that flex *horizontally* a trifle to take the thump out of bumps.

Count de Villefranche was fascinated by the Ford, particularly by the new Stereo Tape System and its 70-minute snap-in tape cartridges. He exclaimed: "What wonderful sound . . . it is like the whole orchestra was in the auto!" You will be fascinated too, when you drive an XL like the one Count de Villefranche tested. Your Ford dealer has one waiting.

Ford



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NOTE: *The Book Club editions shown here are sometimes reduced in size, but texts are full length — not a word is cut!*

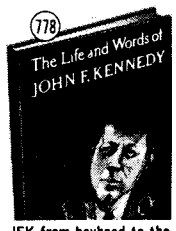
A 35th Anniversary Offer from Doubleday's famous Dollar Book Club! Select any 5 of 60 books for only 99 cents. Choose from best-selling novels, big illustrated books, reference volumes, even two-volume sets — all hard-cover, full-length books! This is your introductory package, when you join the Club.

• Thereafter, as a member, you will be offered each month a variety of book bargains from which to choose. Selections are exciting new adult novels, costing $3.95 to $5.95 each in publishers' editions, yet they come to members for as little as $1. Big hits by Thomas B. Costain, Daphne du Maurier, Frank Yerby, and other top authors have come to members for $1— a saving of up to 75%. Some extra-value books are offered to members at prices higher than $1.

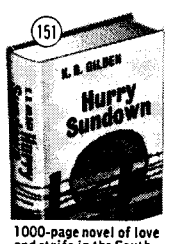
• Alternate selections include books of every kind — cook books, travel books, mysteries, classics, homemaking books — at special prices to members only. An attractive bonus plan offers other big savings too. All books are new, full-length, hard-bound editions.

SEND NO MONEY NOW — JUST MAIL COUPON BELOW

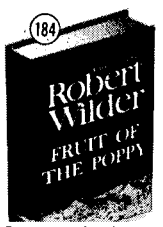
Circle code numbers of the 5 introductory books of your choice. You will receive these 5 books at once, and you will be billed only 99 cents, plus shipping cost. Mail the coupon now. Doubleday Dollar Book Club, Garden City, New York.



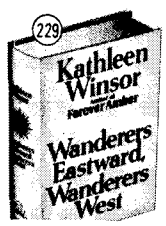
JFK from boyhood to the Presidency. Many photos.



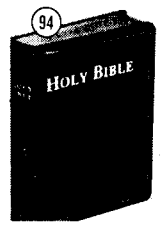
1000-page novel of love and strife in the South.



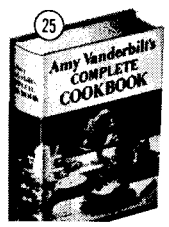
Romance and violence in the valleys of Mexico.



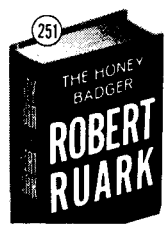
Big new novel by author of "Forever Amber."



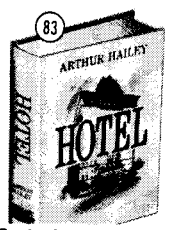
King James version, in a fine flexible binding.



Menus for glamour meals from buffets to banquets.

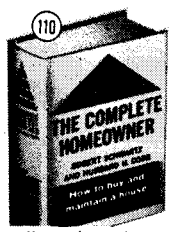


Big novel of an author and the women he loved.

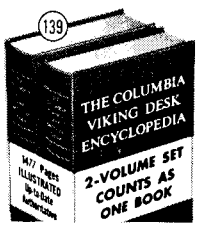


Fascinating secret lives of guests in a modern hotel.

Du Maurier's newest tale of romance and suspense.



How to buy and care for your home.

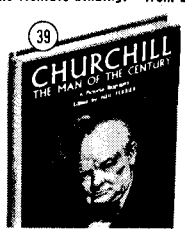


Famed desk encyclopedia. 31,500 entries, 1,477 pgs.

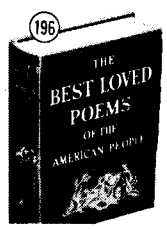
Authoritative guide to 2,500 plants. Illus.

Manor and mistress—a legend haunted both!

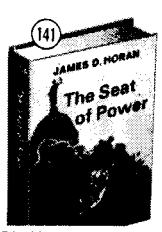
Hilarious "bloopers" of children.



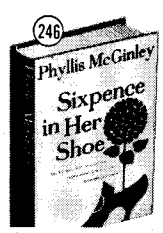
Pictorial biography of the man of the century.



Hundreds of favorites for everybody. 650 pgs.

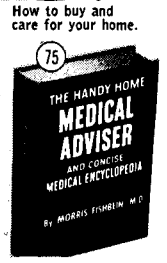


Blockbuster novel of New York City politics.

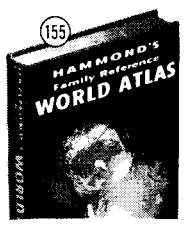


Best-seller on the art of being a housewife.

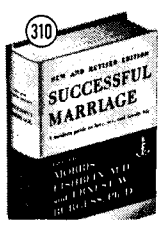
Exercise and diet for health and good looks.



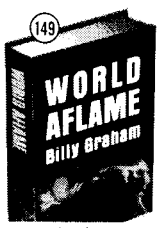
Authoritative health guide for family use.



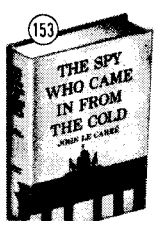
Color maps of all countries. Gazetteer.



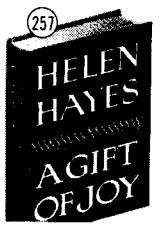
Guide to fulfillment in marriage, by 38 authors.



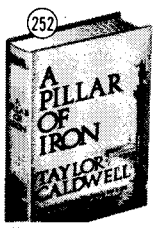
Billy Graham's answers to the crises of our time.



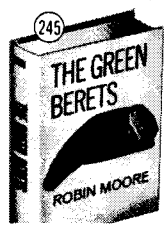
Best-selling tale of terror and intrigue.



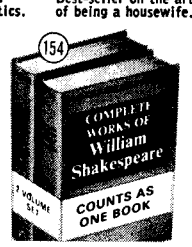
Reminiscences by actress Helen Hayes.



"Big-screen" novel of Rome in Caesar's time.



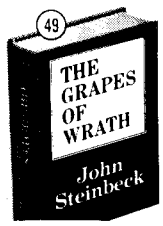
Stories of courage under combat in South Vietnam.



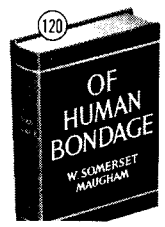
Every play and poem complete. 1,134 pages.

Tale of East-West showdown—the Berlin airlift.

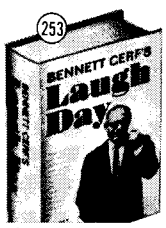
Murder and romance on a Greek Island.



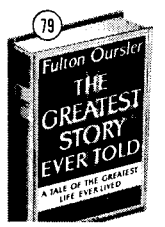
Steinbeck's epic novel of an Oklahoma family.



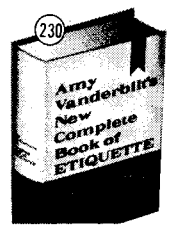
Somerset Maugham's greatest novel.



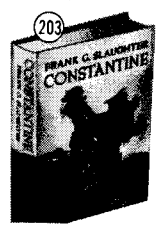
Cerf's new collection. Over 1,000 anecdotes.



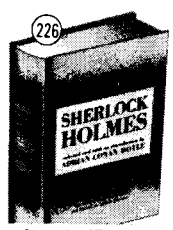
Story of the Gospels, beautifully re-told.



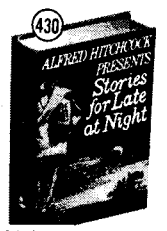
New edition of the famed guide to social graces.



Colorful narrative of 4th century Rome.

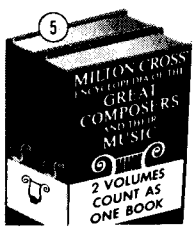


2 novels, 27 stories of Sherlock Holmes.

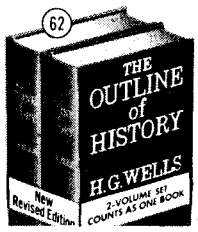


24 chillers selected by the master of macabre.

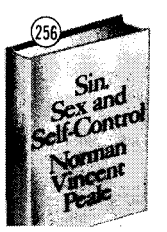
Glamorous star's guide to feminine beauty.



Guide to lives and music of the masters. 2 vols.



The whole story of man. Over 1,000 pages. Illus.

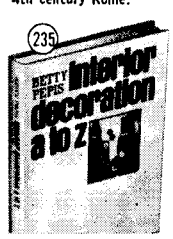


How to live happily in a time of changing morals.

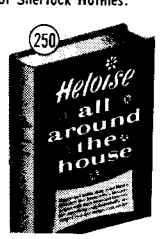
Clear instructions for beginner or expert.

Comedy riot on which TV series was based.

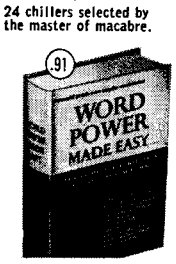
Beloved children's story of a collie. Illustrated.



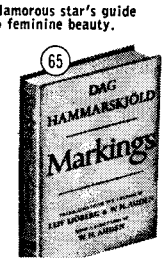
How to beautify every room in your home. Illus.



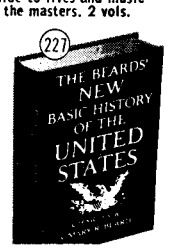
Hundreds of ways to save money, time and work.



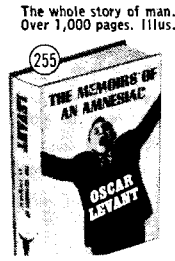
How to improve your writing and speaking.



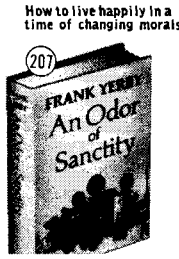
Private journal of the martyred U.N. diplomat.



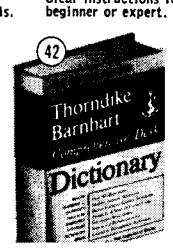
Story of America, from colonial times to today.



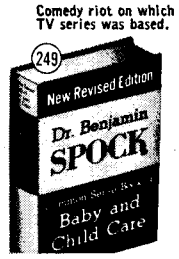
Oscar Levant's own life story.



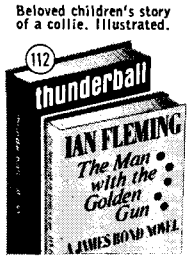
Frank Yerby's big new novel of medieval Spain.



Latest edition. More than 80,000 entries.

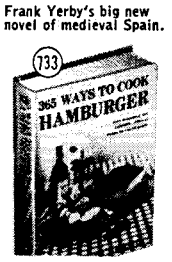


The "bible" on baby care for mothers the world over.



Two James Bond adventure hits—count as one book!

Children's classic, with charming illustrations.



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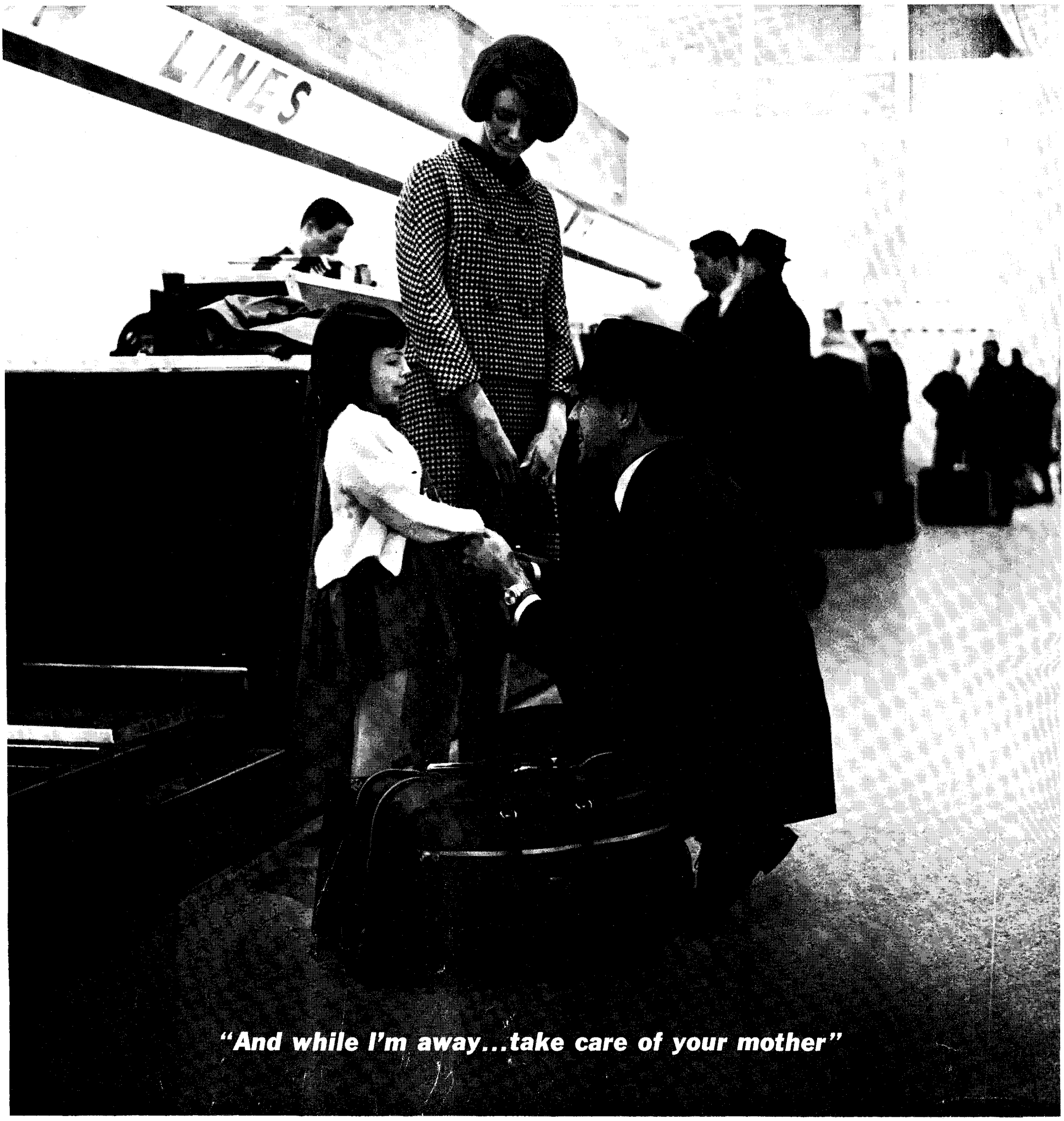

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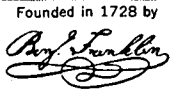

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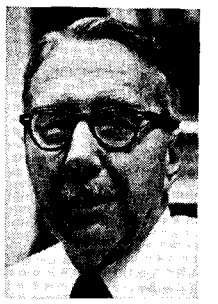

Steven M. Spencer

Post science editor STEVEN M. SPENCER has been writing about medical topics for more than 35 years, 21 of them for *The Post*, and in that time has won numerous national awards for his work. The honors have come from, among others, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Albert Lasker Foundation, and the National Association for Mental Health, which last gave him recognition for his series of articles in 1962 about the Menninger brothers' psychiatric clinic in Kansas. The article in this issue is Spencer's second for *The Post* on birth control. The first, NEW CASE-HISTORY FACTS ON BIRTH-CONTROL PILLS, in the issue of June 30-July 7, 1962, reported on the first two of the birth-control pills. Spencer is author of the book, *Wonders of Modern Medicine*, published by McGraw-Hill and translated into Italian and Spanish . . . . Another "20-year man" on the staff, HAROLD H. MARTIN, had his first full-length article published in *The Post* in 1945, but the one in this issue is his first about a motion picture./Cover by HIRO.

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Letters

Spirit of Christmas

For a long time I too have loved the glitter and even garish aspects of Christmas. For years I have concealed my joy for fear of having to defend myself from those who would accuse me of being insensitive and materialistic. LET'S KEEP CHRISTMAS COMMERCIAL by April Oursler Armstrong [December 18] set my thinking straight.

Boy, was this a Merry Christmas!

HELENA RUDD
Haverhill, Mass.

• It was a joy to be reminded again that Christianity is not dependent on surroundings or the lack of them, but rather is a change of heart.

DONALD E. SMITH
Sunnyvale, Calif.

• My first mental comment upon seeing by your cover that you had an article entitled "Let's Keep Christmas Commercial" was, "Oh, come on now!" When I found the page and saw that my beloved Fulton Oursler's daughter had written it, I was crushed.

Then I read the article. It was the most wonderfully expressed transference of ideas! I would like Mrs. Armstrong to know that she has written the most superb article that I have ever read in my 35 years of literacy.

VIRGINIA W. BOWIE
St. Louis, Mo.

• Mrs. Armstrong's article fails to go to the root of the matter: the moral ugliness of so many people exchanging useless things while most of the world goes hungry.

WM. F. PEDERSON JR.
Cambridge, Mass.

• After 62 years of Christmas seasons in the retail-clothing business, and reading and listening to the many comments critical of the gift giving that is so much a part of our year's efforts, it is with great pleasure that we read and reread April Armstrong's SPEAKING OUT.

CARLSTON WILSON
Rutland, Vt.

• It's only natural for April Armstrong, the daughter of a wealthy man, to want Christmas kept commercial. She never experienced a real "old-time Christmas" without toys, candy and nuts; a Christmas with nothing but the bare necessities in a time when you never knew where the next meal was coming from, due to no money and no employment.

But we always managed to have a Christmas program at the little country school (at very little cost) that was the envy of all nearby towns; people came by Model T and by team and sleigh or a one-horse cutter just to see it. We were ornery kids at times, but we never failed to have a good program.

And what toys we got 45 years ago had to last us until the following Christmas. Ninety percent of toys today are cheap junk made in foreign countries with "slave labor." Most will wear out or be broken very shortly after Christmas. I used to cut trees "commercially" 40 years ago and they were 99 percent balsams, a few spruce, and all carefully chosen for uniform shape and size. Nowadays they're using everything except sagebrush and greasewood, not to mention the imitation trees.

April Armstrong can have her commercial Christmas. I'll stick to my old-fashioned one.

W. THAYER
Wenatchee, Wash.

A sister's portrait

In my 25 years of enjoying *The Post*, I can't recall ever having read on its pages a more moving, more beautiful, more eloquent or more enlightening piece of writing than Mrs. Nan Wood Graham's letter to the editor, printed in this year's December 18 issue. How timely that it should appear during the Christmas season, and, especially, in this period of the 20th century when so many writers seem so determined to bare so many souls. Her letter and her famous portrait serve as notices to those who would deal in biography that there is a fine line between right and wrong, and that Keats was wise beyond his years when he wrote, "Beauty is Truth. . . ."

MARY C. DREW
East Barrington, N.H.

Nash lash

I know I am rash
To try to imitate Ogden Nash,
But his last effort in *The Post*,
[MRS. MOODUS'S SECOND HONEYMOON, OR HOW TO UNOBSTREPERIZE A HUSBAND, December 4.]
Although a thing of which any poet might boast,
(I thought it a corker)
Seems better suited to *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, or even *The New Yorker*.
I realize that a popular magazine should strive to educate and uplift,
But if you talk so far above the heads of the masses they will be inclined to give you short shrift.
I would appreciate your giving me any and all pertinent data
Regarding people who wrote in inquiring "Who the heck was Lysistrata?"
For I believe if I took a poll of your readers and could speak to them,
A very large percentage (like my mother and my husband) would candidly admit that the last line of Mr. Nash's poem and the point contained therein was pure Greek to them.

MRS. J. S. SLICER
Needham, Mass.

None of our readers asked about the Lysistratagem for problems marital.
Some understood and probably some didn't care at all.
And, Mrs. Slicer, anyone who can ask "Who the heck was Lysistrata?"
Already understands the reference and doesn't think there's anything the matta.—Ed.

Thrill pills

Congratulations on your excellent article on the so-called dangerous drugs—amphetamines and the barbiturates [THE THRILL-PILL MENACE by Bill Davidson, December 4].

Congress made an important step toward countering this menace in the Drug Abuse Control Act of 1965, but in my opinion they have not gone nearly far enough. We need much tighter controls over manufacture and distribution.

Ironically, our concern has been directed so much toward the problems of narcotics addicts that we are not equipped to help the young "abusers" of barbiturates and "pep pills." Under present law, they cannot be admitted to the Federal narcotics hospital at Lexington, Ky. We have no facilities for treatment or research to discover why young people resort to drugs. I've introduced a bill (H.R. 7846) to correct this, and I hope articles such as yours will stimulate action.

RICHARD L. OTTINGER, *Representative*
Congress of the United States
Washington, D.C.

• The article was timely and informative, and I do wish that other national magazines would recognize the seriousness of this problem and present it to the public.

JANE E. ARANT
Florence, S.C.

• I am appalled at the flagrant use of amphetamines and barbiturates by our young people. To deliberately throw the body out of chemical balance for the thrill of it is suicide.

ROBERT LEIBOLD
Neenah, Wis.

• These are my thoughts, a teen-ager's on the use of drugs by teen-agers. Every time I read an article of this sort I get very upset. I cannot understand how these young people can feel this is a way of having fun. I am sure most teen-agers know about the dangers involved in the use of drugs. About the only reason I can think of for their use is that these kids want to be "one of the crowd," or do not want to be called "chicken." They fail to realize that if using drugs is what you have to do to be accepted, then who wants to be accepted?

BETH PHELPS
Montague, Calif.

• An incongruous statement caught my attention. Amphetamine is said to retail at 5 cents per tablet. The illicit dealer is described as "greedy" because his customers pay as much as 15 cents per tablet—a price increase of 300 percent. What adjective would you suggest for the *legitimate* wholesaler, because, according to your article, the tablet he buys for 1/10 cent is sold to the pharmacist for 3 cents—an increase of 3,000 percent?

MRS. RICHARD SHOLTYS
Dunkirk, N.Y.

Our error. The 1/10 cent is what it costs the manufacturer to make the pill, excluding the expense of overhead, research, packaging, distribution, etc. The wholesale druggist pays about 2.6 cents for a tablet sold to the pharmacist for 3 cents.—Ed.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

Our first issue of *The Post* (we are new subscribers) just arrived, and with real delight I read THE SHARPEST WIT IN WASHINGTON [by Jean vanden Heuvel, December 4]. It was easily worth the price of the subscription, and Inge Morath's photographs completed a perfect gem!

ESTHER KANE
Long Grove, Iowa

• I grew up with tales of Princess Alice filling the national newspaper columns, and when she finally succumbed to the redoubtable Nicholas Longworth, I, along with the pre-flappers of former times, hungrily read all the courtship and nuptial details. The account of Alice Roosevelt Longworth as she is today filled me with delight. In her slightly ironic presence and her succinct remarks, there is no tragedy in advancing years. She displays the same self-confidence, brilliant mentality and nationwide perspective which long ago made her the darling of the nation.

NAN M. COMSTOCK
Seal Beach, Calif.

• I'd like to add my personal anecdote to the interesting article about Mrs. Longworth. I was 11 when my mother took me to the Pan-American Exposition. While we were eating lunch, the waitress came over and said, "You may want to be slow in finishing—Theodore Roosevelt and family are coming to the next table very soon." We slowed down. They were all tired and dusty shoed. I faced Alice, who seemed like a young lady to me. She had a cup of tea, and drank it holding the cup in both hands with both elbows on the table. Thereafter, I always said, when reminded by my mother to take my elbows off the table, "The President's daughter puts both on."

ALICE W. GARMAN
Hamden, Conn.

Bonanza

I think your story on the *Bonanza* gang, Michael Landon, Dan Blocker, and Lorne Greene, was the best and most informative story about them that has ever been written [BONANZA, December 4]. I sincerely wish to congratulate and to thank the author, Richard Warren Lewis, and the photographer, Bill Bridges, for their fine work.

KATHLEEN CLARY (*Age 14*)
Pasadena, Calif.

• The feeling that permeated the entire piece was that of pure cynicism. The effect was to degrade the image of *Bonanza's* actors, and to represent them as being cheap and unattractive. This is a shame, for during the several years that *Bonanza* has been on the air, children across the country, and throughout the world, have looked to it for their example of a cowboy and, perhaps, also for their heroes. Certainly you would not print an article disclaiming Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny as being less than they are!

R. B. PARKS
Arlington, Va.

Treasure hunt

Robert K. Massie's story on Mr. John Perring, titled PLEASE SEND ONE BILLION DOLLARS [December 4], was absolutely fascinating. I sincerely believe that he has a good case against the Bank of England.

I have dealt with the same circumstances as Mr. Perring did while doing some family genealogy. I found several titles and deeds of land that had belonged to my great-grandfather, but the banks had no records. I soon gave up the task.

JOE TOON
Dallas, Tex.

• It seems John Perring has overlooked the obvious: *viz*, escheats. With no activity in the Perring accounts with the Bank of England, *et al*, for such a long period of time, it seems the money may have been turned over to the government. Naturally the banks involved wouldn't disclose this, since it could show a laxity on their part in tracing descendants.

I can't help mentioning that the name Perring has a strange affinity to the infamous red fish.

L. GORDON LEE
State College, Pa.

Anne Bancroft & Sullivan

Richard Lemon's fine story on Anne Bancroft ["HEY, MA, I CAN DO THAT!" November 20] reminds us of the remarkable influence this actress has had on the lives of the deaf-blind by her portrayal of our famous alumna, Anne Sullivan.

At Perkins School for the Blind, where we teach deaf-blind children, we are aware that the burdens they face as adults are tremendously complicated by popular ignorance of their potential. Millions of persons who have seen *The Miracle Worker* now have a clearer view of how such a combination of handicaps can be successfully overcome.

Next April 14 when we celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of Anne Sullivan's birth, we will be aware of the improved outlook for the deaf-blind which has resulted from Anne Bancroft's convincing acting on Broadway and on film.

EDWARD J. WATERHOUSE, *Director*
Perkins School for the Blind
Watertown, Mass.

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We tried. Lord knows we tried. But no amount of pivoting or faking could squeeze the Philadelphia 76ers' Wilt Chamberlain into the front seat of a Volkswagen.

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And there's more legroom in front than you'd get in a limousine.

Because the engine's tucked over the rear wheels where it's out of the way (and where it can give the most traction).

You can put 2 medium-sized suitcases up front (where the engine isn't), and 3 fair-sized kids in the back seat. And you can sleep an enormous infant in back of the back seat.

Actually, there's only one part of a VW that you can't put much into: The gas tank.

But you can get about 29 miles per gallon out of it.

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Speaking Out

By Bruce Jay Friedman

KEEP OUT OF MY KIDS' HAIR

Bruce Jay Friedman, hitherto best-known for his fiction, will have two shows on Broadway next year—a musical comedy based on his novel 'A Mother's Kisses,' and a drama. Longhairs in his life include wife Ginger and, from left, sons Josh, Kipp, Drew.

There had been the border skirmishes all along—a principal cracking down on girls in blue jeans, another giving a little boy the green light on bangs, but only if he brushed them to the side. Occasionally some father, generally a professor or attorney, would get his back up and take the thing to court, and there would be some amusing exchanges between the civil libertarian dad and the Walter Brennan folksy judge. It would happen in Beverly Hills or Westbrook, Conn., or some place called Middlesex, and the sole beneficiaries were those newscasters who were always looking for breezy anecdotes to top off 10-minute news summaries about Chancellor Erhard and how tantalizingly close our bombs were getting to the Chinese border. The cases made me think of Miss McManus telling our fourth-grade class that "cud chewers" would never amount to anything, and Miss Tenschul in the fifth saying she'd rather wrestle with the devil himself than have a "rubber-dubber" (a boy or girl who wrote things down and erased them) in her section. I thought, too, of Friday nights when I was 14 or so and dressed up in a black turtleneck sweater, circulation-pinching pegged pants and a mountainous pompadour, and went to dances, where I would imitate a tough kid I'd made up named Jimmy Siccatelli.

Whatever the case, it all seemed kind of innocent footnote stuff until this fall when the kids came back to class, and the school-board opposition to the way they let the hair sit on their heads took on a much grimmer tone. The language of today's kids from eight on up (arguing conservatively) is pop music, and today's pop music is rock 'n' roll and country rock and folk rock, and there is an awful lot of long hair swirling around in it. There is Bob Dylan and Sonny and Cher and Barry *(Eve of Destruction)* McGuire, and if you don't have a little blizzard of long hair flying when you do the Jerk, you are liable to get hooted off the floor. You may think the music is naïve and embarrassing and I may too, but it zeroes in on war and peace and the draft and Selma and nonconformity and the PTA, and "it's what's happening," and it belongs to the kids. And the spokesmen, the leaders of the pack, have all this long hair, and when you flip out over Herman's Hermits, the last thing you are going to want to do is zip over to the barbershop for a U.S. Marines scalp cut. No more than a Democrat would want to sell out L.B.J. by cultivating a New England accent. So the bangs sprouted, and the sideburns dropped a little, too, and this is the year the parents closed one eye and let the kids go right ahead. The last anti-Beatle guns were in mothballs, most parents realizing there wasn't anything corrupting after all in four kids from Liverpool swaying to a deep beat and singing, "I'm in love with her and I feel fine." Besides, plenty of the old folks themselves were moving pretty good to the Supremes down at the local discothèque. So, many of the kids trooped back to school with Sir Galahad haircuts, but if the parents were somewhat pacified, the school authorities were digging in for a major campaign. There was hand-to-hand combat in Fairfax County, Va., pitched battles in Houston and all-out war in Provincetown, Mass.

A school principals' committee in Fairfax County put into effect a "good grooming" policy which says, essentially, there'll be no admittance to school with the ducktail hairdo or "Beatle Look." Twenty longhairs picketed at the Jefferson High School in Fairfax but finally capitulated and got clipped at the local barbershop. In Houston, much of the hubbub involved the son of a Rice University professor who was turned away from his high school for wearing a "Prince Charles" hair style. His father, Dr. Louis Mackey, declared, "The question is, does a boy have to forfeit his civil liberties in order to get an education?" The Provincetown superintendent of schools published an edict directed generally at proper and modest dress for both boys and girls: It created a furor in the town, much of it reported internationally.

None of it reached me until I read about the headmaster of a fashionable East Coast private school who "planted himself in the doorway" of the school, "armed with a pair of shears," ready to slice off the bangs of his classroom-bound little boys. If he'd been kind of leaning casually against the door, taking an occasional annoyed swipe at a forelock or two, I guess I wouldn't have paid much attention to the story. But he wasn't fooling around. He was planted in there pretty solid, and George Wallace notwithstanding, I guess I have an uncomfortable feeling about people who plant themselves in doorways to keep things out. In this case, the things were little boys with Prince Charles bangs. I have had occasion to price private schools on the East Coast lately, and some of the fees asked would make your teeth chatter. If you are laying out that kind of line, I just wonder if you really want a bang chopper at the educational controls. It seems to me it is one thing to prefer kids' hair trimmed down and neat and quite another when you begin arming yourself with shears and planting yourself in doorways to get the job done. He was a pretty large-sized fellow, and when they asked him why he had planted himself in the doorway against hair, he had his argument all ready, neat as a pin: "Sloppy hair, sloppy thinking." That would seem to end the debate right there if you could only shut out the picture of a classroom where all the ideas are neat and trimmed and crewcut, and if any of them get a little sloppy and loose around the edges, why you get the old bang chopper to pull out his shears and clip them down to where they're tidy again. Well, what's so marvelous about neat and tidy thinking anyway? And what does the bang chopper do when one of the *crewcut* boys does a little sloppy thinking, comes up with an idea that is a little shaggy and has some loose threads? What does he have left to chop then?

I don't know how crazy I am about long hair on boys, and I guess I wince along with everyone else when I see a 16-year-old guitar-strumming acned swinger with hair longer than Grace Kelly's. But plenty of other things make me wince too. I don't like 50-year-old broads with pipestem legs in Courrèges boots, and there is a writer I know, a grown man, who on four separate occasions has said to me, "A top-flight metaphor makes my day." I might feel a little murderous toward

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this fellow, but I am not going to stand in any doorways and block his way, any more than I am going to chop the legs off the antiquated Courrèges dolls. Who knows? Maybe someday I'll change my mind and like the way they look. Maybe I'll wear Courrèges boots myself. Maybe someday, horror of horrors, a topflight metaphor will make *my* goddamned day. To see the weakness of the bang-chopping position, you need only envision a time when long hair is violently the national vogue, and some daring young soul braves the school door in a crewcut. What does the bang chopper do then—plant himself in the doorway with a glue pot and paste hairs back on the kid's head?

Most of the sympathy goes out to the victims of racial and religious prejudice, and I think there is much too little concern for the haters and excluders, the people who have to spend all of their time keeping the neighborhoods and schools pure. There is an awful lot of terrible internal pressure on the poor guy who has to keep the hate coming, and I think some of this applies to the educators who are of a bang-chopping disposition. It would seem to me that bang chopping must take some sort of a toll on the bang chopper himself. After he has done his chopping, and the bangs are lying there at his feet, he gets the little shiver of pleasure, but he has got all that chopping left to do. The bangs are going to grow back again—and if you are one of the choppers of this world, you know there is all that stuff to chop when you get back home. All those choppables you can't see. The ones inside yourself and, of course, the ones inside other people. All those sloppy, trimmable thoughts. It's a lot like getting started with crabgrass and wanting to have a perfect lawn. You have to sympathize with the crabgrass commando, and you must sympathize with the educator who not only wants a perfect lawn but insists that everyone else have a perfect lawn too.

Some defenders of long hair have knocked down the "sloppy hair, sloppy thinking" thesis by citing brilliant longhairs such as Albert Einstein, Ignace Paderewski, Bertrand Russell and Norman Mailer to the contrary. I don't care very much for this argument. To me this is arguing by testimonial, and very much like saying Negroes are fine because look at Ralph Bunche. I think that kids should be allowed to wear their hair as long as they like and in any style they prefer, and I would feel this way if every intellectual in town were bald.

People should keep their hands out of a boy's hair, since when he is in his 20's he is going to get it cut off anyway by the Army, and he has all his life to have trim hair and a trim lawn and to catch the tidy old 8:14 and watch *Shenandoah* and be like everyone else. So why not give him a few years to look like a person and not a cipher?

Well, what about *my* rights, say the "neat" people. Don't I have a right not to be distracted? It depends on what you find distracting. There is a fellow who uses the same swimming pool I do who keeps his hair shaved to peach-fuzz level. He has great Houston Stadium-domed eyes, an Adam's apple you can sharpen an ax on, and a neck that would make a giraffe blush with envy. I have not seen anything like him since the time I toured the violent ward of Rockland State Hospital in the '40's. If I were a doorway planter, I guess I would plant myself in the swimming-pool doorway and not let him in, but as it is, I just wish he would let his hair grow so he could get himself some girls. He must know something's up, especially when people move to the other end of the pool. He has this poignant wavy-haired craving in his eyes, but he can't quite take the step, and I guess his fantasy is of a school where they insist you wear your hair long.

As long as they don't get hysterical about it, I suppose it's all right for teachers to be casually concerned about keeping the kids neat and to recite "cleanliness is next to godliness," because teaching can be a long grind, and that sort of thing helps pass the day. I do have to worry about the doorway planters and the bang choppers, however, because their kind of behavior implies that there is a *threat* in long hair, and the choppers are worried about something much more subtle than sloppy thinking. You probably should have a license to speculate about these things, but I guess that what frightens them is that if the boys wear their hair long, why then the boys are going to look like girls, and the lines between the sexes are going to get blurrier than ever. This can be frightening, and what better solution than to chop off a little hair so that the sex division can be all tidy again? The fact, of course, is that the lines in many ways are sharp, but they are also blurry, and you don't separate the sexes by hair rules any more than you do by passing edicts that girls can't play third base and men can't put on aprons and cook veal *parmigiana*.

You don't get excited about hair by just riding along in a bus and suddenly getting seized by controversy. It helps to have a young son around nine or so who wears his hair kind of nervously long, and it helps to more or less like the way it looks on him. I just happen to have one with those specifications. If he gets to college, I hope they've made tree climbing an intercollegiate sport, because he can get up one faster than anyone else in America. For all I know, that long hair slows him up a little in the wind, but it does a floppy thing that appeals to me when he goes from branch to branch. He dove off some cliffs this summer that you couldn't pay me to even take a picture of, and the hair looked fine then, too, on the way down. Anyway, there was a time there about a month ago when I knuckled under and suggested he consider getting a trim. "What do you think I am," he said, "some kind of a nut?" That's what he thinks about it.

Put still another way, the hair is as much a part of the kid as his bicuspids or his belly button, and it would seem to me that if some bang chopper clips it off, then you have a perfect right to bang that educated bang chopper in the nose, and if you have to do a little stretch for that, why then let them get the cell ready, because I'm told you can get a lot of work done in there, and besides, the air has got to be a little more clear when you get out.

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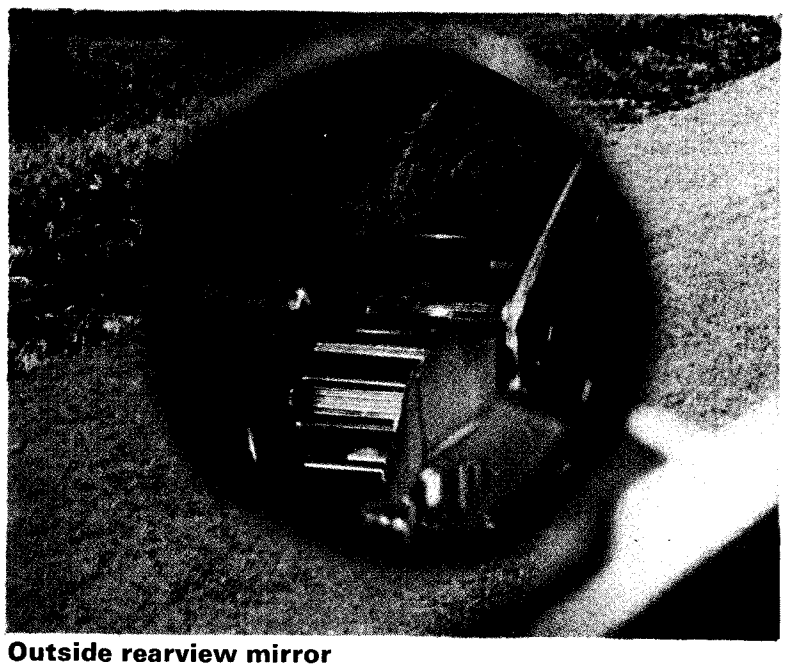

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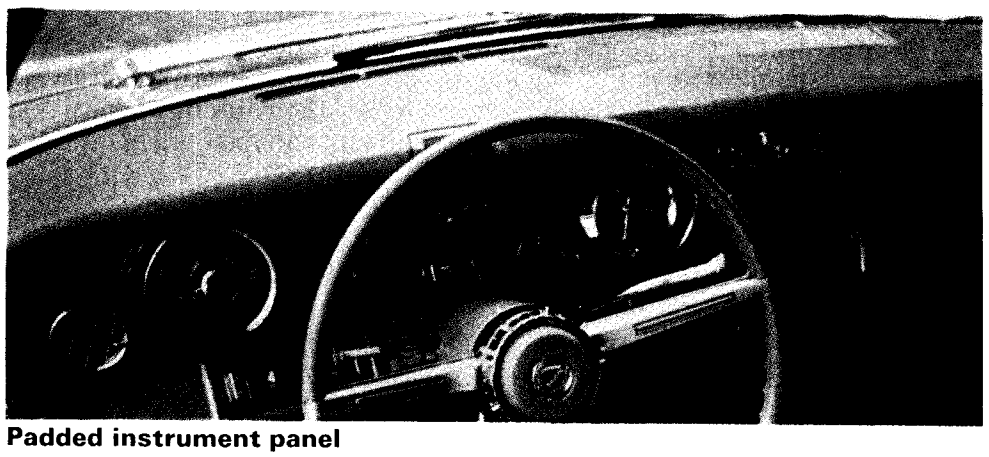

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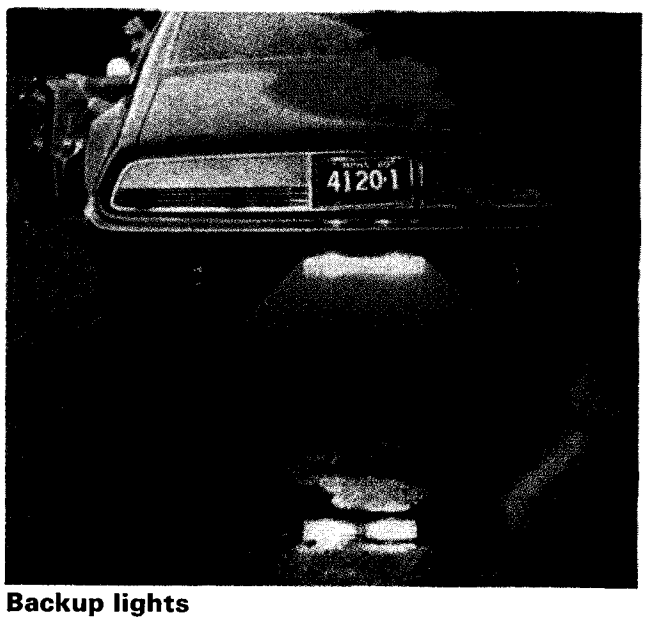

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THE MIND OF MAO

WASHINGTON:

As the war in Vietnam becomes bloodier, it is becoming as important to read correctly the minds of Mao Tse-tung and the other Chinese Communist rulers as it once was to read Joseph Stalin's mind. The Government experts on Communist China, basing their reading of Mao's mind in part on open sources and in part on secret intelligence, have come up with certain strange and disturbing conclusions. For example:

Mao Tse-tung and the other Chinese Communist rulers are quite genuinely convinced that the United States intends to attack China. The attack, they believe, will be limited at least initially to South China, and it will probably be launched within six months, certainly within nine months.

The Chinese Communist rulers believe it probable that both the Soviet Union and India will join in the attack, with the Russians moving into Sinkiang, and the Indians invading Tibet.

Finally, Mao and Company believe that it would be useless, as well as treason to the Communist cause, to try to deal with these looming dangers by negotiating any sort of compromise in Vietnam. "The American imperialist," Mao says, "will never become a Buddha and lay down his butcher knives." The only way to meet the threat is boldly and frontally, by adopting a "heroic, all-conquering attitude."

The Chinese Communist leaders have acted on their conviction that the "American imperialists" are soon going to attack China. They have passed the word to the party cadres to make all necessary preparations for the coming assault. The Americans, the cadres have been warned, are following a carefully planned program of escalation in Vietnam. Heavy air attacks on major population centers in North Vietnam can be expected soon, followed by attacks on communications lines in South China, then by the bombing of cities like Canton and Swatow. Accordingly, the Chinese have stockpiled blood plasma, built air-raid shelters, and evacuated old people and nonessential workers from Canton and Swatow.

The cadres have been warned to expect the Indians and the Russians to join in the aggression by the "American imperialists." There have been repeated calls for "high vigilance" not only against "invasion by the Indian reactionaries" but also against "subversion and sabotage by the modern revisionists"—meaning the Russians.

The China-watchers are convinced that this sort of thing is not mere internal propaganda, but instead represents a perfectly genuine fear of a triple-pronged attack. This fear goes back a long way—at least to 1962. The China experts have a curious and significant interpretation of Communist China's aggression against India in that year.

According to the experts, the Chinese Communist leaders actually believed that the United States, the Soviet Union and India had made a secret agreement to attack China. The United States was to support a seaborne and airborne invasion of the Chinese mainland by Chiang Kai-shek's troops, while the Soviet Union grabbed Sinkiang and India took Tibet.

This belief in a wholly mythical triangular plot is considered by the experts to be the explanation of an otherwise mysterious warning conveyed at the time by the Chinese ambassador in Warsaw to American Ambassador John Cabot. The Chinese ambassador solemnly warned Cabot that aggression by the United States and the "Chiang Kai-shek clique" would have most terrible consequences.

A similar warning to the Soviets not to invade Sinkiang was conveyed in Moscow at the same time. The attack on India followed immediately. It seemed quite senseless at the time—the territory in dispute was worthless, and the attack embittered the Indians, till then the leading apologists for Communist China, and alienated the other neutralist nations. The China experts are convinced that Mao and Company conceived of the attack as a defensive spoiling action, like a fighter's short jabs, to throw the aggressive plotters off-balance. In Mao's eyes, of course, the spoiling action succeeded brilliantly in foiling the plot.

As all this suggests, the view of the world held by Mao Tse-tung and the other Chinese Communist leaders is a curious mixture of fact and fancy, logic and paranoia. It is quite true that the United States, the Soviet Union and India all have scores to settle with Communist China. It may even be true that the logic of events will lead to the sort of escalation of the Vietnamese war of which the Chinese Communist cadres have been warned.

Yet the notion that the Soviet Union, the United States and India could jointly and secretly plan an attack on China—and this at the time of the great Cuban missile crisis—is fanciful to the point of paranoia. It suggests the extent to which, as Nikita Khrushchev used to say, the Chinese Communist rulers are "out of touch with the realities" and "shut off from the world by some sort of blinders."

To understand how the minds of Mao Tse-tung and the other Chinese Communist leaders work, the experts say, it is necessary to understand three things about them. First, they are Chinese. China is the world's most xenophobic nation—foreigners are "foreign devils," capable of any evil.

Second, they are Communists, and Communists of a peculiarly fundamentalist sort. As non-Communists, the Indian leaders are by definition "reactionary lackeys of American imperialism." Because the Russian leaders are "revisionists"—an awful word in the fundamentalist Communist lexicon—they are also "lackeys." They are "serving as a fire brigade for U.S. imperialism trying to stamp out the flames of revolution." What more logical than that the "imperialists" should concoct a plot with their "lackeys" to crush the real source of the revolutionary flames?

Third, it is important to understand that Mao Tse-tung and the other Chinese Communist leaders have lived all their lives wholly cut off from real contact with the rest of the world. The only world they know is a world of plots, intrigues, unending violence, and terror used as an instrument of policy. In this Chinese Communist world, the incredible is easily believed, and the logical becomes illogical.

By Western logic, the Chinese conviction that the United States will soon attack China should induce a desire for a negotiated end of the Vietnamese war. Not by Chinese Communist logic. For to the Chinese Communists, the American Government—*any* American Government—is the personification of capitalist evil, and to compromise with evil is evil in itself. Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, according to the most recent and most violent anti-Soviet blast from Peking, actually proposed to "help the United States find a way out of Vietnam." This was final proof of his anti-Communist perfidy.

One conclusion is obvious. It is intellectually fashionable to suggest that the only way to end the Vietnamese war is to negotiate a compromise with Communist China, as the dominant power in Asia. This is nonsense, for the simple reason that it takes two to negotiate. Another conclusion is also obvious. President Kennedy was tragically right to worry almost to the point of obsession, as he did before he died, about the prospect of the Chinese Communists in control of the nuclear weapon. For there is a clear element of irrationality, of craziness, of paranoia, in Communist China's view of the world.

Stewart Alsop

Shastri

Kosygin

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Mao Tse-tung

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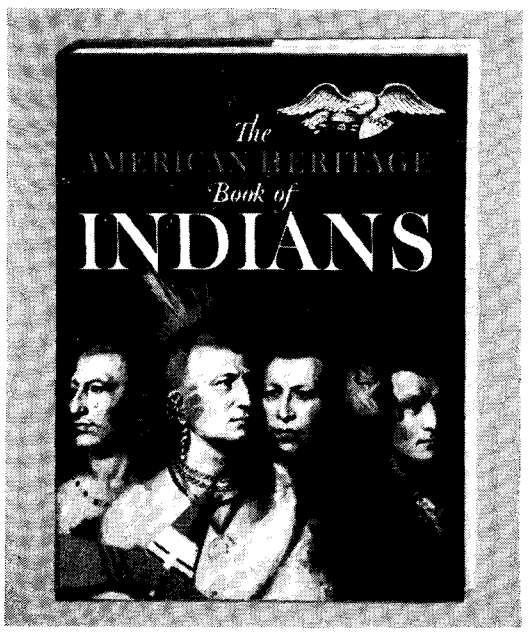

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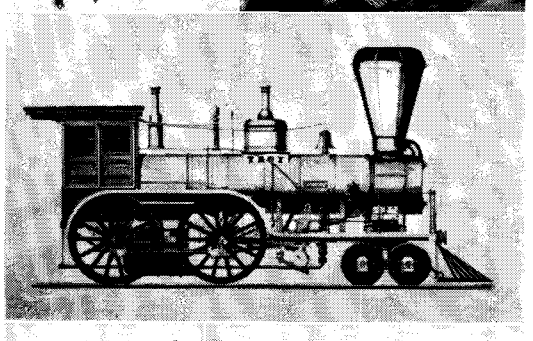

From AMERICAN HERITAGE, reading top to bottom • You could earn a fortune whaling—if you lived • World War I doughboys repaid a debt to Lafayette • John Paul Jones pulls more than rank on a cowardly crewman • Few functional things were as beautiful as an 1856 locomotive • The Gibson girl conquered no frontiers—but lots of hearts • Washington, who favored wine, prepares to stop the Whiskey Rebellion.

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THE MAN WHO BEAT THE RAT RACE

At the age of 39, Jim Lewis had beaten the rat race. He liked to sit around evenings gloating about it. "When I was a kid," he would say, "I swore I'd beat the rat race by the time I was forty and get out. Now I've done it. At last I've got it all."

And so, it seemed, Jim had. Every requisite of the good life was his. He had an executive wife with interchangeable hair tints, three-and-a-half children, two cars, two houses, a Japanese to mow the lawn and a 40-a-day cigarette habit.

"Name it, and I've got it," he boasted. "Multiplex stereo, color TV, full air-conditioning with summer-winter hookup, house-power to spare, a Bunny Club key, an outboard motor, a Brooks Brothers tie, a Diners' Club card, an unexpurgated edition of the Marquis de Sade and my own personalized memo paper."

Having beaten the game, Jim planned to resign from the rat race this winter and lie in a glade eating lotus leaves. Imagine my surprise, then, at receiving a telephone call directly from Jim a few days before the date of his triumphal withdrawal. The Jim we all knew had never telephoned anyone directly. He had several female telephonists who rang up people and said, "Will you hold on, please, for Mr. Lewis?" and you held on for 15 or 20 minutes until he could get around to you because that was the least you owed a man who had beaten the rat race.

This time, however, the call came straight from Jim. "Come around to Louie's for a drink," he said.

When I got there, I saw at a glance that something dreadful had happened. Jim had moved down to chewing tobacco and his hair shone with greasy kid stuff. When he ordered the Martinis, he failed to insist that they be made with a $10 gin, and he drank the first one that was served without sending it back for repairs.

"Tell me," he said, "when the invitation calls for black tie, do you wear a sport watch?"

"When the invitation calls for black tie, I say I'm busy that evening."

"Look at this," Jim said, producing a full-page advertisement from *The New York Times Magazine*. It had been placed by a wristwatch manufacturer, but its implications for a society racing to win cheese were not to be lightly dismissed. In no-nonsense language it explained that no one who counted would be caught dead wearing a sport watch with his tuxedo.

Men of consequence, it went on, required a minimum wardrobe of three watches—a formal watch for black-tie occasions; a sport watch for tennis, boating and idle dalliance at the barbecue pit; and a business watch, which tells you what day it is, for office wear.

Jim's story was a contemporary tragedy. He had missed the watch dictum when it was printed. Two nights later he wore his sport watch to a black-tie dinner and was cut dead when the men retired for brandy and cigars.

A day or two later, the chairman of his board had come to Jim's office to ask what day it was. Jim consulted his calendar. "Good heavens, man," the board chairman snapped, "don't you wear a business watch to the office?"

That afternoon the company stripped Jim's office wall of its oil paintings, removed his coffee table and disconnected two of his telephones. Jim could have recouped, of course, by spending an afternoon and a thousand dollars at a fashionable watcherdashery, but his will to win had broken.

Instead, he had gone on a five-day binge, greasing his hair, accepting a three-dollar gin in his Martinis without a whimper and letting filling-station attendants put pussycats in his tanks.

In an act of frenzied self-degradation he had gone to the most exclusive restaurant in the expense-account district dressed in a cafeteria watch and had created a scandalous scene by trying to pay in cash instead of using his credit card. "If I ever catch you trying to pass cash in here again, you're blackballed for life," the owner warned.

The news that Jim was down to cash spread rapidly. His banker called him in. "I hear your credit's in such bad state that you're going around town passing cash," the banker said. If true, he said, the bank had no choice but to refuse renewal on Jim's auto, home-improvement, vacation, income-tax and children's-education loans.

To prove his insolvency, Jim was forced to accept a new $5,000 bank loan at 6 percent. "All right, if I have to take it, I'll take it," he told the banker, "but what will I use it for?"

"Why not buy yourself a new watch wardrobe?" the banker suggested. "Get yourself a new bank watch. No well-dressed debtor can afford to be without one. A little alarm goes off every time a loan payment comes due."

As Jim related this series of disasters, it was clear that he was a man coming unhinged. It was essential to buck him up. "You had it all, Jim," I reminded him. "An executive wife, three-and-a-half children, two cars, two houses, outboard motor, multiplex stereo, dancing pumps, soup cans by Andy Warhol, house-power to spare—"

"I know," said Jim. "I've done everything this country demands of a man to get to the top. I was willing to crawl, if necessary, to beat the rat race, but this watch decree is too much. They overloaded me with house-power and overcharged me for gin and I took it, but I'm not going to let them turn me into a watchhorse."

It was hopeless. Jim was put to bed that same night, and a Johns Hopkins specialist in rat-race failure was called in. "I hope you will forgive my wearing a dinner watch at a time like this," the specialist told the neighbors who had assembled to comfort Jim's wife, "but you called me out in the middle of a black-tie party."

Jim's condition was grave. "He suffers from the lethal delusion that a man, once embarked on the rat race, can eventually acquire everything needed to live the good life, then resign and eat lotus leaves," the doctor said. "I fear we must expect the worst."

Jim's funeral was a credit to his family. He was interred wearing a brand-new, elegantly slender $879 burial watch. □

BY RUSSELL BAKER

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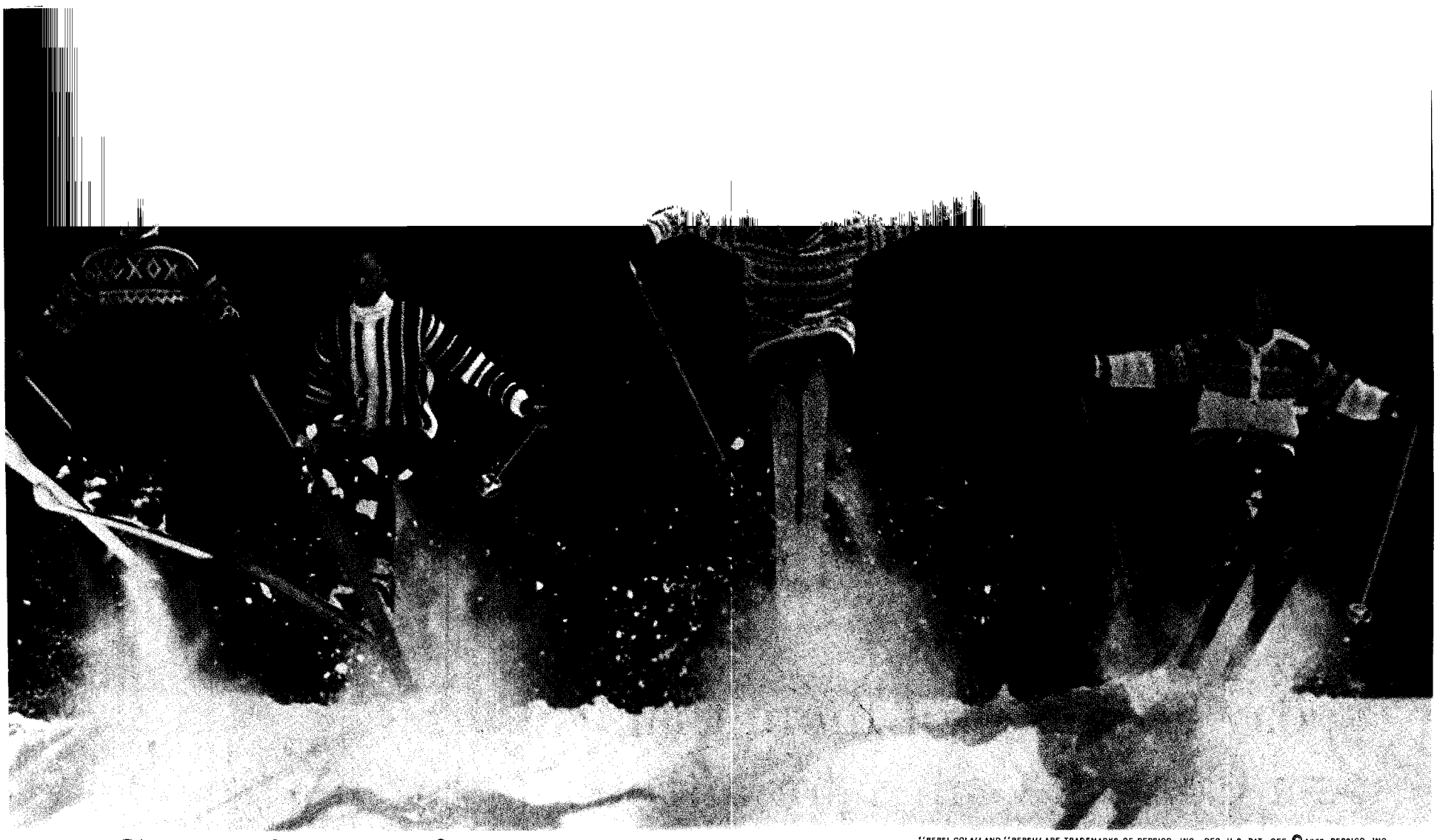

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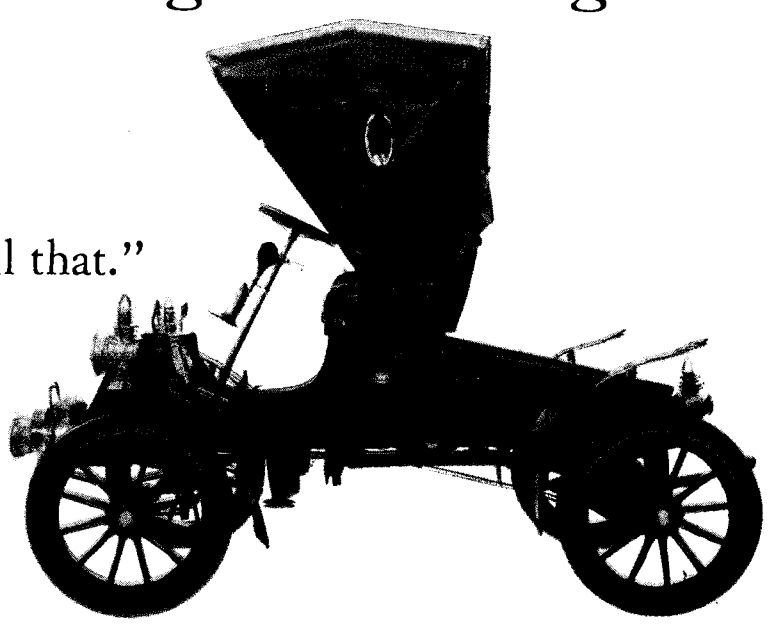

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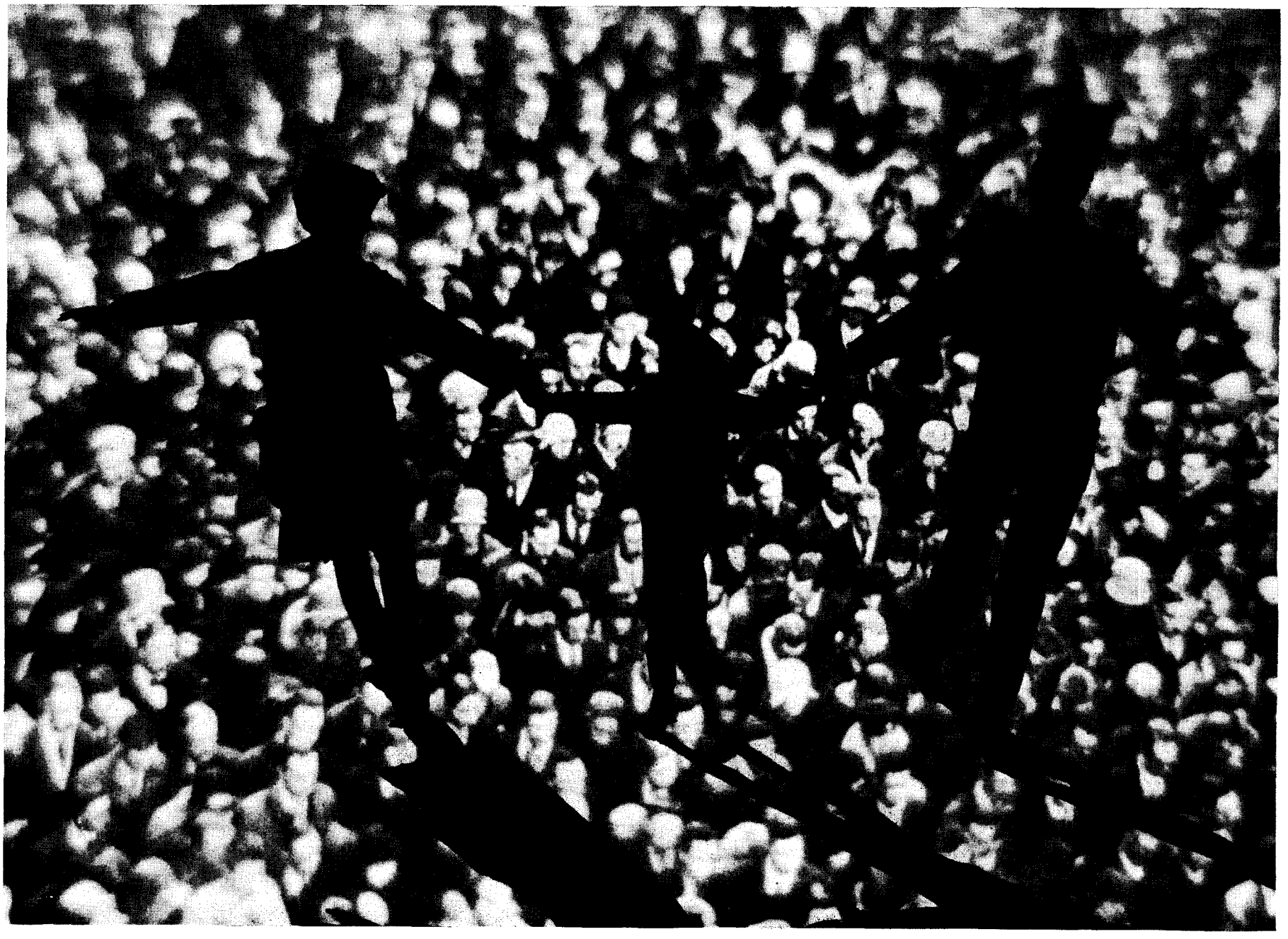
The Saturday Evening POST

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVOLUTION

By Steven M. Spencer



Barriers fell in the year just ended, and birth control became a national policy. Here is how the 'pill' and the 'loop' are transforming laws and love in America and offering women new freedom and new responsibilities.

"Oh, I know I've put on a little weight since I started on the pill," said a Chicago housewife in her late 20's, "but I think it's just from contentment. I used to worry a lot about having another baby, and that kept me thinner, but I never have to worry anymore. We have three children, from three years to six months, but with two still in diapers I'd prefer to wait for the next until the youngest is at least two years old. And now I know I *can* wait." This young mother is typical of the millions of American women who today are leading a new kind of life,

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for they have gained what for eons was denied the daughters of Eve—a secure means of planning the birth of their children. They are the beneficiaries of one of the most dramatic sociomedical revolutions the world has ever known.

The revolutionaries are the small band of determined men and women who for more than half a century have promoted planned parenthood. Scorned and despised at first, they gradually caught up doctors and lawmakers, millionaires and presidents in their endeavor, until their goals became socially acceptable and almost the entire nation changed its mind.

The implements of the revolution are "the pill"—the oral contraceptive tablet the woman of 1966 takes 20 days of each month—and the increasingly popular intra-uterine device, a coil or loop of plastic or metal worn in the womb for as long as a woman wishes to avoid pregnancy. With the pill and the loop, in spite of possible side effects and rare hazards, the science of birth control has now reached a degree of effectiveness and convenience undreamed of even a decade ago.

These technical advances, combined with a growing concern about the world population crisis, brought the birth-control revolution to a historic turning point in the year just closed, for 1965 marked the fall of most of the last important barriers against general distribution of family-planning information and services.

It was the year that the U.S. Supreme Court threw out as an unconstitutional violation of privacy the 86-year-old Connecticut law that had forbidden the use of contraceptives and forced the closing of birth-control clinics.

Positive legislative steps were taken in 10 other states, including New York.

It was the year the Federal Government, taking its cue from President Johnson, became more directly involved in birth-control activities than ever before. Early in the year the President had pledged he would seek new ways "to help deal with the explosion in world population," a problem he rated second in importance only to achieving peace. In his June address to the United Nations he urged that we "act on the fact that less than five dollars invested in population control is worth one-hundred dollars invested in economic growth." Appropriately, as the year closed, the Ford Foundation announced it was granting $14.5 million for research on human reproduction and fertility control. "Only birth control on a massive scale," Gen. William Draper Jr., national chairman of the Population Crisis Committee, said in December, the day after the Ford Foundation announcement, "coupled with rapidly increased food production in the developing countries, can prevent the greatest catastrophe of modern times."

'We were the best Catholics you ever saw,' says one mother, 'until our babies began coming so close together. Then we felt that we had to do something.'

As Draper spoke, the Ecumenical Council of the Roman Catholic Church was drafting a text on birth control. The traditional foe of all contraceptive techniques except periodic abstinence, the church during the past several years was shaken from parish to Papacy by disagreement and debate on the topic. Many Catholic couples, including the estimated 35 percent in America who use methods not approved by their church, hoped the Ecumenical Council would modify the ban, but no such change was forthcoming. According to some observers, however, including Dr. John T. Noonan Jr., an American professor of law at Notre Dame University who is a consultant to the Pope's commission on marriage problems, the council's final document lays the groundwork for eventual change. If so, 1965 will indeed be remembered as a revolutionary turning point.

One cannot be sure that the birth-control revolution will move fast enough for the nations to avert the starvation and overcrowding of runaway population growth. Hundreds of millions of human beings are already on the brink of famine. Recently a special panel for the White House Conference on International Cooperation declared that "the rate of growth of world population is so great—and its consequences so grave—that this may be the last generation which has the opportunity to cope with the problem on the basis of free choice." But although the effect of the birth-control revolution upon the nations remains in doubt, there is no question that it will have an enormous impact upon marriage in America and the American family. Birth-control advocates speak of a strengthening of love between husband and wife once the fear of unwanted pregnancy disappears from sexual relations; they predict an easing of family financial strain and warmer relationships between parents and children as other stresses are removed. Already many of the five million American women taking the pill are enjoying at least partial relief from the menstrual tensions and pains that have always been considered their inescapable lot. Scientists are perfecting an injection that not only prevents conception but suppresses menstruation for months. This and other prospective developments reported here—including a "morning-after" pill—promise the American woman, already the freest in the world, still vaster freedom.

The freedom, however, extends not only to wives but to unmarried girls, and the choices that the latter make can mean a widening of the rift between the generations. There are indications that a majority of unmarried young women still observe the standards of sexual behavior taught by their parents or their religion. But many seek in sexual activity the confirmation of their "identity" as free adults, and, whether by legitimate or underground routes, the pill has found its way to the college campuses and even to the high-school hallways. Dr. Mary Steichen Calderone, an eminent planned-parenthood expert, tells of an encounter with a girl in a New York City junior high school during a break between classes. The girl had dropped her handbag in the crowded corridor, and its contents spilled on the floor. "I stopped to help her pick the things up," Doctor Calderone said, "and was astonished to see a package of birth-control pills. I asked the child, 'Do you really know about these things?' 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'I take them every Saturday night when I go on a date.' She had gotten the pills from her married sister—apparently without benefit of instructions. If it weren't so funny, it would be tragic." In fact, it probably will be tragic. One pill alone is quite ineffective. They must be taken daily for five to seven days before any protection is built up.

Many of birth-control's most ardent supporters candidly admit that the new freedom provided by the better methods carries with it—as does any freedom—corresponding dangers. While for the first time in history men and women have the ability to make an absolute and free choice as to the purpose and result of their sexual actions, good choices still require intelligence. "We now have the means of separating our sexual and our reproductive lives," says Doctor Calderone, "and we have a great responsibility to make proper use of both of them."

II THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION

In her efforts to control the number and spacing of her children, woman down through the centuries has resorted to many recipes, often more strange than effective. She was advised in an Egyptian papyrus of 1,500 B.C. to use a concoction of acacia tips, bitter cucumber and dates, mixed with honey. Dioscorides, the famous Greek medical scientist of the first century, prescribed willow leaves in water (willow because it was thought to have no seeds) or the leaves of barrenwort finely ground and taken in wine. Other Greek medical writers offered a choice of powerful amulets, including one made of henbane seed diluted in mare's milk and carried around the neck in a piece of stag's skin.

The woman of today takes nothing more exotic than a pink pill (or a white or peach-colored one). Or she wears a small device within the womb, a hidden amulet, so to speak. Although these intrauterine devices are fast gaining acceptance in foreign countries, they are far less used than are the pills. In addition to the five million American women taking the pills on doctors' prescriptions, there are some 2.5 million abroad, mostly in Latin America, Europe and Australia. And the market continues to expand.

Not since the sulfa tablets emerged in the 1930's to conquer pneumonia and a host of other infections, has a little tablet exerted such far-reaching influence upon the world's people. It may, in fact, be the most popular pill since aspirin. It is certainly relieving bigger headaches—both family and global. And all at a cost of about $1.75 for a month's supply. The pill is big business, produced by seven firms, advertised in the medical journals in two- and three-page spreads with lace-and-roses borders and sold in "feminine and fashionable" dispensers. Some resemble powder compacts, others, telephone dials, marked off to help the woman keep track of the days she should take them.

From the very outset the pill's ability to prevent ovulation, and therefore pregnancy, has been virtually 100 percent when taken faithfully as directed. This is usually for 20 days beginning with the fifth day of menstruation. Only total abstinence or surgical sterilization can equal or surpass their record. When pregnancies have occurred, it has been because the woman was unknowingly pregnant before she started taking pills, or because she forgot them for one or more days.

The "mother" of the pill is Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the famous founder of the birth-control movement in America who today at 87 is living in

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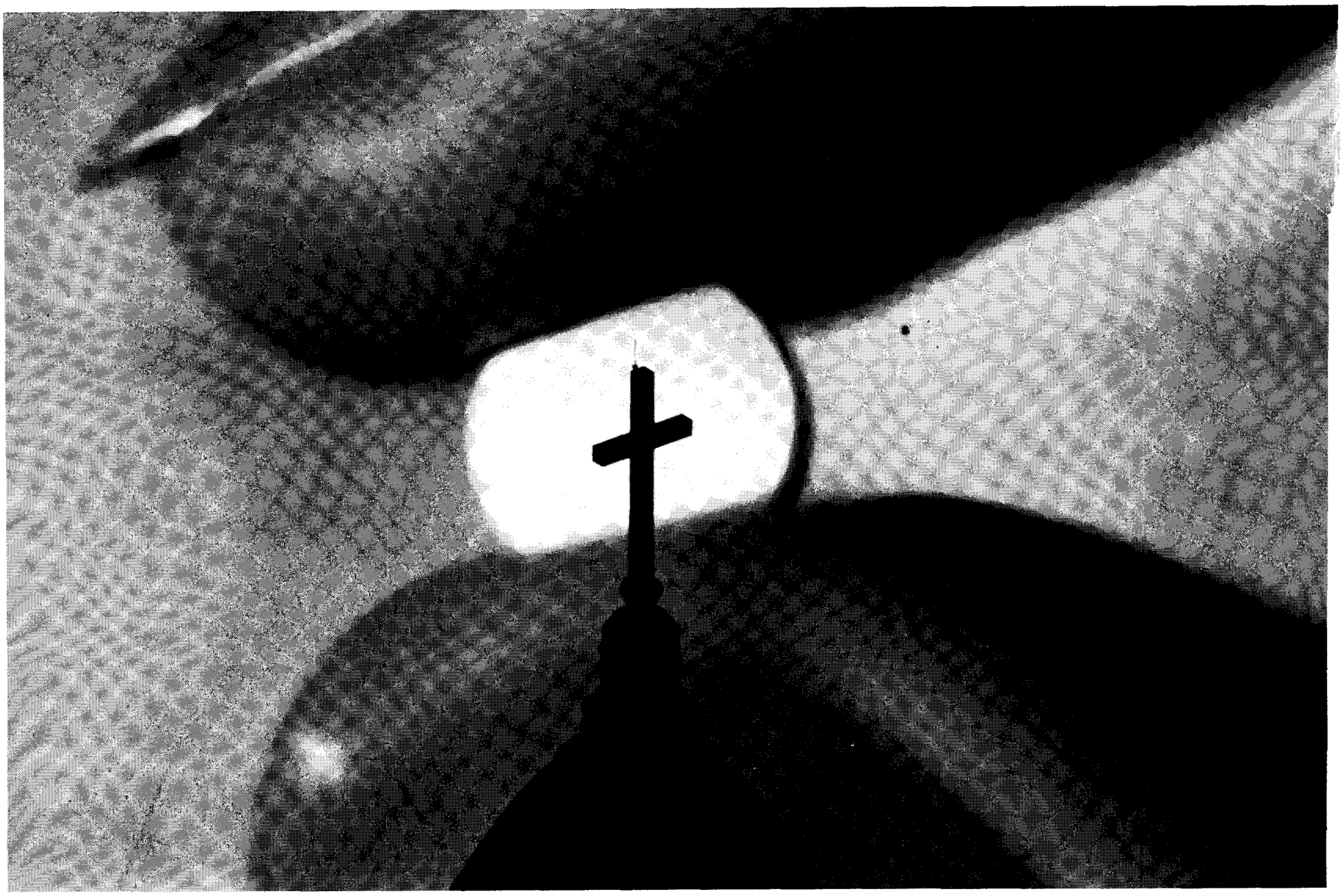

Tucson, Ariz. Physically infirm, she is still sharp of mind and can look back on a half century of hard-won achievements and a life struggle marked by arrests, jailings and verbal abuse. Many years ago Mrs. Sanger recognized the limitations of the principal methods offered by the birth-control clinics—diaphragms and spermicidal jellies—and she suggested to Dr. Gregory Pincus of the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology, in Massachusetts, that he try to develop something better.

"Then one day in 1951," Doctor Pincus recalls, "Mrs. Sanger approached me again. She was especially disappointed by the failure of conventional methods in India. She said, 'Gregory, can't you devise some sort of pill for this purpose?' I said I'd try." With a grant of $2,500 from Mrs. Sanger's Planned Parenthood Federation, he and his associates went to work on it.

Pincus was not starting blind. Scientists had known since 1900 the fundamental bodily chemistry that the birth-control pill exploits. They knew that chemicals called hormones, secreted by a woman's pituitary gland, cause her ovary to release a ripened egg each month—the process is called ovulation. They also knew that if the egg becomes fertilized and attaches itself to the lining of her uterus (the beginning of pregnancy), still another hormone cancels out the pituitary hormones and prevents ovulation, keeping her ovary from secreting more eggs during the nine months that the fertilized egg is growing into an infant. It was this anti-ovulation hormone, identified in 1934 as progesterone, that Doctor Pincus sought to imitate in an oral birth-control tablet.

Researchers at the University of Rochester had used progesterone in 1937 to prevent ovulation in rabbits, but efforts to apply the rabbit findings to humans had been discouraging until Doctor Pincus and his associate, Dr. Min Chueh Chang, took up the problem. Dr. John Rock, then clinical professor of gynecology at Harvard, independently tackled the same problem, and soon he and Pincus's group joined forces.

As director of the Reproductive Study Center in Brookline, Doctor Rock was originally trying to *induce* ovulation in women unable to have babies. Pincus and Chang were seeking an oral method of *preventing* ovulation. By a curious physiological paradox, both goals were achieved, in differing degrees, with the same hormones. When Doctor Rock gave progesterone and another sex hormone, estrogen, to 80 previously infertile women daily for three months, and then stopped, 13 of the women became pregnant within the next four months, apparently because the hormones had improved the condition of the uterus and tubes. This became known as the "Rock rebound effect." At almost the same time the Pincus-Rock team demonstrated the value of the hormones in preventing ovulation, when taken for 20 days.

But since the natural hormones had to be given in large oral doses or by painful injections, Doctor Pincus's group sought a more convenient synthetic substitute. They screened some 200 chemical relatives of progesterone and found three that looked promising. The first medical use of the synthetic hormones was in the treatment of menstrual irregularities. Then, in December, 1954, Doctor Rock began administering them as a contraceptive to a group of women in Brookline. In April, 1956, large-scale tests began in Puerto Rico and later in Haiti and a number of United States cities.

At first the Food and Drug Administration approved the pills for only two years of continuous use. But under careful observation by research doctors, many women continued them without harm for much longer periods. Some have taken them for as long as 10 years, and certain of the pills are now approved for four years of use. When women have stopped the pills to have a baby, there has been no impairment of their fertility.

Tests over the years have shown that the amount of hormone in each pill need not be as large as originally believed. On the principle that the less hormone you take the better, so long as the

Photographs by Bill Binzen

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effect is achieved, manufacturers have steadily reduced the concentration. One company's pill, which began as a 10-milligram tablet several years ago, is now down to 2.5 milligrams, and a new one-milligram tablet may soon be introduced to the market.

In addition to the pill's clear superiority in effectiveness, women like its neatness and its complete dissociation from the sexual act. "I simply take a pill every evening," one young suburban mother remarked, "and, my God, it's wonderful not to have to worry." Another plus for the pill is that it has brought into the birth-control clinics thousands of women who would not otherwise have come, or who, discouraged by less easy and reliable methods, would have dropped out. Dr. Richard Frank, medical director of the Planned Parenthood affiliate in Chicago, says that up through 1961 not more than 30 or 40 percent of the women stayed with the methods then offered—usually the diaphragm. But a recent count showed that 75 percent of those introduced to the pills were still using them after several years.

No one claims, in spite of the generally favorable experience, that the pill is perfect. There are side effects, most of which resemble the familiar symptoms of early pregnancy—nausea, some swelling and tenderness of the breasts, headache or fatigue. There is often some weight gain and occasional "spotting" during the month. But only a small minority of women experience the side effects—figures range from 2 to 15 percent, depending on the specific symptom. The problems tend to disappear after the first two or three months, especially with the newer low-concentration pills. And if one variety of pill is troublesome, the doctor may prescribe another. Although weight gain is a frequent complaint, doctors believe it may be only a physical reflection of the pill's psychological benefits—the freedom from worry that it brings to many women.

Of graver concern are the still unsettled questions about whether or not, in rare instances, the pills produce serious illnesses. Cancer, for example, has caused moments of alarm. Here a key point is the difference between causing a new cancer and stimulating the growth of an already existing one. The estrogen component of the pills *is* believed capable of causing the enlargement of an existing cancer of the breast or pelvic area, and if the doctor suspects such a malignancy, he will not prescribe the pills. "For this reason it is important for women taking the pills to have periodic breast and pelvic examinations," says Dr. Robert W. Kistner, assistant professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Harvard. "I think that they should be examined as often as every six months."

There is absolutely no evidence, however, that the oral contraceptives will initiate cancer. Early uneasiness on this point was stirred up by research on inbred strains of laboratory rats already prone to breast cancer. Careful analysis of the medical histories of thousands of women on the pills has revealed nothing to indicate the pills can produce a cancer that was not already there.

As a matter of fact, there is now well-founded opinion that the pills may actually prevent cancer of the uterus. Doctor Pincus and his associates discovered a definitely lower rate of positive "Pap smears" among women taking the pills in Haiti and Puerto Rico. And at Harvard Doctor Kistner was able to protect rats from the known cancer-inducing effect of certain chemicals by feeding them contraceptive pills. "It may well be that cancer of the uterus is a preventable disease," he says.

Another illness that some have linked to birth-control pills is thrombophlebitis. This is an inflammatory and sometimes fatal clotting in the veins. A number of cases, and a few deaths, have been reported among women taking the pills, in both the United States and England. The reports have received wide publicity, but the cause-and-effect relationship has been clouded by the fact that thrombophlebitis has always been rather common among women of childbearing age, the very group now taking the pill. Among millions on the pill it would not be surprising if a few women coincidentally

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'Many girls already have the pills when they arrive at school. Or they borrow from each other or use the prescription of a married sister.'

suffered from blood-clotting complications. The verdict at present: neither proven nor unproven. But to be safe the Food and Drug Administration requires the manufacturers to advise the doctors not to prescribe the pills for women with a history of thrombophlebitis, pulmonary embolism, stroke or liver disease.

Just last November the FDA added one more precautionary note, a warning to watch for any blurring or loss of vision among women on the pill. Here again, the cause-and-effect has not been established, as the FDA points out. But a Johns Hopkins eye specialist, noting a few suspicious cases of eye trouble and other neurological complications, asked for reports from other doctors and received 73. Many of the women affected had histories of high blood pressure or other conditions that might have accounted for the eye symptoms.

For women who have medical difficulty with the pill, the answer may be the intra-uterine devices, particularly the Lippes loop, named for its designer, Dr. Jack Lippes of Buffalo, N.Y. Originally hailed mainly as a method for those who couldn't afford the pills or who were too ignorant to count the days, the intra-uterine devices (IUD's) are now gaining favor among wealthy women on Park Avenue and in fashionable suburbs.

"Members of some of our most prominent families have been using IUD's for as long as three years," a New York obstetrician revealed, "and are very well satisfied." A Boston doctor had to install a second telephone to help handle calls from women wanting IUD's. More than 200,000 women in the U.S. have been fitted with them.

Family-planning experts have repeatedly emphasized that the effectiveness of any method depends to a large extent on the motivation of the woman, or the couple. To have a free choice is one thing. To exercise it through deliberate decisions is another. With the pill, the need to make the decision is at least removed in time from the moments of rushing passion. But as Dr. Sheldon J. Segal of the Population Council points out, "Once a woman has the IUD successfully installed, she makes her next decision only when she wants to have a baby; then she goes to her doctor and has the device removed."

The loop, coil or bow is soft and elastic enough to be squeezed into a hollow plastic tube for insertion into the uterus, where it springs back into its original shape. To avoid infection or accidental perforation of the uterine wall (which has occurred a few times), the device must be inserted with care by a physician, preferably one with some training in gynecology. Most doctors insert the IUD for a reasonable fee—that for a regular office visit. But some have charged as high as $100, $200 or even $400, reports a New York obstetrician who has been speaking out against such exorbitant prices. Last September the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists cracked down on the high-fee practice and suggested in its newsletter that the charge be "not in excess of $25." The devices themselves, as sold to the doctors, range in price from $1 for the loop to $1.80 for the steel ring, with a small additional charge for the instruments needed for insertion and removal. In large quantities, for use in clinics, the cost is only a few cents apiece.

No one is yet certain just how the intra-uterine device interferes with conception. The currently favored theory is based on meticulous research carried out at the University of California at Los Angeles. Investigators there, after artificially inducing ovulation in monkeys and then artificially inseminating them, found that the IUD causes the egg to hurry down the Fallopian tubes before it is mature enough to be fertilized.

Doctors do not usually advise IUD's for women who have never had a baby. The devices have the added disadvantage that only about 75 percent of women who do try them find them acceptable. An estimated 15 percent must have them removed because of pain, excessive bleeding or other medical reasons. and 10 percent accidentally expel them, sometimes without knowing it. But about 97 percent of those who can retain the IUD are protected against pregnancy, a lower score than the pill's but still better than that of older methods.

Even with its imperfections the IUD is regarded as one of the most practical methods of coping with the world-population crisis. The Population Council, supported mainly by Rockefeller and Ford money, has sponsored extensive world-wide trials, focusing especially on India, Taiwan and Korea. India, now launched on a $400 million birth-control program, has received 1.2 million IUD's from the Population Council. And last summer it started a factory to turn out 14,000 loops a day, distributing small gold-plated loops as souvenirs of the opening-day ceremonies.

In the IUD and the pill, the birth-control revolution has formidable weapons against the world-population explosion. The science of birth control, however, is pushing on toward new techniques that may make birth control even easier. Several drug companies, for example, are developing an injection that will prevent ovulation for one to three months, depending on the formula. One compound produces its effect so gradually yet so powerfully that a single shot will suppress both ovulation and menstruation for six months to a year.

The injectables are still in the trial stage and won't be on the market until completion of tests on more than 5,000 women in several states, but preliminary reports are promising. Menstruation occurs normally with the once-a-month injection, as it does with the daily pills. But it can be suppressed by the longer-acting injectables or by taking certain types of contraceptive pills through the full month, without interruption. Dr. Charles Flowers, professor of obstetrics at the University of North Carolina, finds that women suffering from painful or excessive menses, or from the irritability and "witchiness" of premenstrual tension, are delighted to be relieved of these troubles for several months at a time.

But the injection is just the beginning. Among the new advances promised for the future is a vaccine against pregnancy, now being worked on by several groups. One approach involves extracts from the egg and the sperm. Dr. Albert Tyler of the California Institute of Technology has found that a sperm extract injected into the female rabbit will coat the rabbit ova so that a live sperm from the male rabbit cannot attach itself to fertilize the egg. Anti-conception vaccines suitable for human use have not yet been perfected, however. Doctor Tyler, though optimistic about the future, points out that such vaccines "must not make wives allergic to their husbands."

Such allergic tragedies would be avoided by a vaccine for the husband, which would work by suppressing his own sperm production. Dr. Kenneth Laurence, of the Population Council's research unit at the Rockefeller Institute in New York, thinks this goal may be reached in three or four years. He and his associates have been injecting male guinea pigs with extracts of guinea-pig testes or sperm, and within six or seven weeks the animals become sterile. Their sperm production comes to a stop. While a single injection renders the animal sterile for 4 to 11 months, his sex-hormone output is not interfered with. He retains a normal sex drive and will mate if allowed to.

When the effect of the vaccine wears off, the glands resume the manufacture of sperm, at first with minor variations in sperm size. Eventually the sperm are normal in size and number, and the guinea pigs are able to father normal offspring. They have also had normal "grandchildren." There has been one drawback, however, to the practical application of the male-vaccine method of birth control. The vaccine must contain an oil ingredient (called an adjuvant) for it to work efficiently. And the adjuvant makes such a sore at the point of injection that Doctor Laurence doubts most men would want to put up with that much discomfort. "But we are now working with another adjuvant that doesn't produce a lesion," he said. "Two injections would be necessary with this material, instead of one, and we haven't yet tried it on humans, but we think we'll be ready for this in a few years."

A number of efforts are being made to produce something a woman could swallow following intercourse—the so-called "morning-after pill." Dr. M. C. Shelesnyak, of the Weizmann Institute in Rehovoth, Israel, has found that a single dose of an alkaloid known as ergocornine, given to rats within six days after intercourse, will prevent the implantation of the fertilized ovum on the wall of the uterus. Doctor Shelesnyak has made preliminary studies with women patients, giving them 2-mg. tablets of ergocornine. The results were encouraging, but more work is necessary, he reported, to determine whether the method will prevent pregnancy without toxic side effects.

An American pharmaceutical firm has been experimenting with another morning-after pill that appears to destroy the fertilized ovum. But on one of the first field trials, women who had taken the pill unexpectedly became photosensitive. As soon as they went out in the sun, they got a sunburn. If these difficulties can be solved, the "morning-after pill" may become the ideal contraceptive.

III THE MORAL ISSUE

As the scientific revolution in birth control continues, solving human problems of many sorts, it also creates problems in morality. The new techniques eliminate fears that formerly deterred men and women from *(continued on page 66)*

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Julie Christie and Geraldine Chaplin

THE TWO LOVES OF DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

In the hills of Spain a beautiful new star and a moody ballet dancer have added another dimension to a celebrated Russian novel.

By Harold H. Martin

"The riddle of life, the riddle of death, the beauty of genius, the beauty of loving, that, yes, that we understood. As for such petty trifles as reshaping the world, they were not for us."

—Lara, at the coffin of YURI ZHIVAGO

More than a decade ago a Russian poet who now is dead assured himself of a place among literature's immortals by permitting the manuscript of a massive novel to be smuggled out of the Soviet Union to an Italian publisher. The book had already been suppressed by the commissars. The poet was Boris Pasternak. The novel was *Doctor Zhivago*. It won a Nobel Prize, which the author was forced to reject, and in all the Western world beyond the Iron Curtain it was proclaimed a work of genius—the first true picture ever drawn of how ordinary men and women endured the cataclysm of hope and horror that was the Russian Revolution.

It was more, though, than a spectacular novel told in terms of fire and blood and treachery. It was also a moving love story. And, as everyone must know, spectacle and love are the stuff of which movie epics are made. Today, therefore, *Zhivago*, a film produced by an Italian, financed by an American company, written and directed by Englishmen and photographed in Spain with an Egyptian in the title role and two relatively inexperienced actresses in starring parts, brings Pasternak's story to the wide Panavision Metrocolor screen.

Julie Christie's sensual charisma first appeared in BILLY LIAR, then DARLING made her as an actress. Back in London after ZHIVAGO, she can now select her own roles for the future.

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ı sense of timing was perfect.
Lea . ı0 years past, directed two fabulously successful epics, *Bridge on the River Kwai*, and *Lawrence of Arabia*. But they were dramas of men at war. No women were in them. Lean now was in a mood to change his pace—to make a picture involving not only spectacle and action, but a love story as well.

Lean read the book on the way to New York, and by the time his ship dropped anchor, he knew that Ponti's instinct had been right. Backed by the box-office records of *River Kwai* and *Lawrence*, Lean had little trouble persuading the decision makers at M.G.M. that for roughly $10 million he could produce the kind of profitable movie Ponti originally had visualized. There was, at first, some concern about the title. Cautious executives feared that a film set in Russia and called *Doctor Zhivago* would cause the unlettered to expect a medical film, a Soviet Doctor Kildare riding around in his four-cylinder Volga wearing a fur coat and caracul hat. Lean brushed this protest aside. M.G.M. also insisted that if they were going to invest $10 million, they wanted the standard box-office insurance of some big-name stars, the "bankable" actors of Hollywood folklore. Lean met this demand with the observation that today's top stars were all "such middle-aged ladies and gentlemen," and noted that the huge cast had many smaller roles which required actors of vast experience. For these parts, Lean promised, he would hire the best he could—and indeed, he later came up with Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Alec Guinness and Rod Steiger. He also secured the services of Rita Tushingham, whose screen prominence was then only on the horizon, and seasoned stage performers like Siobhan McKenna and Tom Courtenay. But for the three main roles—Zhivago, Tonya, his child-wife, and Lara, his mistress—Lean wanted faces which were not famous, faces with a Slavic or Oriental cast, faces that could look Russian.

"I didn't want people to look up at the screen and say, 'Ah, there's Gregory Peck,' or, 'There's Audrey Hepburn,'" said Lean, echoing a familiar directorial ambition. "I wanted them to say, 'There is Lara, there is Zhivago.'"

The role of Doctor Zhivago is not cut out for an Errol Flynn, and the player chosen would have to have such presence that he could command attention while doing nothing more dramatic than writing a poem. Lean's choice was Omar Sharif, a handsome young Egyptian with a notable moustache and huge, hypnotic eyes. Sharif, trained in Egyptian melodramas, could tear a passion to tatters if called on, as Lean had discovered when he cast him as Sheikh Ali in *Lawrence of Arabia*. Even off camera, dressed in an old sweater, jeans and loafers, Sharif has a special aura.

"Omar," said Lean, "is the type of man who can walk into a restaurant anywhere in the world, and everybody will look up and stop eating and say, 'Who's that?'"

As soon as he began casting, Lean was bombarded with calls from agents representing almost every female star below the age of 50, each one convinced that she alone could do justice to the role of Lara, Zhivago's wise and worldly mistress. But Lean continued his search for a new face. He was looking for an actress whose beauty and dramatic conviction could dominate the tumultuous background of the Revolution. Finally, in the dark of a screening room, Lean found her. The picture he was watching was *Billy Liar*. The actress was Julie Christie, a British blonde of 22 years with a mobile mouth, a figure that moved harmoniously and great luminous gray eyes. The "sexiness without looseness" that scriptwriter Robert Bolt had visualized in Lara was much in evidence. She was on camera for only 11 minutes in *Billy Liar*, and all she had to do was walk down the street, looking in shop windows. But this had been enough, when *Liar* appeared, to make every male spectator remember her. It was enough for director Lean. "That does it," he said at the end of Miss Christie's brief appearance. "She's Lara."

Omar Sharif, Lean knew, was a fairly safe bet. Julie Christie was a gamble. She could act, but would her range be equal to the intensity and

Paris is headquarters for Geraldine Chaplin, who began her career as a ballerina. "Whatever you do," her father warned her, "you must do it well." Zhivago's wife is her first big part.

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Wounded and dying revolutionaries sprawl across the massive Moscow street set, made in Spain for director David Lean.

drama of the part? She herself was not sure. On the surface she was a swinger—a blithe, superconfident Girl of the '60's. She knew Lean's reputation as a perfectionist, and she arrived in Madrid wearing the armor of cocky arrogance with which for most of her life she had attempted to conceal any inner apprehensions. And up to that point her life, though happily haphazard, had not overwhelmed her with feelings of security.

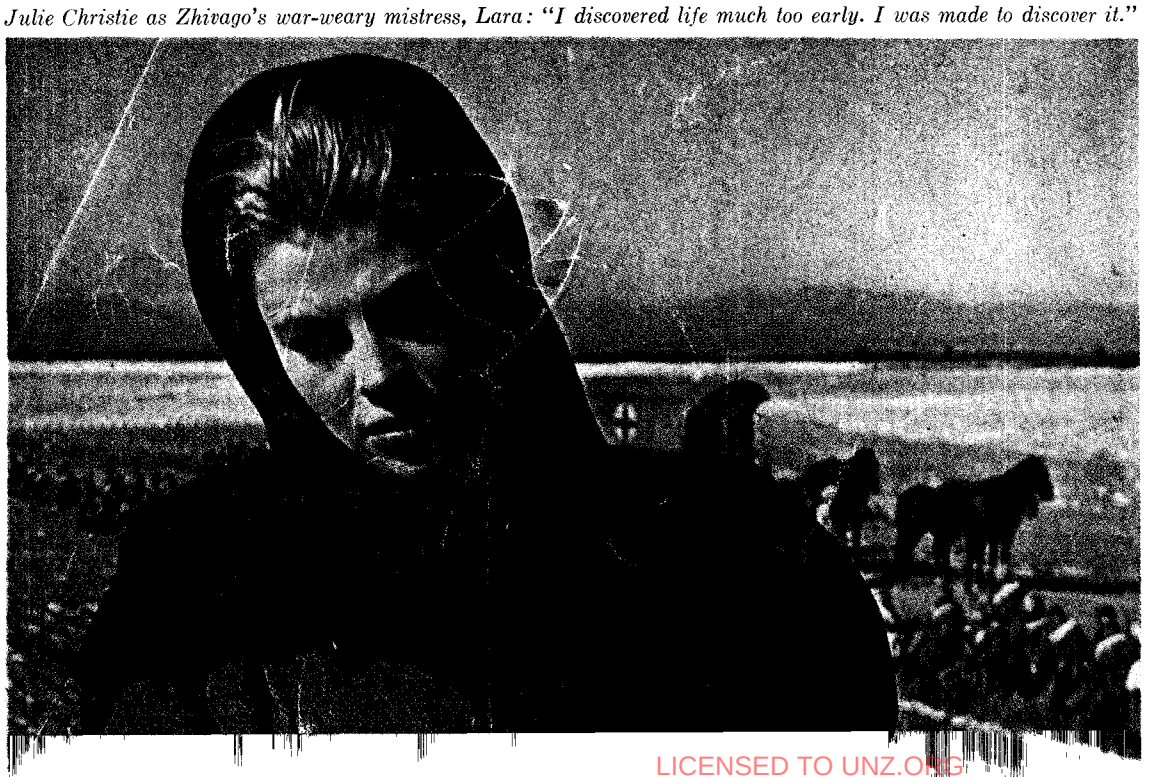
Julie Christie was born on a tea plantation in Assam in 1941, and her parents, following the traditional British custom of getting rid of their young as soon as possible, sent her to boarding school in England at the age of eight. There, through her habit of telling fabulous tales of life in Assam, where she claimed she had survived daily encounters with pythons and tigers, she earned the nickname of S.O., meaning "show-off," and the more derisive title of "Bugs."

"I was always scared to death in school," she recalls. "Everyone I knew seemed prettier, smarter, more talented than I. The only time I felt like a person was when I was on stage—acting in a school play. Then I could hide behind the character I was playing. I suppose that is why I made up all those stories about snakes and things, with me saving people from them. In all the time that I was in India, I never saw one single snake."

After transferring her to the Convent of Our Lady, in Hastings, her mother discovered she was unhappy at school and sent her, aged 17, to France for a year. There she lived with a French family—"all of them marvelously mad"—in an old château, which "looked like something out of a Colette novel—all velvet and brocade." There were three daughters and three sons in the family, all of them high-spirited, and they somehow managed to convince Miss Christie that she was not merely a scraggly-haired gamine with an inferiority complex, but a beautiful young woman.

She came back to England at 18, determined that she would use this beauty on the stage. She enrolled in dramatic school and found again that the old magic worked. When she could submerge her own personality in the character she was playing, she was happy. But in other respects it was a rough time. Money was not plentiful, and the rent was frequently hard to come by. She solved this problem by buying an air mattress, which she carried around with her, tossing it down at night in the flat of whatever friend, male or female, had floor space. This experience bred in her a powerful animus toward British landlords and landladies. "They were always accusing people of indulging

Julie Christie as Zhivago's war-weary mistress, Lara: "I discovered life much too early. I was made to discover it."



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happily for [illegible] came an eight-minute bit in *Young Cassidy*, in which Miss Christie portrayed a music-hall dancer of easy morals with such marvelous zest that it won her a British film-critics' award.

And after *Cassidy* came *Darling*, a corrosive British version of *La Dolce Vita*, which opened in New York last August. The New York critics brought out their drums and trumpets to hail a great new actress, and later, when the picture opened in London, British critics added their own hosannas. Not since Audrey Hepburn, they declared, had the British movie industry produced such a star, and in one respect she even exceeded Miss Hepburn. Miss Christie was a woman of overwhelming sex appeal, a quality which they felt to have been lacking in British actresses for a generation.

Julie Christie was in Spain at work on *Zhivago* when *Darling* opened in New York. A friend in Manhattan sent her a three-page telegram, quoting the reviews, and she was dumbfounded. "It's a joke," she said at the time. "They can't be talking about me."

Lean asked for a print of *Darling* to be sent to Madrid so that Miss Christie could see herself as the critics had seen her. *Darling* proved that his judgment of her talents, based on *Billy Liar*, had been sound. When Miss Christie herself saw how good she was, she began to work with the competence of an old pro, abandoning the kooky whims which had been annoying Lean.

"I was just scared," she told a reporter. "I was terrified of working for David Lean. When I realized that I could, if I let myself go, come up to what he wanted in Lara, my whole attitude changed. I realized I—old Blondie Christie—could be a star.

"Of course, I want that," she said. "I want to be able to go anywhere in the world and have people recognize me and respect me. I want the glamour of it, but it must be glamour played my way. I do not want all the trappings that are supposed to go with being a star. I don't want a chauffeur and a secretary and a maid, or anybody I'd have to be responsible for. I want to be free to live my life the way it seems best to me. I don't want to be owned by anything or anybody. I don't want to be part of any organization or force I can't control. Does this sound arrogant? I don't mean it that way. I don't want power over other people's lives. I only want the power to choose what I am going to do with my own."

The peripheral chores that come with stardom—personal appearances, posing for publicity pictures—either frighten or infuriate Miss Christie.

"I am terrified of the press—of photographers particularly. They make me feel like Lassie, the Wonder Dog. Even if you were all broken up, actually crying, they would take your picture. And television paralyzes me."

Miss Christie's feeling toward photographers is not reciprocated by them. "She has more talent in one finger than most actresses have in their whole body," says Ken Danvers, who did the publicity stills for *Zhivago*. "You can say to her, 'Happy, please, Julie,' and it just bubbles up. You

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can say, 'Sad, Julie,' and, 'Sad,' and, 'Sadder,' and you can see it coming from deep inside. It starts here [he clasps his stomach] and goes here [he clutches his chest], and then it shows in her eyes. First, just the glisten, the shine of tears, and then the tears, and then her face breaks up and goes all to pieces. This kid is an actress, not a kook. She is cool and wise."

Even under Lean's guidance, Miss Christie's cool sometimes deserted her when it came time to shoot the love scenes in *Zhivago*. Though a great deal of explicit lovemaking went on in *Darling*, Miss Christie was still extremely self-conscious when the romance became intimate in *Zhivago*.

"It used to be, if I had to kiss someone before the camera, I'd panic," she said. "I'd say, 'Oh, God, let *them* kiss *me*. Leave it all to *them*.' Now I realize that if a love scene is not to be a sort of ludicrous charade, it has to be *real* or it's no good. You have to *give* yourself almost as you would if it were real—not that you would ever give yourself, of course, but you must feel you would if it was required of you."

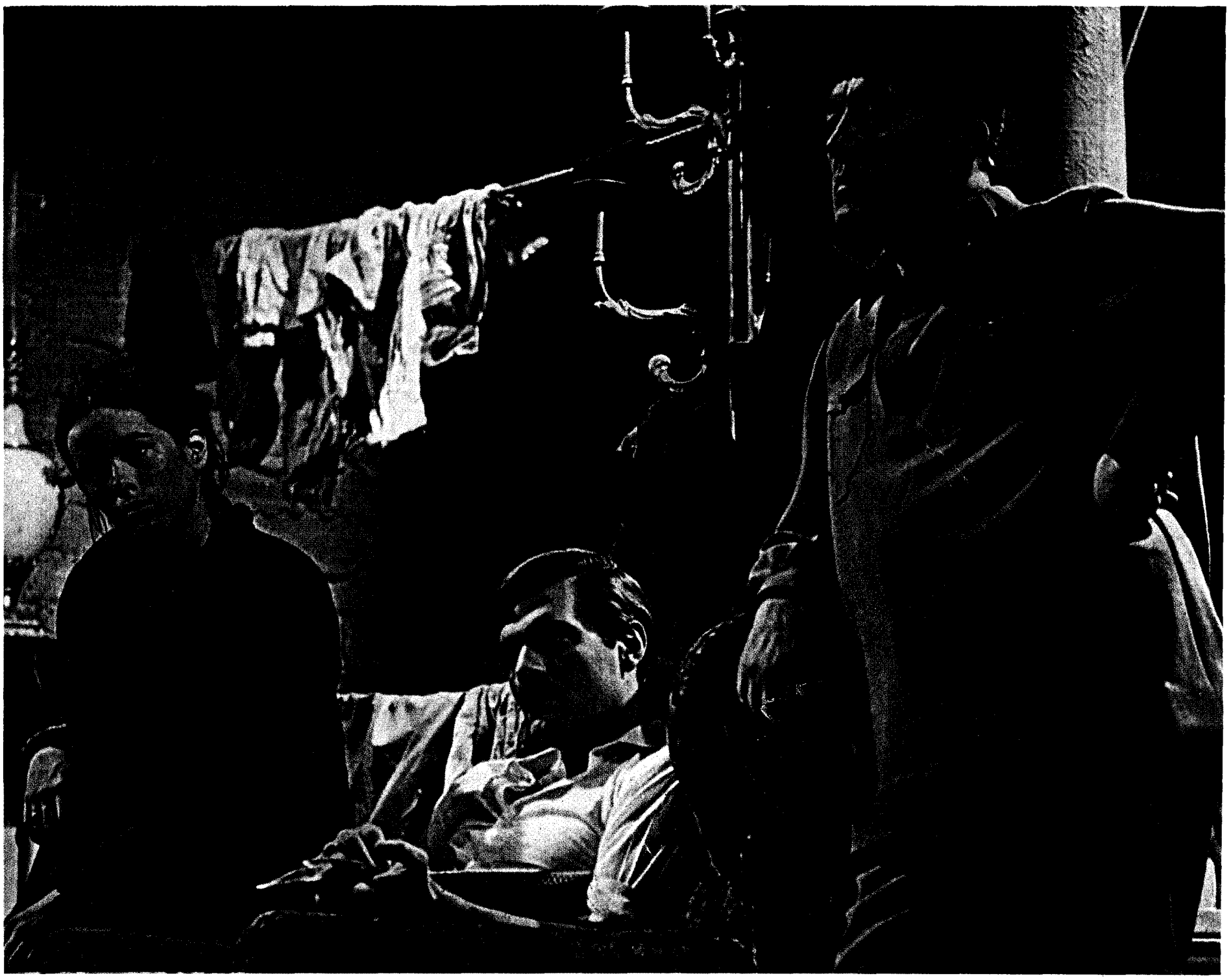
As Miss Christie talked, she was seated before a mirror in her dressing room in the outskirts of Madrid. She was wearing a madras cotton shirt with a button-down collar, scuffed black ballet slippers and a "hipster" skirt, low in the waist and high in the hemline. Nibbling at her fingernails, watching herself in the mirror, chatting happily as the hairdresser washed, combed and tinted her shoulder-length blond hair, she behaved like a kid sister, primping for the senior prom. But as the hairdresser swirled the mass of honey-colored hair to the top of her head and pinned it there, she changed. The shoulders straightened. The small head lifted proudly on the slender neck. The gray eyes became cool and mysterious. She was no longer a wisecracking, cocky swinger from the London coffee houses, but a woman, poised, serene and beautiful.

'Miss Chaplin has no name. Her father has the name. I didn't hire her father.'

The mood lasted only a moment. Her shoulders slumped. Holding her head in her hands, she leaned her elbows on the dressing table. With dead eyes she looked into the mirror. "God, I'm tired," she said. "Work, work, work, day after day after day. These marvelous directors get carried away. They think they are supermen—but you can't work unless you are fresh. You can't do it all on emotion. It may be fine, if you have a highly emotional scene to play, to be so tired and tense and keyed up you are half hysterical. But a tender love scene—no." Her voice trailed off.

For a long time she sat there, saying nothing, her eyes closed, her head in her hands. If it was an act, it was a good one. She looked bone tired, completely drained. Finally, she straightened up.

"All right, Professor," she said, "next question. My future? How can I know? All I know is I want to work—to act, to make pictures. *Good* pictures. Not 'quite good' or 'rather good.' But 'good.' Pictures that will be remembered. I wouldn't even



Omar Sharif as Zhivago, Geraldine Chaplin as his wife, and Alec Guinness (right), a colonel, slump into exhaustion as they hear reports from the revolutionary battlefronts.

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Contemplating her future as a star, Julie Christie flatly refuses "all the trappings. I don't want to be owned by anybody."

Both the girls had pythons in their past, but only one of them was real.

mind being in a picture that flops—if it flops well—with flair, you might say.

"I guess I'm an intellectual snob. Now that I can pick and choose, all I want is to work with good material, under a good director. Being a star is meaningless, really, unless you are also a great actress, and that's what I'm determined to be. I could never be a great screen personality, drawing people to the theater to see Julie Christie play Julie Christie. I have no personality of my own. This may sound crazy, coming from an actress, but I truly am shy. I still can't get up in front of people and do anything on my own. I still must have a role to hide behind. Lara is a marvelous role. Diana, in *Darling*, was a marvelous role. But completely different. I'm glad of that. I would hate to be identified in the public mind with the kind of tramp that Diana was."

If Mr. Lean was gambling when he hired Miss Christie, he was playing Russian roulette when he finally chose Geraldine Chaplin for the role of Tonya, the beautiful and gently-bred wife of Doctor Zhivago.

At first glance the blond and volatile Miss Christie and the brunet and whimsical Miss Chaplin seemed much alike in background and in temperament. Both were very young. Neither had been seen for more than a fleeting moment on the screen. Both, at an early age, had been sent away from home and family to boarding and convent schools, and both had a python in their past, except that Miss Chaplin's was real. Each, as soon as possible, had abandoned formal education for the more specialized discipline of the stage—Miss Christie as an actress, Miss Chaplin as a dancer. Here, however, the resemblance ended. The recognition that came to Miss Christie she herself had fought for. The fame that had come to Miss Chaplin—as she was well aware—had been handed to her on a silver tray. She was Charlie Chaplin's oldest daughter, and Chaplin, of course, was the world's greatest and most successful master of pantomime, the soul of the actor's art. Her grandfather on her mother's side was Eugene O'Neill, who in his day was America's greatest dramatist.

Other than this fortunate choice of forebears, however, Miss Chaplin had no more to recommend her than a thousand other pretty young 20-year-olds with high cheekbones, blue-green eyes and slender, boyish figures.

Up to the age of 18, her entire acting experience had consisted of a one-line bit part in her father's picture *Limelight*, made while she was still in pigtails. At 19, after a year at the Royal Ballet School in London, she had danced in a Paris production of the ballet *Cinderella*. Her dancing had been lissome enough, but not spectacular, though the publicity she received for her four minutes on stage gave the impression that Pavlova had been born again.

Blinking and somewhat incredulous, she suddenly found herself a celebrity, with the offer of a part in a movie called *On a Beautiful Summer Morning* with Jean-Paul Belmondo.

"I wasn't fooled by the *Cinderella* publicity," she said. "I knew I never would be a great ballerina. I'd started too late. But I thought—a movie—why not? All my friends—dancers, painters, musicians—said, 'Oh, no! Movie people are awful—they are all jealous. They are all out to kill you. You can't get anywhere unless you sleep with the producer—all that sort of thing.' None of it was true. Movie people are fabulous people, terribly sweet and nice. Or maybe it's because I've just been lucky."

Lucky or not, her performance in *Summer Morning* was less than memorable. Her mother, the former Oona O'Neill, saw the picture, and even the rosy mist of maternal affection could not conceal the fact that her daughter's acting was self-conscious, her characterization wooden.

Miss Chaplin, however, did not nurse her wounded pride in private. She danced on television, did fashion modeling and lived happily enough in a one-room basement apartment in Paris, with a small black bulldog named Boris Godunov and a pet python which she fed on mice.

Meanwhile, the publicity drums kept rolling. Miss Chaplin's pensive, slightly Asiatic features began to peer out at the public from half the slick magazines in Europe—usually accompanying stories of Mr. Chaplin's alleged trials with Geraldine, and his very real tribulations in London with her younger brother, Michael, a beat type whose ghosted autobiography brought him back to the front pages last fall when he attempted to have it suppressed.

Fortunately for Miss Chaplin, her cover-girl exposure took place at the time director David Lean was searching for the new face who could portray Zhivago's wife. Everywhere he looked, there was the wistful, brooding visage of Miss Chaplin, gazing dreamily into the distance as if, somewhere far off, she heard music for a ghostly *pas de deux*. He asked for a screen test. When it was over, Miss Chaplin had the role of Tonya.

Cynics who suggested that Lean had hired Miss Chaplin because of her name, rather than for any acting talent she might possess, met with sharp rebuff. "Are you out of your bloody mind?" he once asked a British journalist. "Miss Chaplin has no name. Her father has the name. And I didn't hire her father to play the role of Tonya. I hired her. I hired her not because she was Charlie Chaplin's daughter, but because when I saw the test, I saw she was damn-well right for the part. She has great simplicity, dignity, great warmth—the qualities that are predominant in Tonya. She also has youth, beauty and an inner radiance, and I think when people see her on the screen, they are going to like her."

If Lean saw dignity and an inner radiance, Phyllis Dalton, the wardrobe designer to whom Miss Chaplin reported for fittings, first saw only a slender girl in a rumpled sweater that was too big for her and blue jeans that were too tight. There was a faintly gawky, coltish awkwardness about her. When she stood, she was graceful enough, with a dancer's carriage, but when she sat, she sprawled and slouched like a teen-ager.

"I thought, 'Oh, my God, how can this child wear the beautiful clothes we designed for Tonya?'" said Miss Dalton. "Immediately, though, when she put them on, I realized how wrong I was. She wore them superbly, with beautiful elegance and style. It was because of her carriage, her ballet training. Her whole personality changed when she put them on."

Off camera and out of costume, Miss Chaplin could change with equal swiftness into a gamine again. Shooting *Zhivago* in the little Spanish town of Soria, she held court on the long winter evenings in the lobby of the Florida hotel, chattering in French and English with ease, laughing a shrill, almost cackling laugh, and doing imitations of her father doing imitations of other people.

In Madrid, where she kept a small apartment, the sound of gypsy fiddles in the street would set her wild. Gathering up a group of kindred souls, she would make the rounds of the *tabernas*, dancing flamencos until they closed, and then dancing

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till dawn on the ancient cobblestones in the light of automobile headlamps.

Like Julie Christie, she felt far more secure before a movie camera than before the still cameras of the press. Writers who came from all over the world to interview her usually found her friendly and articulate enough. But the sight of a lens peering at her seemed to paralyze her. She would fling her long hair forward, hiding her face, or put her finger in her mouth like a pouting child. She scratched the back of her leg with her foot, and she stared blankly into space. There was a fey quality about her, and sometimes, with no cameras around, her mood would shift in a flash from blithe and outgoing to darkly somber and withdrawn. She would suddenly fall silent, drift away, pick up a scrawny kitten or a baby duck, and sit down on the floor to pet and croon to it, looking as blank-eyed as Ophelia. Once an interviewer came upon her in a cemetery lying sprawled on a rainwashed grave. She was calling in a thin voice, to nobody in particular, "Haunt me. If you've got the guts, come back and haunt me."

Sometimes she seemed to go out of her way to deride the glamour that is supposed to surround a movie personality. During a luncheon interview with a lady writer-photographer from an influential newspaper in Milan, the interviewer said, "Now, Geraldine, tell me about your lovers."

"Bow whah?" said Miss Chaplin, who was feeling a back tooth with her thumb.

"Your lovers. Your boyfriends," the Italian lady said sharply. Miss Chaplin took her thumb out of her mouth.

"All one-hundred and thirty-six of them?" she asked, deadpan. "Oh, they were all tall, dark and handsome."

"She is a child," snapped the Italian lady, closing her notebook and walking away. "She is playing at being a movie star. She is not serious."

"I love Geraldine, but I do not understand her," an older actress said. "She is very warm, very sweet, very gay, but with a deep reserve, too. She is like a child. One moment she is romping, laughing, willful, the next she is hungry for affection, cuddling, kissing, sitting in your lap. Then in a flash she changes and becomes a woman as old as Eve, cool, remote, withdrawn. She is a very complex person, a mixed grill of the emotions. Boldness, shyness, confidence and fear are all mixed up. At work she is attentive, but there is still the feeling that acting is just a game for her, like children play. She is twenty-one, but there is an immaturity there that sometimes is more like sixteen. I think it is because life has always been too happy for her, too rich. She has not matured because she has not suffered."

Miss Chaplin would be the last person to claim that her life has been particularly rigorous. She recalls her home in Santa Monica, Calif., where she was born in 1944, as being a cheerful place, with a garden, a wishing tree and "twenty cats, all named Susie."

Her parents' removal, first to England and then to Switzerland, was not particularly traumatic, for she was too young to realize that her father was deliberately, and angrily, forsaking the country which had once taken him to its heart.

In Switzerland she and her younger brother Michael were sent off to the village school, where all the classes were conducted in French. She grew up speaking French as fluently as the English she heard at home, a fact that occasionally annoyed her father.

"Daddy," she recalled, "didn't speak a word of French, and sometimes all of us, Michael, Josephine, Vicky and I would be chattering in French and he couldn't understand it, so he made a rule—everybody in the house had to speak English when he was present."

Her own French being no problem, she was sent to boarding school at a convent near Vevey, the village where the Chaplins lived. Family ties were not broken, however, and she went home for weekends with the ever-increasing tribe of small Chaplins. She spent nine years at the school, and by contrast with Miss Christie, who hated school discipline and often rebelled against it, she remembers it as a completely happy experience.

"The Sisters were a very modern order, very broad-minded, not sort of Victorian," she said. "At some convents you have to take a bath with your nightgown on, so you don't see yourself naked. But these were not only wonderful nuns, they were wonderful human beings. I wanted to be like them. For a while I even thought that I would like to be a nun."

By the age of 17, this impulse had faded, and she had decided instead to become a ballerina. With her mother's blessing and a small monthly allowance, and with her father's stern admonition, "Whatever you do—do it well," she went off to London to enter the Royal Ballet School, living with an expatriate Polish prince and his wife whom her parents knew and trusted.

Her leaving home, she insists now, had nothing to do with an estrangement from her father. "For heaven's sake," she said angrily, "I loved and admired my father then, and I love and admire him now. But I was nearly eighteen years old. At that age any girl who wants to accomplish anything on her own should leave home."

In the three years since then, she has been fully aware that her father's fame has opened doors that her own talents could not have opened nearly as soon. She is not embarrassed about this.

"There are literally hundreds of young dancers and young actresses who could become great stars overnight if they were given the chance," she said. "But that's all you get, and you only get it once—the opportunity. The rest is up to you. If you fail, then it doesn't matter who your father is or what your name is. Publicity helps, but it cannot carry you if you don't have the talent.

Geraldine Chaplin surveys a Paris boulevard: "Any girl who wants to accomplish anything should leave home."

"If I flop in *Zhivago*," she said, "it will be a humiliation, but it won't be fatal. I love music—and with a few more years of study, I could try to do something in music. And if *that* fails, I can always teach French."

Even after seeing the rushes, she still did not know whether her portrayal of Tonya in *Zhivago* had been a triumph or a flop.

"I do know this," she said. "David Lean is a genius at getting out of people what even they didn't know they had in them. As for being able to judge my own performance—I haven't yet gotten to the point where I can look at myself on the screen without being self-conscious and embarrassed. I peep through my fingers, close my eyes and half open them—so I still don't know whether I did well or badly."

At that point, neither did Lean. At Soria, on the high plains of central Spain, the cameras were setting up to shoot one of the last outdoor scenes in *Zhivago*—a Russian railway station in a snowstorm 50 years ago.

Around the eyes Lean's face showed the strain of nine months' steady shooting. He lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, held it upright between thumb and forefinger and gazed at it thoughtfully. Though tense and weary, he courteously answered a visitor's questions.

"Satisfied with Geraldine's performance? Yes. With Julie's? Definitely, yes," he said. "With the picture as a whole? How can I answer that? I still have to edit it. I do know what we have been striving for—to tell in pictures the story that Pasternak told so magnificently in words. But words have their own magic, and the camera has a magic of its own, and they are different. So I cannot say that all our efforts—script, direction, acting, camera, music, everything—will synthesize into a great motion picture. All I can say at this point is that a great many very good people have done their best to make it so." □

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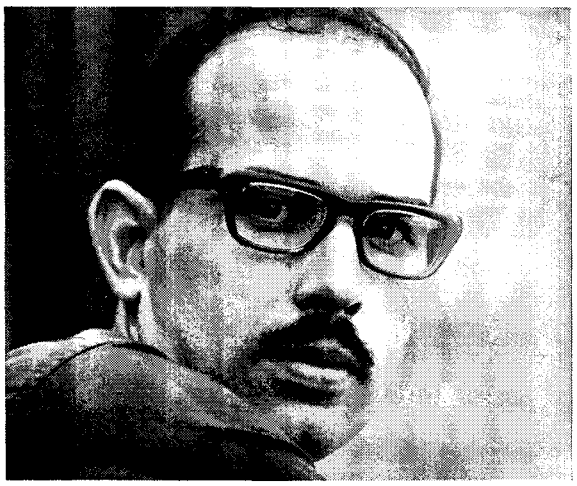

MY LIFE AS A SOVIET PRISONER

Almost exactly a year ago The Post published an article, "Tell My Parents Not to Worry," which revealed all that could then be learned about the fate of Peter Landerman, an American student imprisoned by the Russians for his part in a fatal automobile accident. Two days after that issue of the magazine went on sale, Landerman was set free and he has since resumed his studies at the University of California. Now, for the first time, he describes in detail the year and a half that he spent in captivity, entirely cut off from all he had ever known.

BY PETER LANDERMAN

The prison was an ancient, ugly fortress with massive brick walls, rusted iron bars at its grimy windows, and dank, dark corridors. It was said to have been built in the 1700's, during the reign of Catherine the Great; now it was Minsk Prison No. 1 in the vast Soviet penal system.

Our cell was No. 43, a cubicle scarcely large enough to hold our two bunks, two benches and table. Its concrete walls constantly seemed to be pressing in on us, and the door was precisely like those I had seen a few weeks earlier, at Leningrad's infamous Peter-Paul dungeon, where many Czarist political prisoners spent their last days. It was a ponderous wooden slab pierced only by a peephole and a trapdoor called a *kormushka,* through which food was passed. A rusty can stood in one corner of the cell, for we were permitted two—and only two—trips down the corridor to the toilet each day.

I was sitting on one of the benches—we weren't permitted to lie down before 10 P.M.—trying to doze through the dreary October afternoon, when the thump of heavy boots in the corridor woke me from my reverie. I opened one of the books I had been allowed to keep. The guard lingered at the peephole, humming softly, and my cellmate, a middle-aged Russian engineer named Maxim, grimaced.

"That's enough; knock it off," Maxim said. "Didn't your boss tell you not to disturb the animals?"

There was a moment's silence; then the guard forced a laugh.

"Take it easy, old boy, I'm just doing my work. Keep losing your head like that and you'll find yourself in prison."

He stomped to the next cell, laughing at his own wit. Maxim looked up from his notebook. Had I seen him on a Russian street, in hat and coat, I might have taken him for a high-school teacher. But now he was unmistakably a Soviet prisoner, his skin sallow and his head shaved to the skull—like mine. Head-shaving prisoners is an old custom originally instituted to prevent lice and now retained, according to Soviet prisoners, as a mark of humiliation.

"Now's your chance," Maxim whispered in his slightly slurred Russian. "That guard's lazy—he won't return for an hour."

Carefully, tenderly, I removed my new treasure from the lining of my jacket. During our hour in the exercise cage that morning, I had noticed that the peephole glass there was shattered, and while the guard patrolling the cages was approaching the far end of the catwalk, I worked loose a neat little sliver. It was an invaluable thing to have in a cramped cell, where the mind is constantly conjuring up little projects to occupy itself, projects always thwarted by the lack of any kind of tool.

I polished the sliver on my pants, then began sharpening my pencil with it—slowly, enjoying the excitement of having something new and purposeful to do. Maxim lit a cigarette and returned to his notebooks. He had been convicted of embezzling building materials in a local construction project and he spent most of the day writing his life story, especially an analysis of his case. He planned to send the manuscript to the local edition of *Pravda* to "expose the rats who framed me."

We worked intently and did not hear the slight shuffle behind the door until it was too late.

"Hey, you—Landerman. Get yourself over here. *Move*!"

It was the shout of another guard, who liked to sneak up to the peephole.

"Give me that thing you were working with."

I played dumb.

"I said give the —— thing *here*. All right, that's better. Look, Landerman, don't ever let me catch you playing with glass again, or trying to peek out the window like you did the other day, or you're going to be in real trouble."

I slouched on the moldering bench again, closed my eyes—that, at least, was legal—and tried to think. It had been a mistake to waste the sliver sharpening a pencil. I had to develop more careful habits. I drifted into a daydream. I was back on that dark highway again, only this time there was no motorcyclist and no accident. I was free; the whole thing had never happened. I was touring through Western Europe again, playing my guitar, combining two main interests—languages and folk songs. Then I was back in Riverside, Calif., telling my friends at home what Russia is like. Then I was telling my parents not to worry.

Finally, the old questions returned again: what am I doing *here*? I did not doubt that God had a purpose in this, but it still seemed unbelievable that I was a prisoner in the Soviet Union.

In my 22 years I had always been known as a "well behaved boy," and a fairly good student. I had never thought I would even visit a prison; yet here I was inside one, at the start of a three-year sentence. Because of the value I placed on human life, I had sometimes wondered if I could bring myself to kill a man in a war over political differences. Now I found myself in the position of having killed a man for no reason.

The accident had occurred 10 weeks earlier, on the evening of August 15, 1963. I was driving the first of two Microbuses packed with 12 American university students and a Soviet guide. We were searching for a campsite near

Drawings by Louis Glanzman

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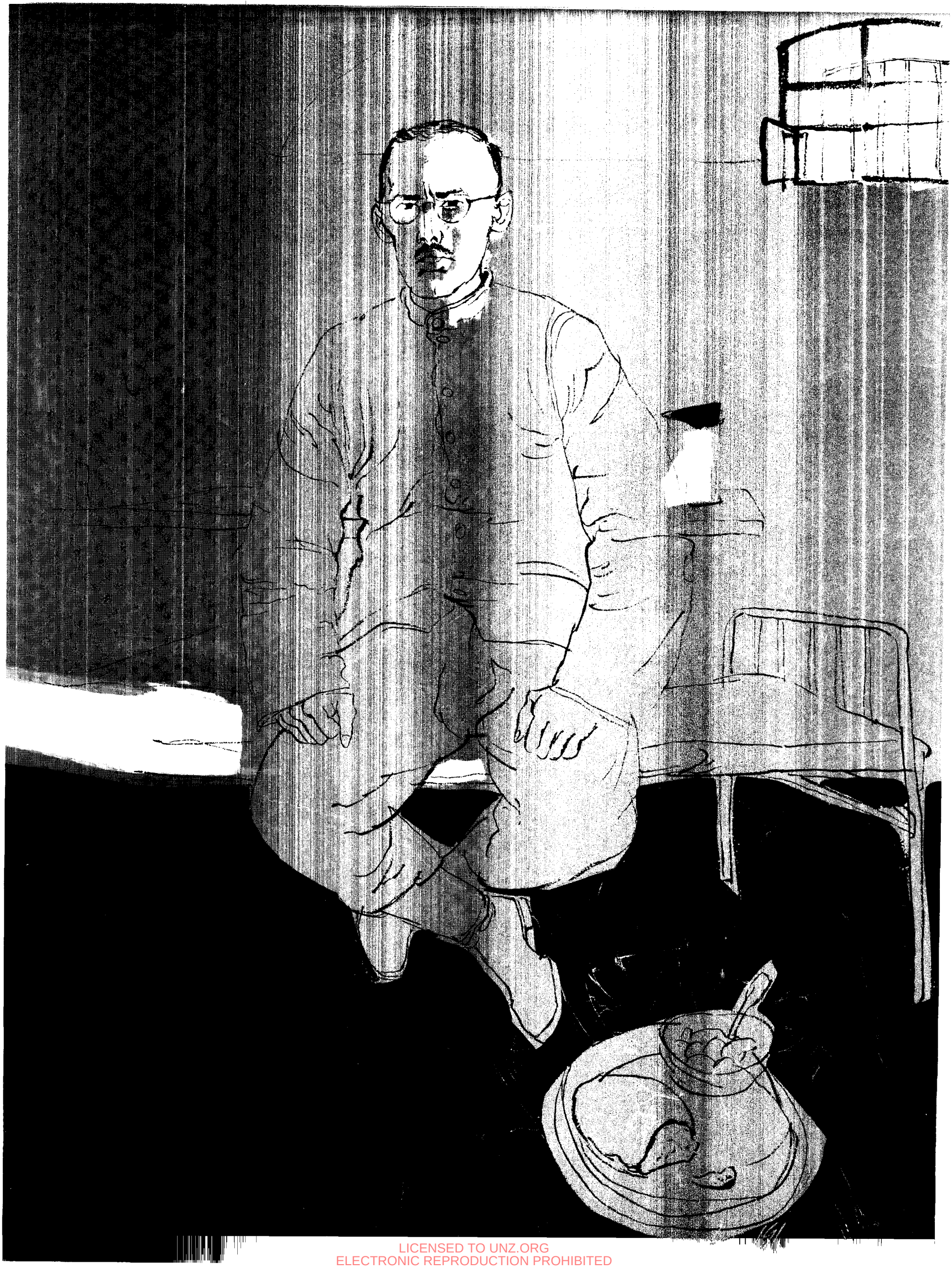

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I was stunned by my sentence: three years in a labor colony.

Minsk where we could spend the last night of our six-week Soviet tour. A car approached from the opposite direction and I switched to parking lights, as our guide had instructed. But the Soviet driver held to his high beam, and I was dazzled for an instant. Then I saw an old man walking an unlighted motorcycle on my lane of the highway—too late to avoid a collision. The man died in a Minsk hospital five days later, and after a three-day trial I was convicted of causing his death by switching to parking lights in violation of Soviet law.

American experts on Soviet law have subsequently argued that I bore no criminal responsibility, since I had been specifically instructed to use parking lights—that had been the law until a few months earlier, and 90 percent of Soviet drivers still did so. But everything I could learn about similar cases indicated that both the trial and the sentence followed normal Soviet practice.

Whether it was fair or not, I was stunned by the sentence: three years in a corrective labor colony. I was taken, in a darkened, curtained paddy wagon guarded by armed soldiers, to Minsk Prison No. 1 to await transfer to a labor colony. The date was September 27, 1963—just the time, give or take a day or two, when I had planned to start my first year as a graduate student in linguistics at U.C.L.A.

The prison was administered by the Soviet army, as is most of the Soviet penal system. The soldier-guards were coarse men of peasant upbringing, but they were warm and outgoing, good-natured and understanding in the typical Russian manner. "You know," said a young Siberian who was doing his military service, "I could just as easily be in that cell myself—it doesn't take much to wind up in the pen. It's just fate that it's you and not me."

To me, "the Amerikanyets," some guards were especially compassionate. They brought me a plywood board to cover the iron slats of my bunk; they slipped me their copies of *Pravda;* they gave me extra portions on the rare occasions we were served "treats" of gluey spaghetti or fried fish. Best of all, they would open the *kormushka* to talk with me (for a few minutes only, since this was illegal), reassuring me that my sentence would be reduced, questioning me about life in America—for example, prices and wages, which were a never-ending source of amazement.

There were other things that helped make prison life bearable: a chess set in the cell; a loudspeaker that occasionally piped in music and news instead of the deadening propaganda; permission to have my language books and Bible with me, and to use pencil and paper. We were free to pass most of the day reading, talking and day-dreaming, and we were never physically mistreated. And although the food was as grim as the cell itself—each day, a ration of black bread, salted fish, two bowls of cabbage soup with specks of meat or fat, and two helpings of grain mush called *kasha*—we were permitted to buy limited portions of jam, margarine and extra sugar on the rare occasions when they were available in the prison store. The prison doctor, a matronly woman with a gentle manner, even gave me permission to buy white bread, a luxury usually reserved for sick prisoners.

Yet I soon began to feel some of the dehumanizing effect that confinement in a Soviet prison seems deliberately aimed to produce. It was not just the oppressiveness of our tomblike cell, the constant security checks, or even the light bulb which glared all night. Soviet prison authorities seem consumed by a passion for security. What was worse was their passion for secrecy, for keeping prisoners in a state of total dependence and total ignorance about their fate. The regulations forbid communication of any kind among inmates; no prisoner was permitted even to catch sight of any other except his cellmate. Maxim and I were led to the toilet and exercise cage only when the corridors were empty. Aside from those trips, life was a string of endless, empty hours in the stark seclusion of the cell.

At first I was naïve enough to ask about my future. I appealed to officers and guards to tell me about my appeal, which colony I would be assigned to—anything at all about my case.

"Sorry, Landerman, we can't tell you. You'll find out when the time comes."

I was cut off from everything and everyone I knew in the world. No one, not even the American consul in Moscow, knew where I was. After repeated requests I was given permission to write to my parents—they never did receive my first letters—but I heard nothing from them for over a month. Finally, late in October, 18 letters, obviously opened, were delivered by a representative of the foreign ministry. To my surprise, my captors seemed to regard me as a threat, and they reacted by searching me, watching me, and opening my mail. I didn't know what they feared in me; perhaps they suspected I was an intelligence agent.

Paradoxically, they forced me to develop the cautious habits of an agent. Their first rule was to tell me nothing, to keep me in suspense, to surprise me and wear me down. My first rule therefore became to outwit them—to plan all the angles, to keep myself aloof, to hoard, to be always on guard, and above all, not to tell *them* anything. This self-imposed isolation flew in the face of everything I believed about the way people should behave. But it was essential for self-protection. Actually, of course, I had nothing to hide, but they were making a challenge of my impris-

Soviet guards searched all prisoners as the work brigades reentered camp. One night a soldier found Landerman's prized notebook.

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onment and, even if it meant withdrawing into a shell, I wanted to beat them at their own game.

And I began to develop another technique that was even more dehumanizing. This was the habit of being friendly with people without trusting them. Maxim lectured me about this. "I know about those labor colonies," he said, "and for your own good, you'd better not trust anybody. There'll be lots of men trying to make friends, and some fine-looking fellows cracking anti-Soviet jokes. Don't trust them. They just do it to try to pull something out of you that they can squeal about. You're on your own; you don't have any friends, remember that."

The days dragged on. Up at six A.M. to the Soviet national anthem, bread and sugar rations delivered through the *kormushka*, morning exercise in the cage, foul-smelling fish soups that I couldn't force down, radio broadcasts distorting life in America, guards snarling with Maxim, head shaves every few days—and, thank God, my Bible and other books. I tried to force myself to follow a regular schedule of studying Greek, Czech and Russian, but it was hard to concentrate. There was no room to pace inside the cell, and Maxim was not interested in chess. There was little to do but wait. I drifted into a state of suspended animation which made the hours, then days and weeks, slip by, until it seemed as if I had languished in that cell for years.

At dawn on November 5, after almost six weeks in this prison, an officer flung open the *kormushka*. "Landerman! Get your things together"—the words that all prisoners know mean they are being transferred.

"Where am I going?"

"I don't know."

I was escorted into a windowless paddy wagon; then, together with scores of fellow convicts, herded into a prison railroad car, then back into a paddy wagon, and finally into an unheated cell in Smolensk Prison No. 1—300 miles northeast of Minsk. After five cold days and nights alone there, I was moved again. A converted bus jammed with prisoners drove us through what seemed like back streets to a railroad station, where we waited for several hours in the dark.

Our train arrived after midnight, and we were marched in columns past soldiers with submachine guns and police dogs. We marched along a line of ordinary freight cars until we came to one with frosted windows covered by rusted bars. Inside the prison car, most of the cages were filled with men and women, giggling and weeping, exchanging bits of herring and cigarettes, shouting, shrieking, swearing and singing. Although there were no leg chains or starving prisoners, I was reminded of the scenes of convict transfers described a century earlier by Tolstoy.

Most of the cages held a dozen or more prisoners, but I was quartered alone. I was still too wary of breaking the rules to question the other prisoners, and as the train pulled out from the station, I settled down on the wooden bench provided for sleeping.

Then, through the din of Russian shouts and the clanging of the train, I heard an incredible sound.

"Pete! Pete! Are you around here?"

Peering suddenly through the hole in the door, a guard caught Landerman making a cross.

It was a man's voice, shouting *in English*—with a Brooklyn accent! I shouted something in return.

"Pete—hello. I'm an American—across the corridor, two cages down. I heard you were on this train."

I felt a surge of elation. It was an American, a friend, someone I could trust at last!

His name was Nick Nedin, he told me, and he was serving a five-year term. I got my first look at him next morning when the train pulled into Moscow: a man apparently in his late 30's, wearing brand-new Levis and a button-down shirt. He had a racking cough and a look of deep anxiety. In the paddy wagon on the way to Krasnopresneskaya transfer prison, one of the many used to hold prisoners in transit, he whispered his story.

He was, he explained, a Polish Jew who fled to Russia when Hitler invaded Poland. After internment in a Soviet concentration camp, he emigrated to America in 1946, got his degree in shipbuilding engineering, became a citizen, married, and went to work in the merchant marine. In 1961, while returning home from a tourist trip to Russia, he exchanged a few East German marks for rubles with a Soviet army officer. He was arrested at Minsk and interrogated by the K.G.B. (Soviet State Security), which tried to make him confess to espionage. Nick refused, and endured four months of questioning. At his trial, however, the prosecutor said his real crime was not exchanging Soviet currency but spying, and Nick was sentenced to five years, two in a K.G.B. prison in Minsk, and three in the colony to which we were traveling.

"Good grief," I said. "What are you doing here? How are you?"

"I'm all right. And now it's great, isn't it, Pete? We're going to be together from now on. Tell me everything new in the States."

Although the guards at the transfer prisons had orders to separate us, Nick persuaded them to put us in the same cells for the remainder of the trip. He was a compulsive talker, and as we rode in prison cars and slept on the floors of empty transfer cells, I was happy to listen to his homesick tales of America.

But the habits of secrecy and suspicion that I had developed in prison warned me not to trust him. It was not simply the fantastic coincidence that the two Americans in Soviet confinement for nonpolitical crimes (and I had been told repeatedly that I was the only one) were traveling in the same train to the same colony. There was also Nick's story; the more he talked about it, the more it sounded concocted.

Why did he want rubles if he was on his way out of the Soviet Union? And how did he know the precise location of our colony? (He even pointed it out on an atlas he claimed to have bought while in prison, though no map would have survived the first search in any Soviet prison, let alone be on sale there.) How had he known my name? I tested his scientific knowledge with a few seemingly casual questions (I had majored in both chemistry and Spanish in college), and I was convinced he had never been an engineer. He talked a great deal about his case, but some of his explanations sounded phony.

"What about the embassy in Moscow?" I asked. "Have you been in touch with them?"

"Uh, they know about my case, but those lazy bums haven't lifted a finger to help me."

But perhaps he was just being careful with me. After all, he spoke English fluently, and he had a wide knowledge of Americana, supported by photographs of himself and his wife outside their home in Ohio. Could these be the products of a counterespionage agency?

Was he actually an unfortunate American—or might he be a K.G.B. "plant" assigned to report on me? I hated to believe that of this man with his arm around my shoulders while he talked nostalgically about hot dogs in Yankee Stadium. But I had to be careful. Why did he seem unsure of his own story? And try to sound so persuasive? How could he take our fabulously coincidental meeting so much in stride? By the time we left the Moscow prison, I had decided he was a spy.

Or was this just what the Russians wanted? Were they trying to break me down? Was I becoming paranoid? I couldn't decide anything about Nick except that his presence, far from breaking my feeling of isolation, only intensified it. He was a threat—the most serious threat so far—and I would have to double my precautions. I wished that I hadn't met him—and that I didn't feel so guilty for wishing it.

The prison cars rolled east from Moscow, stopping at rail junctions, where we were herded into paddy wagons and driven along incredibly rutted roads to our transfer prisons. Fifteen days after my departure from Minsk we arrived at a small rural depot, and as we were unloaded, I got my first inkling of the colony's atmosphere and terrain. The road was a ribbon of mud through thick birch forests. Everything had the primitive look of rural Russia. We were marched to the colony which, with its crude stake-and-barbed-wire fences, floodlights and wooden guard towers, looked like a copy of the concentration camps of World War II.

The camp commandant, a scrawny colonel with bitter eyes, glanced at our documents, put a few questions about our backgrounds, and barked a series of orders in a tone implying we had cheated him of something. Then, after a search that included every page of every book, I was questioned by an officer who exuded suspicion. "I need not say, Landerman, that as an intelligent and educated young man, you are expected to behave according to the principles of this institution. I do not expect you to do anything unwise."

When my documents were complete, I walked to the barracks that I expected to be my new home for nearly three years.

There were 300 prisoners, all foreigners or stateless men, in Colony No. 5, which was reserved exclusively for non-Soviet convicts. There were Greeks who had fought as Communist guerrillas after World War II, Iranians who had slipped over the border seeking a better life, Koreans who had lived on

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I felt the first pangs of real fear: This was a special prison of the K.G.B.

the Soviet island of Sakhalin off the Korean coast. Spaniards taken from their homeland as small children during the Civil War, Germans who had immigrated to the Soviet Union, and a smattering of Chinese, Western Europeans and others who somehow had come to the Soviet Union. They were old and young, bitter and happy-go-lucky, and their crimes ran the gamut of the Soviet criminal code, from petty "hooliganism" to multiple murder.

Except that it was reserved for foreigners, Colony No. 5 apparently did not differ significantly from colonies for Russian convicts. Most of my fellow prisoners had spent the better part of their lives in the Soviet Union and had no intention—or hope—of leaving. They considered themselves Soviet citizens in all but documents.

The barracks were crude, but well lit, freshly painted and immaculate. Our bunks were comfortable cots with mattresses of wood shavings. We received fresh linen, a bath and a head-shave every 10 days. Reveille sounded at six A.M.—and again, the Soviet national anthem. The barracks came to life slowly with curses and trips to the hole in the ground called a latrine, and by seven o'clock we walked to the mess hall for breakfast of thin soup and a piece of black bread. Back in the barracks, we had our first tea of the day. "Tea" was roasted millet grain boiled in water on the wood-burning stove, and often we had boiled potatoes, if other prisoners, working in the vegetable storerooms, had been able to sneak some out for us. It was accompanied by bread and whatever treats—butter, jam, fatback, tinned fish—we might have been lucky enough to receive in packages or to buy in the camp store. This was a social ritual of great importance: Three or four friends would sit together on a lower bunk and share whatever they had, even if only a dab of margarine.

The workday began at eight A.M., and we worked eight hours a day, Monday through Saturday, at our job of constructing camp buildings. Evenings and Sundays we were free to move around the barracks and visit others in the compound. Guards rarely appeared here—the watch at the guard towers and gates was redoubled in the evening—and our free time was spent in an easy atmosphere of relaxation and gossip. There were chess and domino games, occasional movies, private phonographs and speakers for Radio Moscow, newspapers, old magazines and even a few yellowed library books. My guitar—it and my luggage and books had been sent along with me when I left Minsk—made me something of a favorite among the prisoners: Almost every evening a group would gather at my bunk while I answered requests for songs and memorized new ones.

Nick continued to hover by my side at first, but the more I saw of him, the less I wanted to. He hesitated, and changed his story, and the more he talked, the fishier it sounded. He was constantly probing for information in subtle ways: How did I feel about the Soviet system? What was my attitude toward Communism? What were my political affiliations in the States? I developed the habit of talking in generalities, and telling him nothing, for I now felt certain he was reporting to the administration. Perhaps he was not a K.G.B. agent, but I could not believe he was who he said he was, and this made our relationship painful.

Within a week or so I had settled into the camp routine. Living conditions were Spartan, but not unbearable; except for its guards and guns, the colony might almost have passed for a primitive work camp in any frontier area.

Then, early in December, I was suddenly shipped back to Moscow by train. No one would tell me where I was going or why, but since I had just received a letter from the Byelorussian Supreme Soviet suggesting that I request a pardon, I assumed I was about to be freed. When I was delivered to a prison in Moscow, however, and read the plaque at the entrance, I felt the first pangs of real fear. It was a special prison for those under investigation by the K.G.B.

For a week I was kept in total isolation, allowed to see no one but a few silent guards. There was no radio and no conversation. The windows of my cell were frosted and the corridor outside it was thickly carpeted to muffle the movements of the guards. Nevertheless, I knew that I was under constant observation, for when I began kneading some of my black bread into a cross one morning, to help pass the almost unendurably oppressive hours, a guard was inside the cell almost instantaneously, demanding to know what I was doing. I was not permitted to use pen or pencil, and my eyeglasses were removed from the cell every evening, presumably to prevent my using broken glass as a means of committing suicide during the night. There was absolutely no communication with anyone—not even a smile. That week was the most terrifying of my life.

No one would answer my requests to explain why I was there, and I could only assume an espionage charge was being concocted against me. I tried to prepare myself for the ordeal of interrogations; the K.G.B. was said to be masterful at extracting confessions. After a few days I decided not even to ask about my fate, because that might be interpreted as a sign of weakness or guilt on my part.

On December 10 I was driven to an office in downtown Moscow. Still no one offered me a word of explanation. It was only when I heard the familiar voice of James Klemstine, the American consul who had attended my trial in Minsk, that I understood I had been brought to Moscow for an interview with a representative of the embassy. I was warned that any mention of where I was confined and what I had been doing was forbidden. Despite my inability to talk about anything that had happened since I had last seen Mr. Klemstine, it was a great relief to be talking to him rather than to a K.G.B. interrogator. Obviously the only purpose of the interview was to prove that I was alive and in good health.

When I arrived back at Colony No. 5—on January 3, 1964—it was the dead of winter; nothing moved in the frozen countryside except the wind and ourselves. Each morning at eight, we stuffed a piece of bread under our shirts, pulled on our felt boots, thick caps and quilted jackets and trousers—which were fairly warm, even on those bitter days—and gathered at the main gate. There, we were counted several times, matched to our photographs, and marched off by work brigades under the eyes of soldiers with submachine guns and police dogs.

The rules stipulated marching three abreast with no talking or smoking, but as we tramped through the deep snow the column melted into a straggly mass, with everyone talking and smoking. The sergeant tried to maintain order.

"Come on, get in line. Hey you—move up. UP, damn it. Get in a column all of you, or I'm going to get tough."

"Take it easy, man," answered one of the older prisoners. "Who pushed your button today?"

The prisoners at the head of the column began teasing one of the young soldiers, a dark, dashing Uzbek nicknamed "Tashkent."

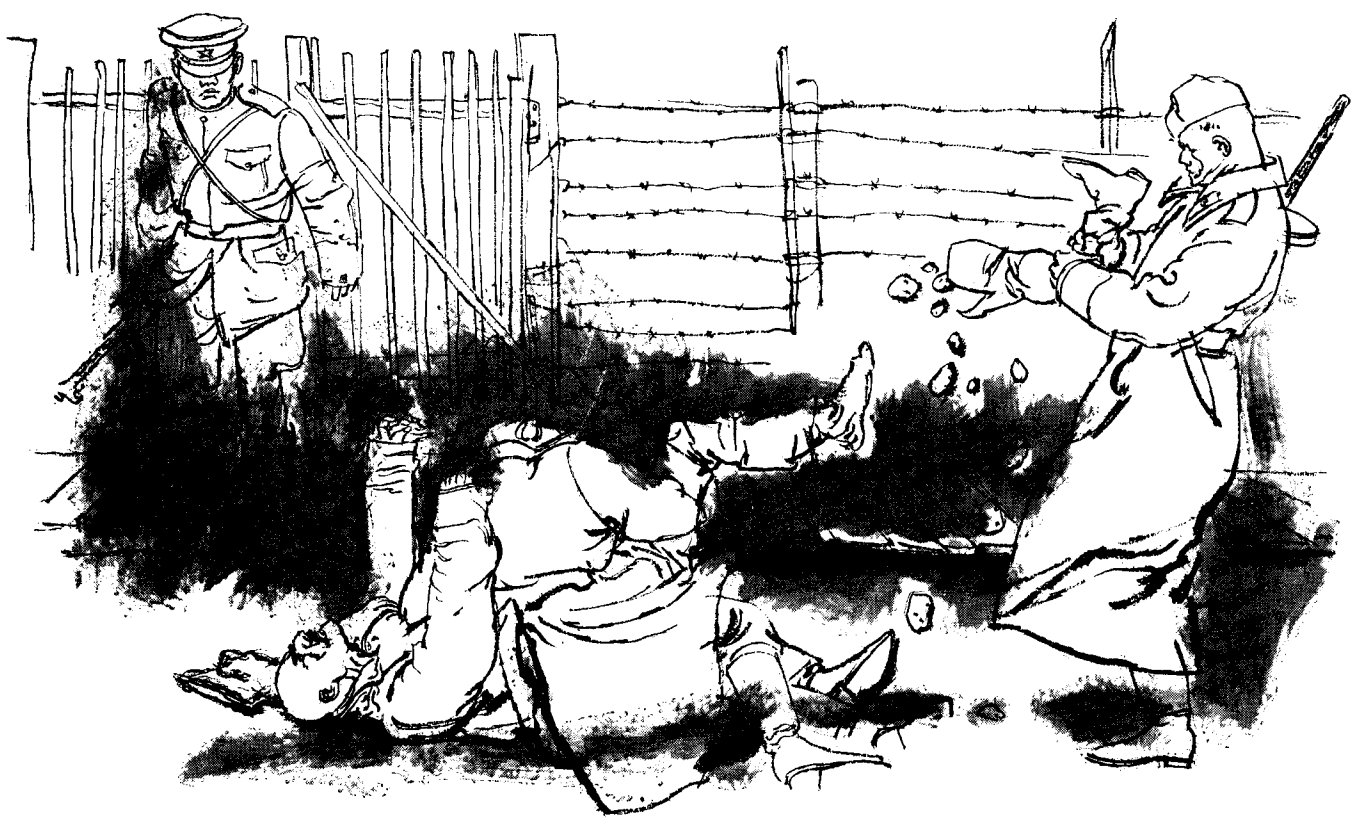
"Hey, Tashkent, look out. I'm going to make a break for it."

Tashkent flashed his white teeth. "What a shame. Sick of living already at your tender age."

My brigade (20 prisoners) had been assigned previously to constructing visiting rooms where wives who travel to the camp can spend four nights a year with their husbands. But now we were deep in the forest, chopping, splitting and stacking birch logs for firewood. We arrived with frozen faces and built a fire while the soldiers set up stakes to mark the limits of our work area. They stood guard at the corners but since they were responsible only for our security, they usually paid no attention to how we worked. (This was typical Soviet bureaucracy: The soldier on duty outside the camp compound answered not to the camp administration but to a nearby army outpost.)

We dawdled before the fire for a half hour while our brigade leader, a "senior" prisoner, tried to coax us to work. "Let's get something done today, you fellows. You'll freeze to death out here." But there was no compelling reason to work hard except for an empty threat by the camp officers t

As the wily old Afghan howled his innocence, one soldier wrestled him to the ground while another pulled off his boots. Potatoes came tumbling out like a rockslide.



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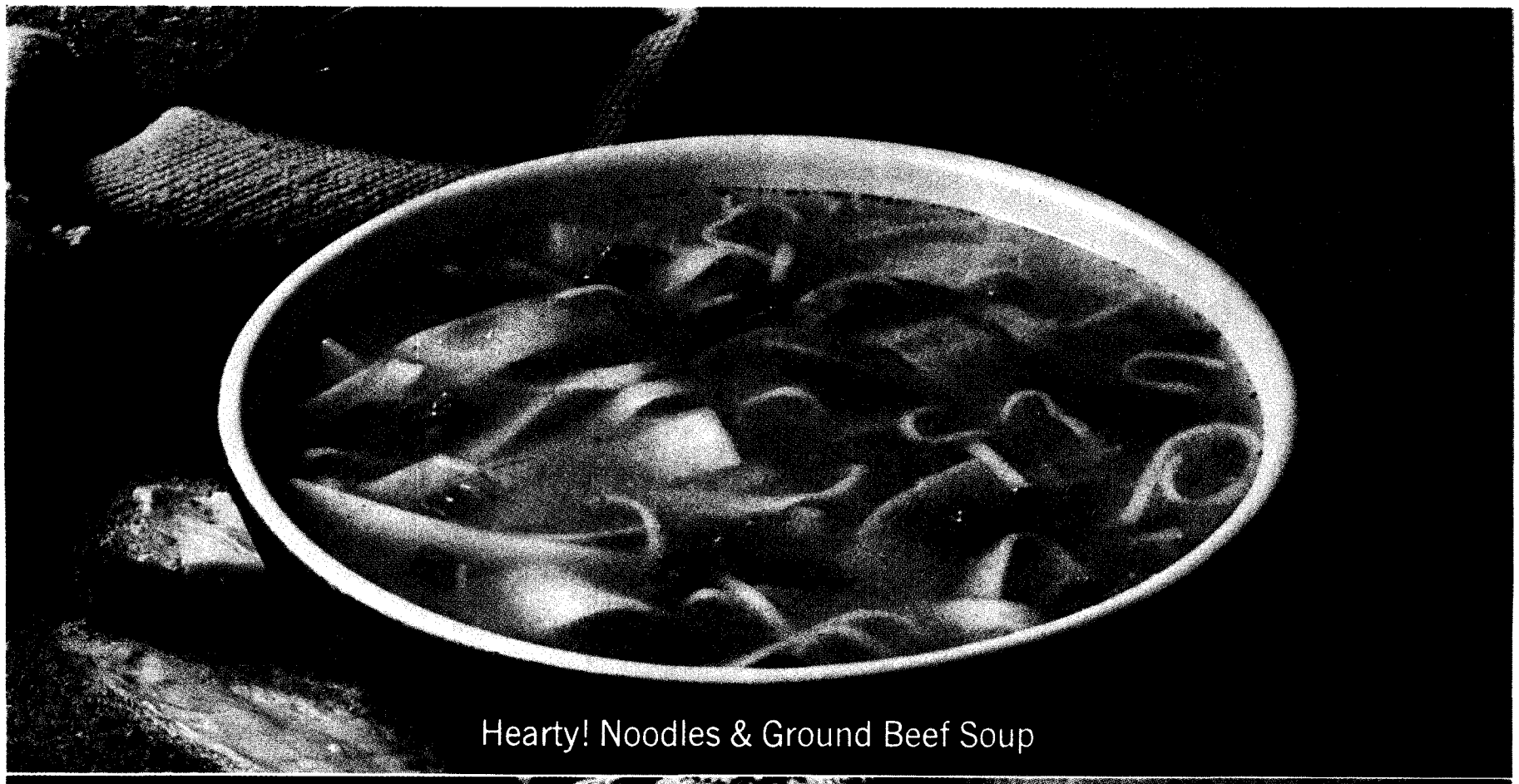

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NOODLES & GROUND BEEF SOUP

Hungry for some hearty good eating? Then help yourself to three different kinds of noodles, lean ground beef, and juicy vegetables in beef broth. This is the kind of soup that used to simmer for hours on the back of a farm-country kitchen stove. Now all its delicious flavor is yours to enjoy!

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Enjoy old fashioned goodness from an old fashioned recipe. That's what you get in this delicious country-style soup. Ten kitchen-cut garden vegetables and tender pearls of macaroni are simmered ever so slowly in a sturdy vegetable-beef broth. Have it soon. The whole family will love it!

They always eat better when you remember the soup

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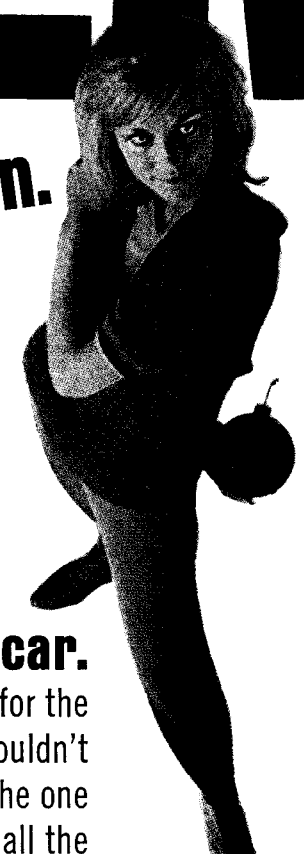
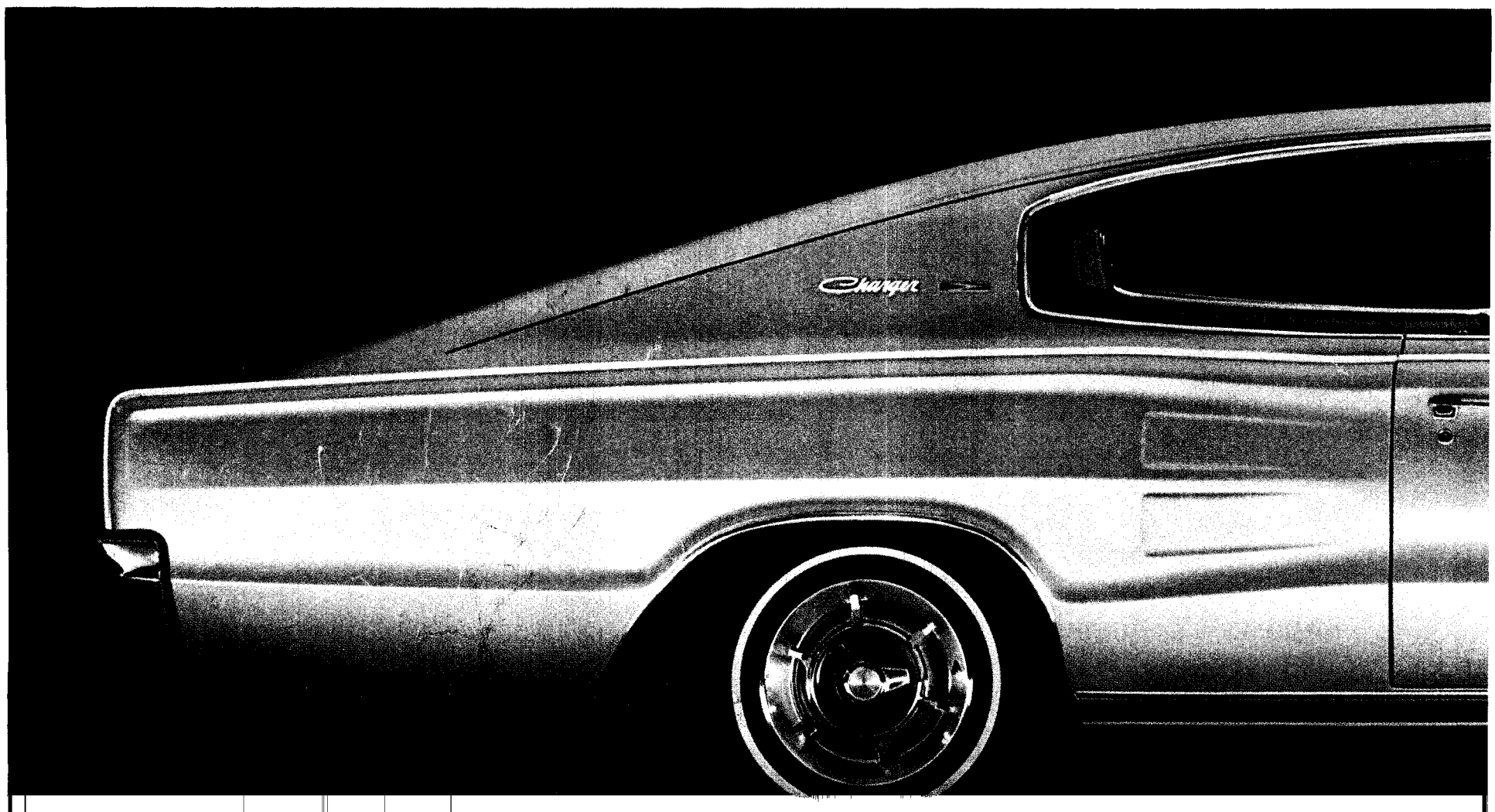
. . . new leader of the Dodge Rebellion.



Today, the star of the Auto Show becomes your fabulous road car.
Last year you'd have paid a king's ransom for a car that looked like this. Last year you'd have paid extra for the things Charger's got. V8, tach, racing-style steering wheel, bucket seats all around. And last year you couldn't get Charger's kind of full-sized fastback action no matter what you paid. But that was last year. This is the one car that made it from the drawing board to your driveway with all the excitement left in—all the go, room, all the new features and extras that usually get lost in the shuffle. So there you are. Our big secret is out. Charger. By Dodge. Proof that a sports car can be luxurious. And good-looking. And comfortable. Charger. It had to happen.



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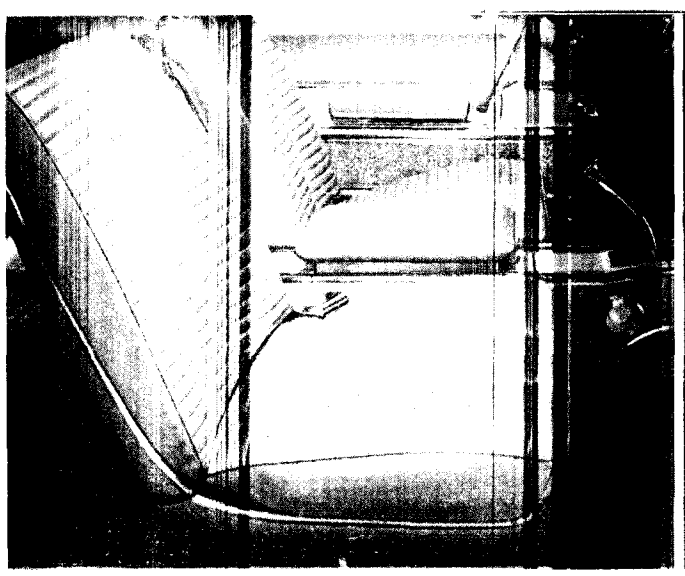
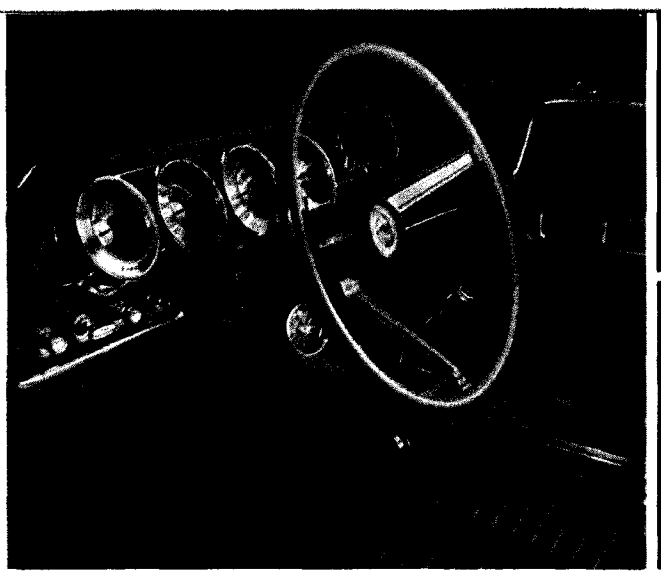
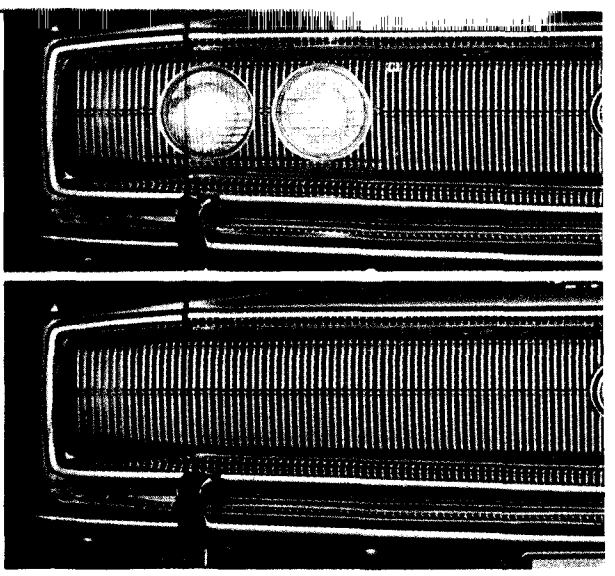


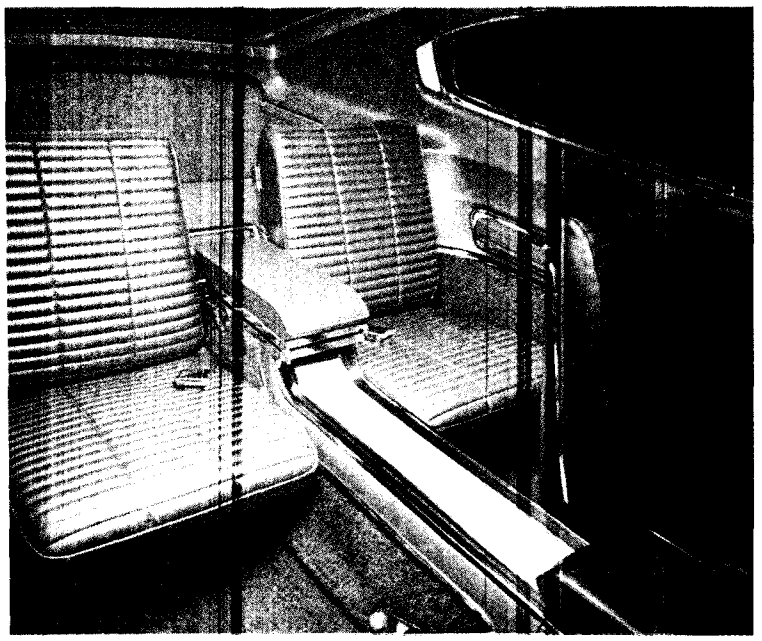
Charger is designed to carry more luggage than the most expensive limousines can carry six. But try to find a limousine with Charger's quick, challenging approach to life on the road. Just try.



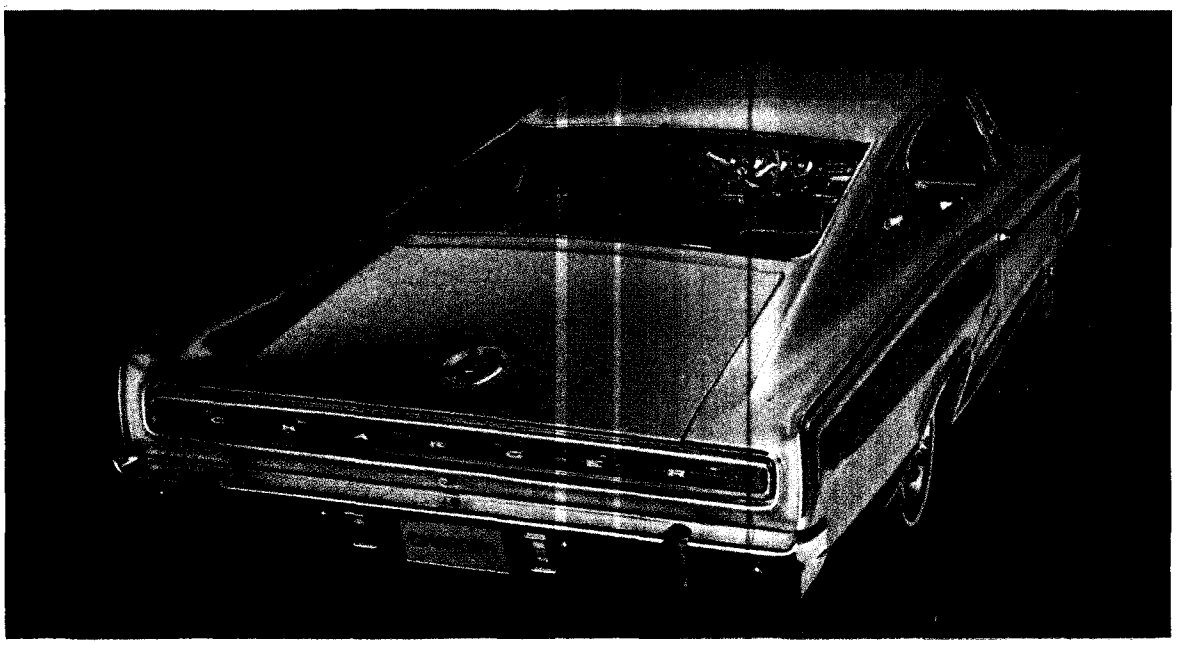
This is where you'll discover what Charger is really for. The clock is optional. The tachometer (right next to the speedometer where it belongs) is standard equipment. Test drive, anyone?



These disappearing headlights are standard equipment. Their neat appearance, up or down, is something special. Convenient automatic retraction is provided.



What's better than bucket seats up front? Bucket seats all around. What's better than bucket seats all around? Buckets in back that fold flat to give you more load space than you ever expected in a car like this.



Take a good look at the best "last look" on the road. But don't be misled by Charger's smooth line. Under that polished, curvy exterior, you'll find a car that has to be the fastest quick-change artist on the road. Changes character instantly—and at the flick of a wrist. On the left, Charger's interior shows off its four-seater sporting side.

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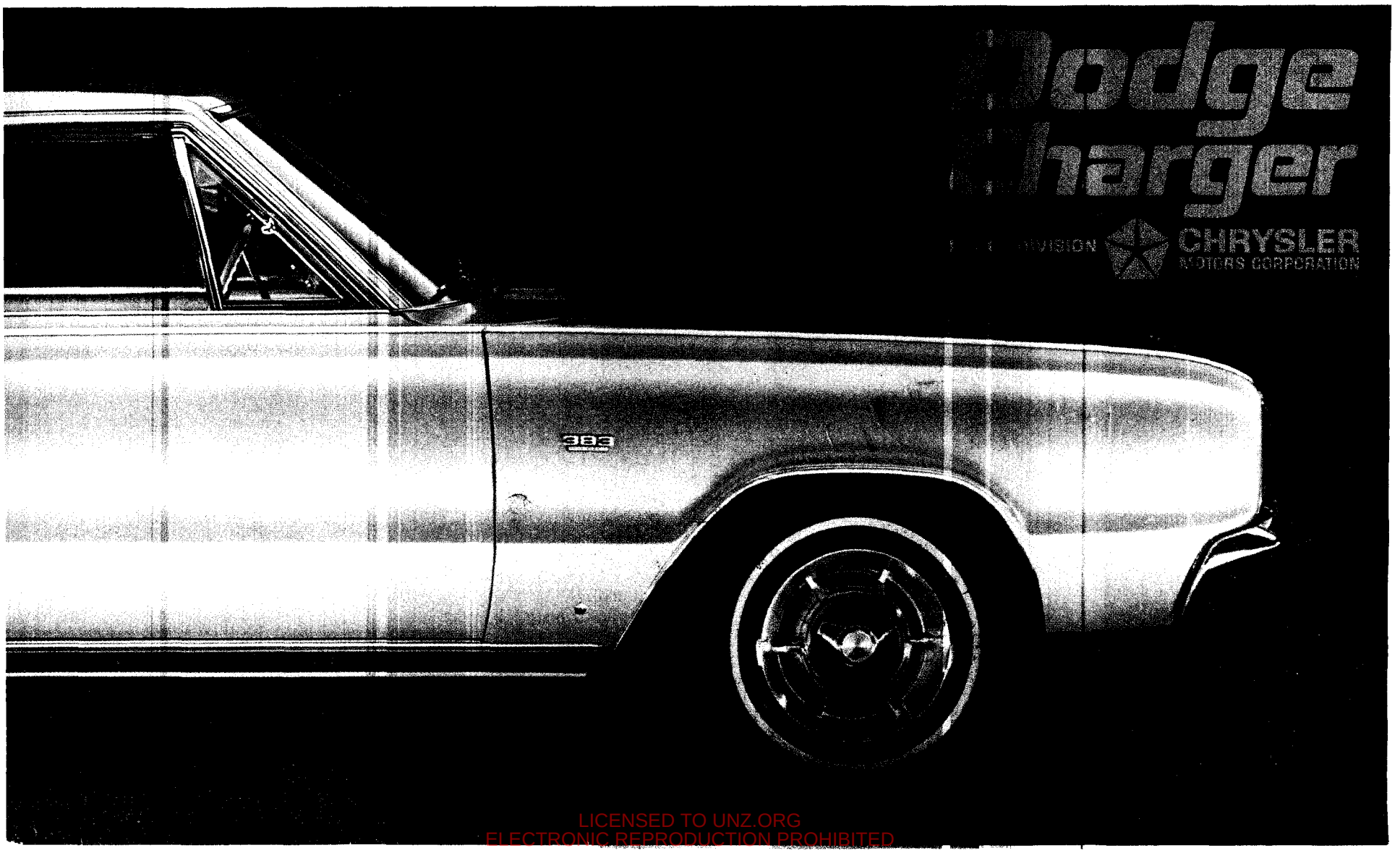

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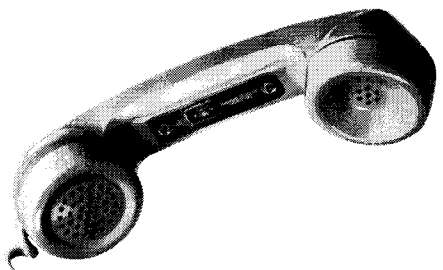
Amplify phone voices with new Volume Control Handset



Just a flick of the thumb-operated wheel on the VOLUME CONTROL HANDSET brings voices through louder, easier to hear. You "tune up" phone voices just as you do on a radio. And you can get VOLUME CONTROL HANDSETS—in colors to match your phones—for only a small added cost. Today, call your Bell Telephone Business Office about them. Also, ask about the loud bell and other aids that help you hear the telephone ring.

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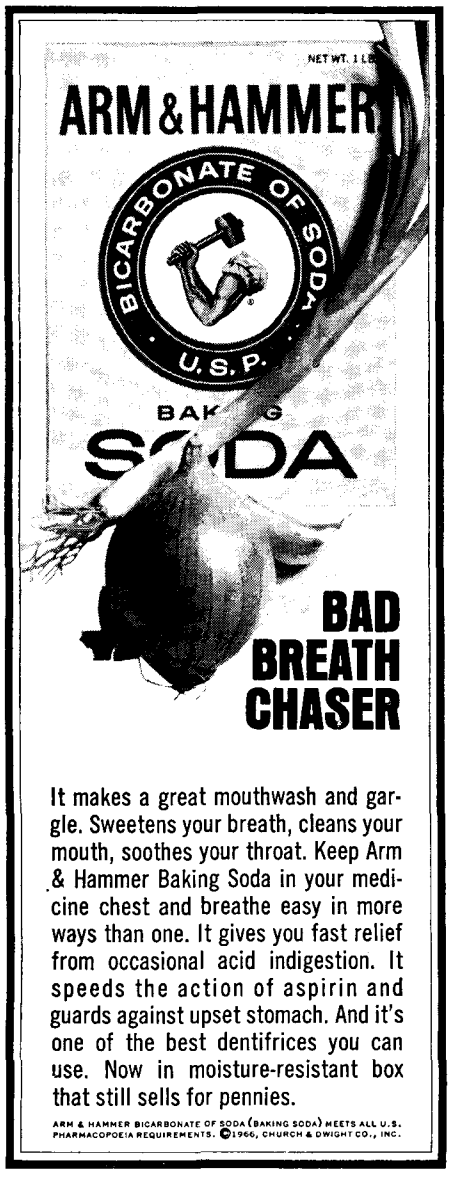

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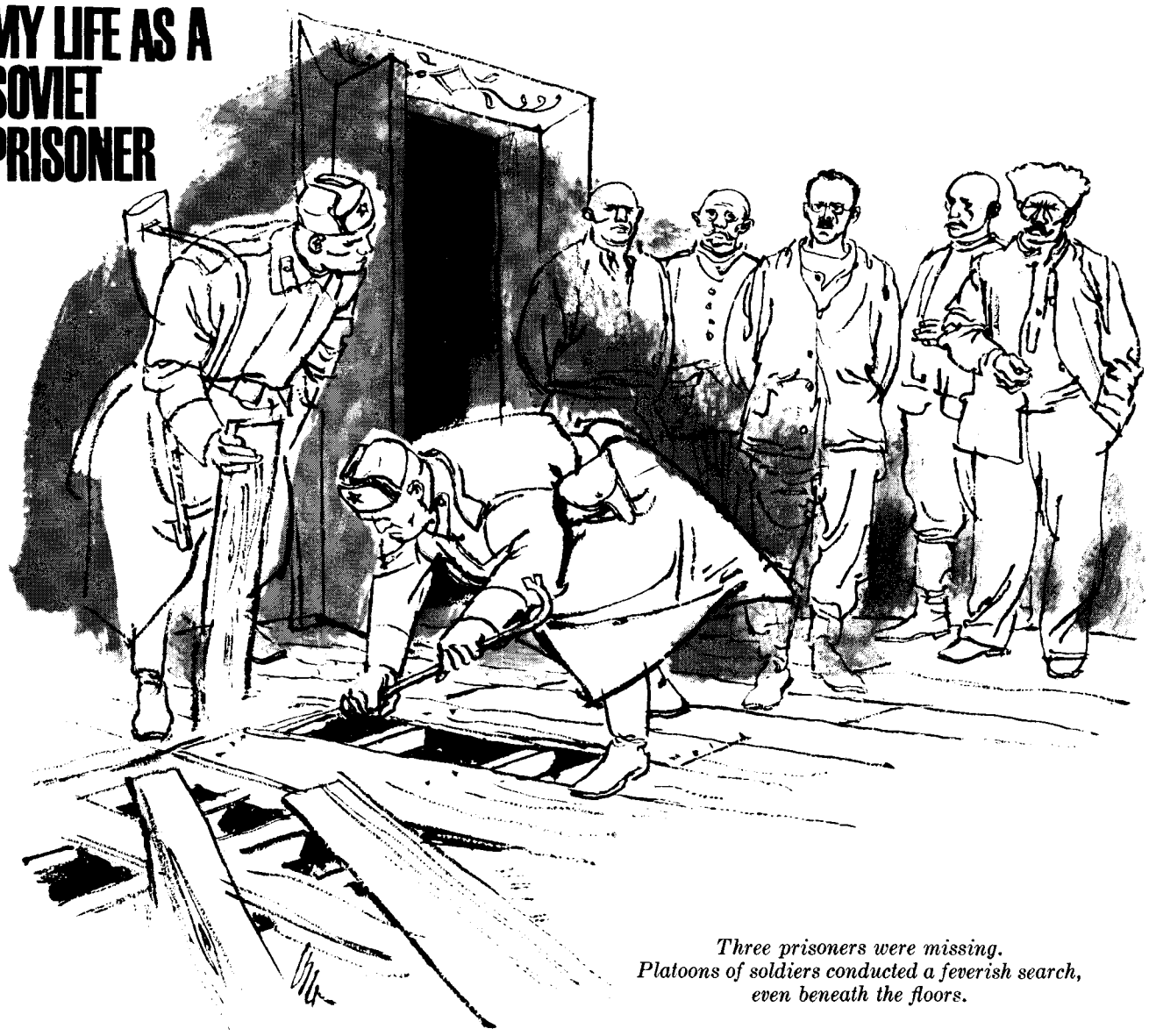
MY LIFE AS A SOVIET PRISONER



Three prisoners were missing. Platoons of soldiers conducted a feverish search, even beneath the floors.

reduce our food rations, and we spent about a third of the morning warming ourselves and gossiping around the fire. The work was heavy, but we were bothered more by the cold and by the poor quality of our tools than anything else. There was a quota for our daily output of firewood, but it was so ludicrously high that no one even bothered to try to fulfill it.

At noon we marched back to the mess hall for lunch (cabbage soup again, and some sort of *kasha*) and the afternoon at work was much the same as the morning. On one afternoon I particularly remember we persuaded the guards to start us back to the compound at 4:30 instead of 5, and walked quickly to beat the other brigades to the gate. There, while waiting our turn to be searched, we picked out of the snow the potatoes that had been dropped there for us by the vegetable-storage brigade, and hid the potatoes in our clothes to smuggle in. But the search was unusually thorough on this afternoon, and most of the potatoes were discovered. Worse: A guard found my most treasured possession, a little notebook in which I was transcribing prison songs, inside my shirt.

He glanced through the book—in which there was one song mocking the Soviet judiciary—then looked up at me, and I was certain that he was going to confiscate the notebook. Finally, however, he returned it, warning, "Don't be fooling around with songs when you're supposed to be working." We trudged on and were back in the barracks in time for "tea"—today without boiled potatoes—before going to supper.

In many respects, the camp was more humane than the closed prisons. Although the environment, especially the food, was drab and crude, there were just enough human comforts to make the confinement tolerable. And just enough toleration of our infractions to keep us from becoming desperate.

Most of the infractions involved smuggling—from the outside by bribing guards and other "free souls," such as the camp nurses, and from the inside by stealing from camp supplies. In February the smuggling of vegetables from the storeroom swelled from a trickle to a steady stream, and the fame of an adventurer named Fasi, who was known as the camp's great potato thief, swelled correspondingly. Fasi was a skinny, incredibly wrinkled old Afghan who had crossed the Soviet border illegally to seek his fortune. He said he had been employed as the snake catcher on a collective farm in Kazakstan when he was convicted for "selling his daughter"—which meant he had accepted a dowry for her hand, in keeping with Afghan custom. How much of this one could believe was always in question, not only because Fasi hardly spoke Russian but also because he was considered either slightly mad or a fine actor. One of his favorite roles was that of an angry soldier. He would put on a canvas cape that looked like a soldier's overcoat, carry a stout stick like a submachine gun and shout orders to the guards, who loved his act.

Fasi always arranged to be last in his brigade through the gate, often slipping by without a search. If a guard did begin to search him, he would whine, "I'm a devout Moslem, I never even eat pork. How *dare* you suggest I would steal!" Even after the guards had learned of his reputation and had begun searching him thoroughly, they never found anything.

One morning in April, Fasi's brigade leader, who was known as the camp's great stool pigeon, saw him stuffing a half-dozen potatoes into his felt boots—and quietly told the hiding place to the guards at the gate. That evening they searched Fasi painstakingly, while he protested in self-righteous indignation.

"OK, Fasi, hand them over. *Now*."

"Citizen Lieutenant, I'm an honest man, I fear Allah. You have hurt me deeply by suggesting such a thing."

"Time's up, Fasi. Now take off your boots."

"It's cold, Citizen Lieutenant, my feet will freeze. I never stole a crust in my life, I swear. . . ."

Two guards collared him, dumped him into the snow and pulled at his boots. Pleading and protesting, Fasi tried desperately to hold them on his feet, but when they came free at last a pile of potatoes fell from each into the snow. Guards and prisoners laughed to the point of exhaustion.

Fasi's adventures were the subject of discussion at the "political instruction" meeting that Thursday evening in the barracks. These meetings were supposedly Marxist-Leninist seminars on world and colony affairs. (Camp commandant: "You men know you are members of a criminal element which is dying in Soviet society. So let's all go straight and help build Communism!") The commandant was always supposed

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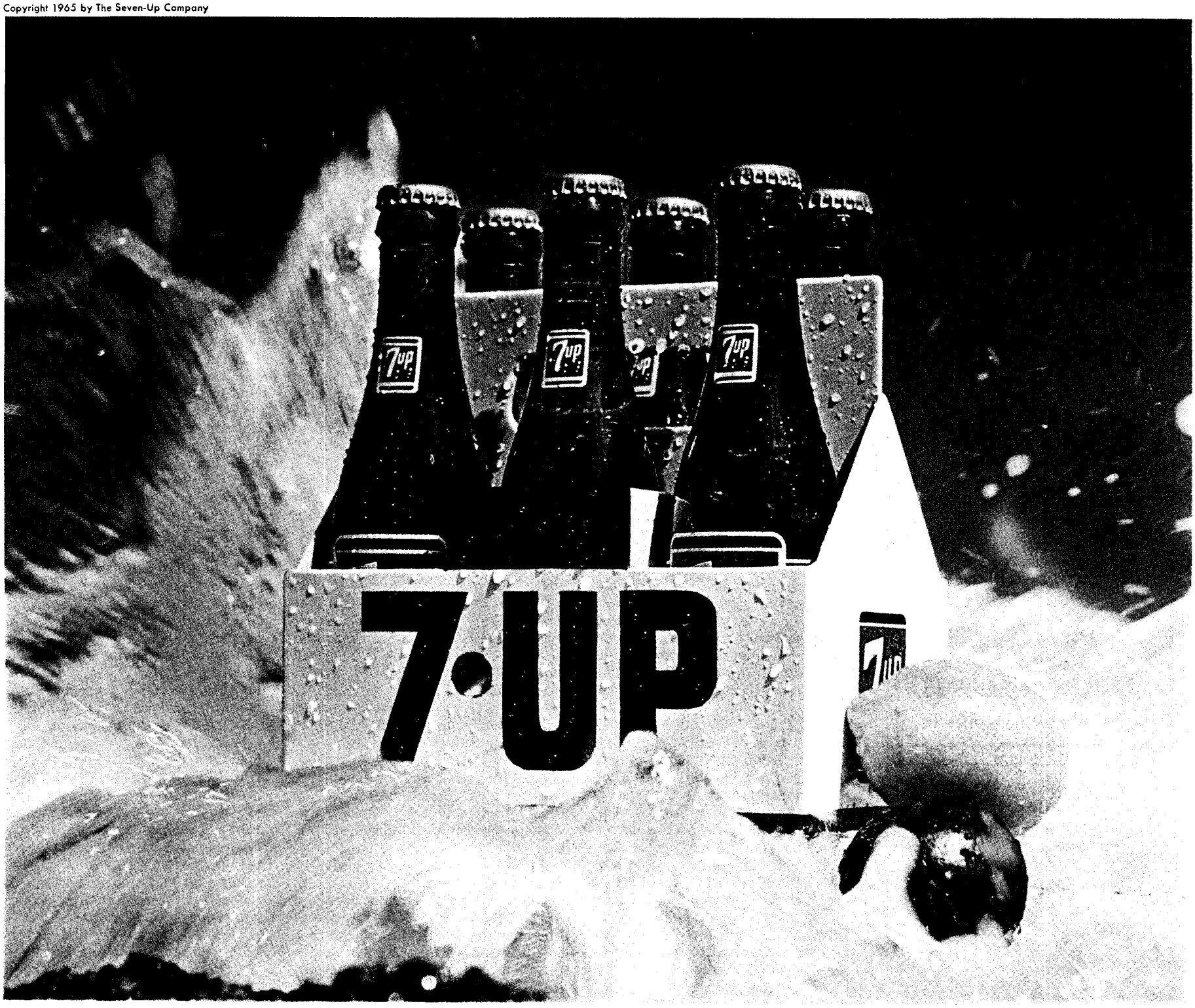

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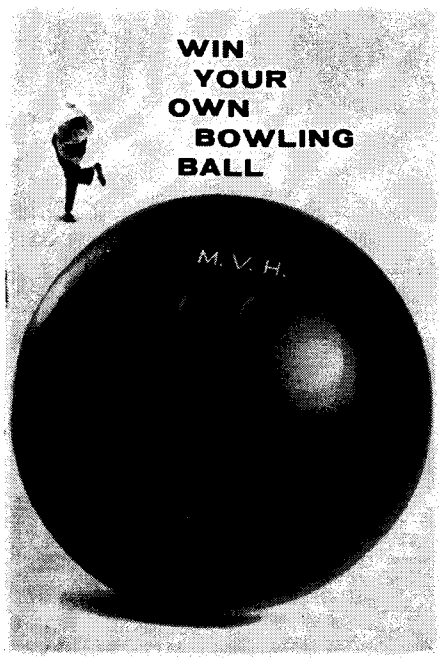

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to lecture on the evils of capitalism, but he rarely bothered to prepare a talk. "You fellows have been listening to the radio and reading the newspapers," he would say, going through the motions. "Who's going to tell us what the Americans are up to now in Vietnam?" But no one had a word to say about Vietnam; we were interested instead in our own problems. "Why don't you make the quotas realistic, so we can earn a few kopeks?" . . . "How come there's no jam in the store—not even sugar?" . . . "What's this new idea of marching us to work *early?*"

That Thursday the colonel summoned Fasi to his side during the meeting and lectured him with mock seriousness.

"Now, Fasi, you have been shouting to the skies you are an honest man. What's this report I have about stealing potatoes?"

"Citizen Commandant, that was the first time in my life, the first time. I swear I don't know how all those dirty things got inside my boots."

Even the colonel cracked a smile.

The soldiers had orders to stop the stealing, of course, but they were not overzealous about carrying them out. Most of them treated us as fellow men rather than inferiors; and many went out of their way to show sympathy for the Amerikanyets when their superiors were absent. Even the guards who suspected I was a spy treated me kindly. "I just can't believe an American would be in this place for a traffic accident," said one of them. "Well, don't feel bad, Petya. I suppose if I were spying for my country I wouldn't want to talk either."

Of course, some guards were more arrogant than others, but I saw no instances of physical mistreatment, sadism or brutality. Sometimes prisoners were defiant, and some of the hardened professional criminals would curse guards and officers and refuse for days to go to work. This usually resulted in their confinement in the unheated, unfurnished punishment cells, but the guards rarely resorted to physical violence. They seemed carefully instructed not to use force, and the prisoners had lost their fear of it.

To some extent, we were protected against flagrant mistreatment, for one characteristic of Soviet penology is an elaborate system of protest to higher authority. Protests could be sent—and many were sent—by letter to judicial officials or higher army authorities outside the camp. But there was a simpler method: High army officers and civilian procurators visited the camp regularly (in closed prisons, they entered every cell once a month) and they were available to all prisoners to advise about legal questions and listen to complaints. The authorities apparently were legally obligated to hear all complaints, and the prisoners were not afraid to voice them, even in the presence of administration officers. There is a great deal of emphasis on "the prisoner has the right to . . ." in Soviet prisons, in word if not in deed, and the prisoners took their rights seriously. They were quick to protest when they felt their rights—concerning food rations, for example—were being violated.

The authorities sometimes acted on the protests and sometimes did not; but they usually at least investigated and wrote reports. More important, the

Stool pigeons reported every move we made.

knowledge that protests could easily be made to higher, independent authorities kept the administration from blatantly infringing prisoners' rights. In this sense, there was a surprising emphasis on "legality" in the camp's operation. I was often told that Khrushchev was responsible for bringing about this legality—that prisoners once were horribly mistreated and had no means of protest. "Look," said an old Spanish prisoner, "this place is a rest home compared to what it was under Stalin."

Still, as time passed, I felt more and more isolated as a human being. I developed friendly relationships with many fellow prisoners and guards, but of course there was no one I could trust. The entire camp was permeated with this spirit of distrust; I had encountered it on the day I arrived, back in November, 1963. A Korean prisoner appointed as our barracks "captain" had taken me aside to whisper: "Let me give you some good advice, Petya: don't trust anyone around here. If you're smart, you'll keep to yourself and keep your mouth shut. You have no friends in this place."

It was good advice, even though given for the wrong reasons. For I could trust *him* least of all. As I soon learned, he was a notorious *stukach* ("stoolie"), one of a network that operated in every brigade and every barracks in the colony. The atmosphere was like that of George Orwell's *1984:* Big Brother was watching me always through the eyes and ears of my closest "friends." And even if the man in the adjcining cot was not a *stukach*, Big Brother still triumphed—because I had to assume that he was.

The stoolies provided the administration with a steady stream of reports about prisoners' attitudes and infractions—for instance, "Landerman has a file and he's using it to make crosses from soup bones" (which I was, for fellow prisoners who wanted to wear them). In return, the administration provided its stoolies with favors such as easy jobs, positions of authority, and glowing reports about their "rehabilitation," which sometimes led to reductions in their sentences.

Sensing my suspicion of him, my "fellow American" Nick Nedin had drifted away, but others took his place. An assortment of young prisoners presented themselves, uninvited, to walk to the mess hall with me, invite me to tea, or simply to sit on my bunk and question me quite unsubtly about my attitudes and past. "I hate Communism, Petya, how about you?"

I soon realized that they were sent not only to inform on me, but also to persuade me not to talk about the outside world, especially about America. "Let me give you some good advice, pal," said a half-Chinese, half-Russian bully. "Don't say anything about America. If somebody asks you how much a car costs, say you don't know. This isn't the place to tell the truth; you'll save yourself a lot of trouble."

Being the only American in a large group of people wasn't a new experience for me: my father had worked as an agricultural adviser in the foreign-aid program. I spent many of my childhood years abroad, attending local schools, and I could understand much of the criticism of the United States that my young student friends sometimes expressed. When official American delegations arrived, their members were often so boorish, so full of sermons about the American Way of Life, that I was self-conscious about being a "Yankee."

Now, again, being an American made me self-conscious. But this time my nationality made me proud—and bitter. Proud, because most of the other prisoners respected me simply because I was an American. Bitter because of the vicious lies about my country that I heard from the stoolies, in the political broadcasts on the radio, and at the weekly political meetings. I couldn't let the lies pass unchallenged; I felt an obligation to defend my country, and I know that many of the prisoners relied on me to do so. I was not an agitator, and at home had not even been much interested in politics, but American principles had become more important to me than ever, and it was my duty to uphold them.

On the other hand, I was wary. Apprehension had become my way of life. And so, though I did speak up, at times I felt that I was less forthright than I should have been.

And I found myself caught between other opposing forces. Life in a labor camp strips away almost all the privacy, the pretense and conventions of ordinary life, leaving the character bare. The human capacity for good and evil, for selflessness and selfishness, was intensified by our primitive living conditions. Some prisoners were vultures, eager to sell themselves and anyone else for a ball-point pen or a jar of jam. They were masters of the "camp approach," interested only in separating me from my belongings as quickly as possible. ("For your own sake, Petya, better let me have your phonograph records for safekeeping. Your barracks are full of thieves." . . . "Look old buddy, I've got great contacts who can get us bacon and cheese through the walls. If you let me have that razor of yours, I'll see that you're treated like a prince. I warn you, for your own good, don't trust anybody else.")

On the other hand, there were prisoners who would share their last ounce of jam purely out of generosity. I had developed a circle of friends in camp, and although there was no one I could trust with my *thoughts*, their daily companionship helped make life bearable. Most of my friends were young: a Chinese musician who played a fabulous gypsy violin; a happy-go-lucky Iranian for whom I carried on a love-affair-by-correspondence with a Russian girl who had placed an advertisement in a magazine asking for an English-speaking pen pal; a Greek boy who was convicted of "parasitism" because he quit his job for six months to devote himself to painting; another Greek who, like me, had killed a man in a traffic accident which did not seem to be his fault. I cannot

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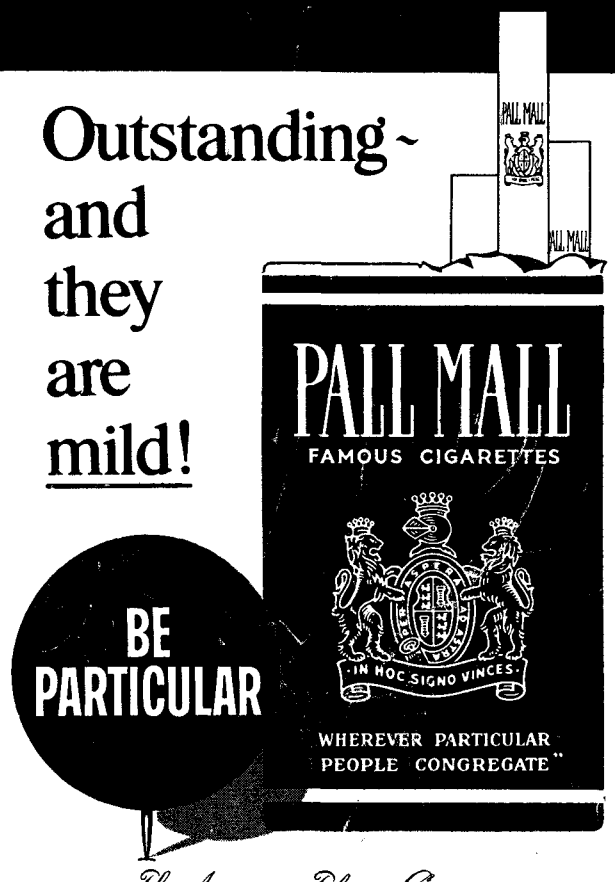

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In prison one learns about oneself—not all of it is flattering.

mention some of the most likable prisoners because they are easily identifiable. Several of my closest friends said, "Petya, be sure to write about this when you're back home—but please, never mention my name." These were kind men living dismal lives, and their misfortunes seemed to nourish, rather than stifle, their generous instincts.

As a Christian, I had been aware of the battle between good and evil. But here the contrast was sharper and more real than I had ever seen. More important, I saw the forces of good and evil struggling within myself.

On one hand, there was the inclination to be generous and selfless—to share my belongings and the contents of the food packages that irregularly arrived. My friends were not Russian, but they had the Russian habit of sharing everything: They distributed the contents of their packages, even when these came but once a year; they shared the potatoes and carrots stolen from storerooms and smuggled into the barracks despite searches. They contributed their prize belongings—a shirt or a pen—to "dress up" a prisoner about to be liberated. I took part in this sharing too. But I also found in myself a disturbing inclination to be stingy, to save for myself the precious fruit juice, canned butter and powdered milk sent me by the American Embassy. I was besieged by requests and hungry looks. But "why waste it on others?" I sometimes heard myself asking. "You're hungry; save it for yourself." And sometimes I did.

I considered myself a Christian. Yet here I was thinking about my own gratification, hoarding my own little pile of candy, which was so delicious when bitten in tiny lumps with a mouthful of sour black bread. We were not starving—I had lost some 20 pounds at first but now my system had accustomed itself to the routine. Still, food supplies, packages, lumps of sugar—material *things*—occupied an importance in my thoughts far out of proportion to what I would have hoped. I hated the instincts which made me withdraw, to calculate and protect my own sources of supply rather than think about the welfare of others. And I realized that my violent distaste for the selfishness of the "vulture" prisoners was partly a distaste for this very quality in myself. As my Bible told me, "Thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

One learns more about oneself in prison than one does about the prison system—and not all of it is flattering.

Months passed, and camp life seemed more and more "normal"—which meant, I suppose, that I was becoming less and less so. I felt a curious sense of detachment: part of me was prisoner Landerman, splitting logs for the Soviet state and scraping the last spoonful of *kasha* from my bowl. It was all so very familiar; home seemed to be only a dream, something that didn't really exist. But when letters arrived from home—usually in packets of six or more—it would suddenly spring back to life. Then, when I looked around at the barbed wire, the guard towers and the frozen landscape, I would feel again my old sensation of bewilderment, of "What am I doing here?"

In February the work grew harder—we were transferred to logging in the forest—and the rations less adequate. Now it was no longer a question of the food's drabness; there was simply not enough. The amount of each prisoner's daily ration was posted prominently in the mess hall, but like many regulations, it was observed in letter, but not in spirit. Our daily 50 grams of meat was interpreted to mean that weight wherever hacked from a carcass—bone, gristle and hooves included. Two hundred grams of potatoes was half skin and dirt. Feeling hungry even after finishing a "meal" became the rule rather than the exception. The camp gossip centered around food—and stories of escape, a topic that took on special importance after the events of one frozen night.

Sometime after midnight a squad of soldiers entered the barracks, ordered everyone dressed and lined us up outside. Distressed-looking officers checked and rechecked us against our photographs. Within minutes everyone knew that three young prisoners were missing. "I wish them luck," sighed a wasted former Polish officer beside me. "They've tried it before. If anyone can do it, they can."

We were confined to the compound for two days while platoons of soldiers conducted a feverish search: The break was so clean that the administration was convinced the prisoners were hiding inside the camp. The soldiers herded us from barracks to barracks, scouring the buildings, even tearing up floorboards. Before sending us back to work on the third day, officers tried to spread the rumor that the escapees had been caught (the usual practice, I was told, is to parade recaptured escapees in camp before sending them to trial). Other rumors had it that a soldier on watch during the escape had been executed and, months later, that the escapees were caught working on a collective farm in Georgia.

Many tales of spectacular escapes were spun by older prisoners, but I never heard one in which escapees remained free more than two years. The Soviet Union, with its internal passports, working papers, residence permits—its endless documentation and official supervision—is not a country in which a wanted man can lose himself. 'So you make it to the outside," the prisoners would say. "It's just a question of time before you're back inside." A K.G.B. officer in the camp reportedly put it most graphically: "What fools!

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They made a clean break—from a small camp to the big one."

In March, my brigade was reassigned. We were driven to a frozen river where we hacked the ice into huge blocks and hauled them onto a truck for use in the icehouse through the summer. The work was steady, heavy and dangerous, and we were warned to keep moving to avoid frostbite. But somehow I was intrigued by this primitive toil; I would have thought that it belonged to another century.

Our next jobs were housekeeping tasks near the compound, easy enough to permit loafing half the day. Late in April, when the snow had disappeared at last, we returned to the forest to trim the areas we had cut in winter. We were deep in that typically unspoiled birch forest lyricized in Russian novels, and I began to understand the Russians' fierce love for their countryside. The sun was strong, flowers were blossoming everywhere, the air smelled of warm earth and trees, and those days, far from the barracks and barbed wire, were almost pleasant. We dozed and gossiped most of the day, drank cool, sweet sap from fresh birch stumps, and then dozed again in the sun.

"Landerman—pack your things, you're leaving." This long-awaited yet fearful order came after just such a day, when I least expected it. I felt neither fear nor elation, however, only renewed apprehension and determination to prepare for whatever was coming. Of course, no one would tell what that might be. Shipped back to Moscow, I was entombed alone in yet another prison—Butirskaya. The months passed as slowly as years; after the activity and relative freedom of the colony, the isolation of a closed prison deadened my senses. And yet, so much had my ordinary human feelings been drained from me that in a way I was happy to be alone. I was the master, at least, of my own cell. The walls kept me in, but they also kept *them* out. I had four-paces-by-two of freedom. When a guard sympathized that I might be lonely and suggested I might be given a cellmate, I recoiled. Surely anyone assigned as my cellmate would be a stoolie. I would have to play again the role of the friendly, innocent fellow prisoner, while guarding my thoughts.

In August of 1964 I was told again to pack my things. By then I was too numb, or too well trained, to ask where I was being sent. I prepared for the worst, but this time my place of confinement turned out to be the "repatriation center." It was a brick cottage inside the gates of Moscow's Matroskaya Tishina Prison, where foreigners who have completed their sentences are confined while waiting for visas for repatriation abroad.

"Does this mean I'm free?" I asked. "Have I been pardoned?"

"I'm sorry, I can tell you nothing," a K.G.B. captain said. "You will be told in time. You must learn to wait."

I had learned quite well to wait. The repatriation center was luxurious compared with ordinary prisons: A dozen foreigners, some of whom I had known at the colony, lived in comfortable two-man rooms. I was free all day to wander into the living room (which had a television set and a phonograph) and the courtyard, to study, sing, or borrow books from the library. The food was extraordinary: regular portions of meat, fish, rice—and butter! I regained the weight I had lost. And my head was no longer shaved.

Yet this meant nothing, or almost nothing. In a day I became accustomed to the new privileges, but the feeling of wariness, of apprehension and distrust and detachment remained. Summer and fall passed; another winter came. There is a Russian expression, *toska v dushe,* which means melancholy, or depression, or wretchedness as only a Russian idiom could express it. Now I understood this "sadness in the soul."

On February 3, 1965, the captain showed me a document: a full pardon, for humanitarian considerations, from the U.S.S.R. Supreme Soviet. I suppose he expected thanks, but I was beyond feeling anything except distrust. The next morning, when he drove me to the passport office in downtown Moscow, I prepared myself for a trick—and I was not disappointed: The captain had brought me there hours before the American Embassy was expecting my release, so that I might be interviewed by Soviet newsmen before I met representatives of the embassy and of the Western press.

"Mr. Landerman, you've just had a rather unpleasant experience in the Soviet Union. Tell us, what are your impressions of prison life? You were treated correctly, isn't that right?"

The truth was, my impressions were too confused and contradictory to answer in one breath. Yes, I had been treated "correctly" in a certain sense. I had not been treated more harshly than a Soviet prisoner would have been. But what I experienced in prison confirmed what I had observed, as a tourist, of Soviet life in general. Too many of the country's accomplishments are robbed of meaning by an atmosphere of mutual suspicion and distrust. The human spirit is corroded and shrunken by the need to be forever on guard. The official obsession with secrecy and subterfuge forces people to build a wall between their private thoughts and public façades. And for what?

At noon on February 4, 16 months and 7 days after I had been sentenced, a grinning American diplomat met me, and we drove away in a peculiarly unreal American car to a disturbingly lavish lunch at the embassy. The next night I stepped off a plane at Kennedy International Airport, in New York, onto American soil.

I know now that I have learned a great deal from my months as a Soviet prisoner, that the experience has helped me develop maturity and understanding. Fellow prisoners had told me, in all sincerity, that no one could really understand what life is all about until he had spent at least a year in prison. "This is a graduate school better than any you could find in the States."

But when I first returned, I felt only withered and narrowed, uneasy and disoriented. After such a long confinement, the relief of liberation did not burst upon me in a single stroke. I did not want to talk to anyone just then, or to think about my future. I wanted to be alone, to walk alone down a long city street. That is the effect of dehumanization. □

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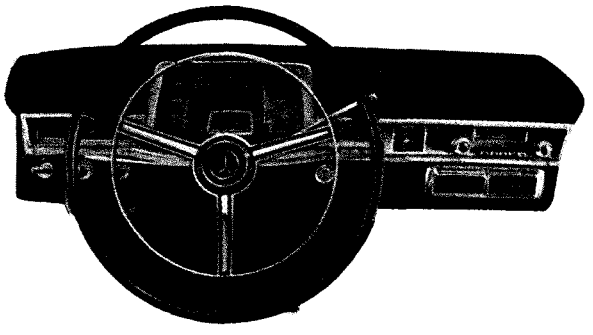

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VIP FURY BELVEDERE VALIANT BARRACUDA

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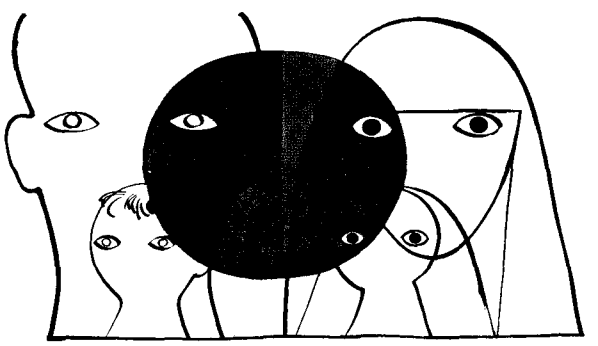
Was Elizabeth just a nine-year-old girl with an old camera—or a murderess who carried death in her hands?



THE EVIL EYE

The first sentence he typed was filled with mistakes: "El;zab eth is probsbly circlin g the biulding right now like a lonne Shoshone circling a burning wagoon."

"*Wagoon?*" Charlie said aloud, and snorted out a laugh that in turn led him to spill some gin on his bathrobe.

It was only ten-thirty at night, but Charlie had had half a dozen Martinis by six o'clock (such was his despair), and then another three or four by eight-thirty, when he'd tucked El;zab eth into her bed and repaired to the studio with a bottle of gin cradled in his arm. He'd stripped to his underwear, removed his aluminum leg, tossed it away from him, and fallen back onto the day bed in a deep and dreadful sleep.

He woke up, soaked with sweat, at half-past ten, his head wracked with pain in at least four vital places, and he knew he would have to see the night through in a sitting position somewhere. As the leg was out of reach halfway across the room and Charlie was in no condition to crawl after it, he struggled to the edge of the bed, somehow got the robe around him, and hopped heavily to the table on which his electric typewriter crouched like a cannon. Surprisingly, he fell only once en route.

And now he sat, the cigarette pendant at his lip, letting out clouds of smoke, and pecked at the typewriter. Each character was whacked home electronically—*zzkak zzkak*. It gave him a certain feeling of permanence; it was all damn-the-torpedoes-full-speed-ahead, and no changing anything, not even with a string of obliterating x's. His right eye wept continually.

I have (he wrote) drunk a wagoonful of gin tonight so that I would have no trouble sleeping, and you see where it's got me. Exactly five jumps across the floor to the alphabet machine. I shall set down the story of me and that monster child out there in the night, and the camera, if it exists—and I think it does—and all the rest of it. I shall set it down neatly in the straight he-said-she-said manner of Homer, and you'll get no boozy philosophy out of me, no soul searchings, no dialectics—in a's and q's and other precise symbols like *¢@½?%$. I think *¢@½?%$ is a much better expression than the stuff you hear in barracks rooms and school buses.

Elizabeth.

Outside my window somewhere, I'm convinced, a small, nine-year-old bat girl named Elizabeth, my stepdaughter, is circling and circling and circling in for the kill. Why the *¢@½?%$ would she want to kill a sweet, middle-aged, forty-year-old bindle stiff like me?

I haven't the foggiest; that's the truth.

Last night, which is when I brought the camera home as a peace token after having been away for two days and one night—well, last night, under a purpling sky, I drove north out of New York City and skimmed like a bee with a sore rear end through Westchester County. The light was on in Elizabeth's room. That's her window just over the front door—the window from which she threw herself on one impressive occasion. My Volkswagen came scrunching up the driveway off the dirt lane to the house, and into the carport

BY ALFRED GILLESPIE

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that connects the frame house to the studio, where I make my living designing book jackets and things. The darkness by then had become a large black something of some kind kneeling over the two buildings. It was leaning on its forearms and breathing warmly on us. Through a front window, I could see Mrs. Cleary back in the kitchen preparing dinner. I beeped the horn and came grunting out of the car, pulling the camera and the portfolio after me.

Mrs. Cleary dried her long fingers on her apron as I came swinging into the kitchen, the prodigal returned, and gave me the full benefit of her thin face and her eyes, dead and dry as a cigarette ash. Then she ticked off her report, flatly and quickly. There was stew for dinner, Mr. McLenahan, she said, ready in about twenty minutes. The potatoes were ready now. The peas were in their pot. Elizabeth, she reported, seemed a bit pale tonight, though Mrs. Cleary had run her hand over the child's forehead and it seemed cool. (It's a wonder the child hadn't taken a bite at the hand.) Liz was in her room now, the dearie, doing her homework. There had been no trouble at school today, for a welcome change. Oh, but the light on the stairs was burned out, had Mr. McLenahan noticed? (Mrs. Cleary, as you've observed, has as much vivacity as the early Rosalind Russell.) The little James boy, Pete, had stopped by to see if Elizabeth had wanted to hunt frogs across the way, but, of course, she hadn't. Oh, yes, Mrs. C wouldn't be eating with Liz and me that night because her sister, Miss Kelly, was staying with her in town through the week. And she wouldn't be in tomorrow (meaning today) if that was OK with me, because she and her sister planned on journeying up to Mrs. Cleary's brother-in-law Henry's place in North Salem for the day. Well, sir, she would see me in a couple of days, then, and good night. Rosalind Russell, I hope, never had a first-act soliloquy like *that* one to get off.

Good-bye, ol' Pussycat Cleary! And good sailing!

I need a drink to salute her going. Wait while I make myself a bone-dry cocktail. That's a Martini without vermouth, ice cubes, or glass, and you take it directly from the bottle.

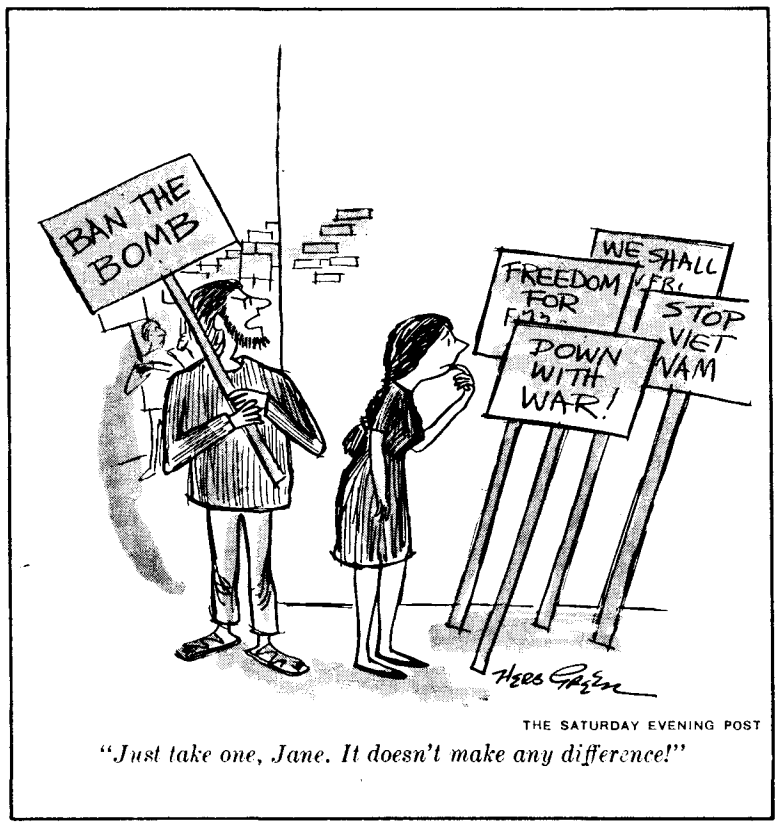
Cheers.

Charlie McLenahan shuddered at the sudden onslaught of gin but gulped it down manfully and then squinted off into the night. There was no moon, no stars to illuminate the small figure of Elizabeth (perhaps) standing quite still out there by the young elm, or stepping soundlessly across the gravel. He went back to his typing.

I heard the old woman's car leaving the driveway (he wrote) and turning down the road. As the silence closed in like a black, collapsing parachute in the dark, the time was at hand to summon the child to dinner. "Child!" I cried. "Dinner!" But there was no reply.

I clicked the light switch on the wall, but nothing happened. The bulb, as Mrs. Cleary had reported, was *kaput*. As I climbed the stairs to Elizabeth's room—the slow way some one-legged men do, two actions to a step—the swinging door to the kitchen quite suddenly swang, or swung, or maybe

America, America



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just take one, Jane. It doesn't make any difference!"

swinged a little shut, as it was in the habit of doing, cutting off all the light but that thin, bright strip under the bedroom door. I was breathing the way a bulldog will after a roughhousing. "Hello, puff puff!" I called aloud at about the halfway point. "Liz! Soup's on!" And in answer the thin line of light vanished silently. I said to myself, "The little &%$#?@¢." But I hobbled on, muttering, "Come on now, puff, puff, Liz," as I neared the top of the stairs.

I knew, at least, that she couldn't lock the door, because I'd done away with the key weeks ago after she'd succeeded in locking herself in for the day. My hand was on the doorknob and I paused a moment. The back of my neck had gone a bit cold. "Liz!" I called again, getting an edge of paternal authority into my voice. But after I'd given her a count of one-two-three-four-five, I said, "I'm comin' in," maybe a bit gruffly, and opened the door and stepped inside.

The blackness of the bedroom wasn't quite as *total* as what I'd walked out of, and I was able, without too much trouble, to get to the desk by the window. "Honey, that's no way to fire off a great welcome to the guy who keeps you in Nancy Drew books, and Jujyfruits, and all," I said. Or something equally as effective. The desk lamp, which was the only implement of electrification in the room, was gone. "Give me the lamp, huh?" I said. Then I struck a match and saw her standing in the corner with the frilly little-girl's lamp in her hands. I let the match burn out and lit a second one, but she was already returning the lamp to the desk and plugging it into the wall. The room seemed to burst into light. Liz stood and, giving her grand old stepfather a wide berth, made for the door. "Hold on," I said, and grabbed hold of her hand before she could get it away. I pulled her after me to the bed. It hardly seemed the hand of a nine-year-old. More like five.

"Come on!" I said. "You're giving the fellow who's in love with you a damned rough time, do you know that?"

She said nothing. Her eyes, which are dark brown, are terribly large—too large for beauty, too round and wide and moist and lifeless. Usually her hair is parted in the middle and pulled back tightly into long, black pigtails. Her skin, you know, is white as a shell. I remember holding a buttercup under her chin once, not long ago, and her whole face seemed to turn gold in its reflection. I took the buttercup away, and she was chalk once more.

As I sat holding her on the edge of the bed, I touched her face with my finger just below her right eye and then just below her left. "What," I asked her as gravely as I could, "did one eye say to the other?"

I waited, but she said nothing, only looked away from me with a petulant shrug. "Do you know?" I asked.

"No," she whispered.

"No?" I inquired rather loudly.

"No!" she shouted.

"'Something has come between us and it smells.'"

She looked quickly up at me and then away again, but no smile came within three city blocks of her lips.

"That's a pretty lousy joke," I said, "but I've known nine-year-olds to throw up laughing at it. Do you know about elbows?" I asked her.

She shook her head.

"Well, then, pinch your elbow."

She touched her left elbow with her right hand.

"Go ahead, *pinch* it. Pinch the skin behind it."

She pinched it lightly.

"No, hard!"

She gave it a good one.

"There, you see? You can pinch your elbow all you want, any time, and it'll never hurt. But that's a secret, and I don't want you blabbing it all over the place to Pete James or Mrs. Cuthbert or Mrs. Cleary or Sister Angela Marie."

"I don't tell secrets," she muttered.

"*What?*"

"*I don't tell secrets!*"

"Oh. Like what?"

"If I told you ——"

"*What?*"

"*If I told you* ——"

"Yes?"

"Then it would . . . be *told*."

"It *what?*"

"*Would be told!*"

She struggled to get away.

"Hold on! Whoa!" I said. "Look. I'll let you go if you answer one question. OK?"

"Maybe," she whispered.

"Do you like me?"

"No."

And she dug her elbow hard in my ribs to give her leverage enough to get across the room. But I still held fast, idiot that I was.

"But that's only half the question," I said.

"No fair!" she complained.

"Shh. *Why* don't you like me?"

"*I don't know.*"

And she struggled again, her eyes going blurry in the angry tears.

"Why?"

"Because you're a cripple," she said.

"Ah, go on, I just walk a little funny. What's the reason, Liz?"

"You killed her, you killed her," she said in a whimper.

I let the girl go. At the door, before sliding out into the darkness, she turned and looked at me directly with a look so full of hate that the dimes and quarters melted in my pocket. But I noticed that she was, quite unthinkingly, pinching her left elbow between two fingers of her right hand. Earlier, when, of course, I should have released her immediately, I'd held onto her; and now, when I should have been drawing the whole story out of her, I was letting her go. To go mulling off behind the house. To go brooding among the night trees. But I'm basically—and metabolically—an ignorant man.

When I had the dinner dished out, I called to her, "Liz!"

Nothing.

"Liz! Dinner! Come on, old woman!"

Nothing.

"I got you something, did you know?"

Nothing.

"A camera!"

She came slowly out of the shadowed carport and into the kitchen.

"Yes," I said, "a camera, Liz. Now sit down and eat your dinner, because you won't be getting the camera until the morning, when the sun is out. People don't give cameras in the dark. That sort of thing has a curse attached to it."

Charlie stopped typing because a long ash had fallen from his cigarette into the typewriter and in blowing it away he had sent a cloud of ash up into his face. He rubbed his eyes with his knuckles and decided he wanted to walk around a bit. In a kind of diving motion, he bent sideways off the chair until the palms of his hands came flat against the floorboards. Then he allowed his rump to come crashing down, sending the chair flying. He crawled, lurching, to the aluminum leg, an elaborate contraption he would buckle onto his half-thigh and around his hips. It took him a full, exhausting three minutes on his back to get into

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the thing. Then he had a devil of a time climbing to a standing position. He hobbled quite eccentrically to a far corner where a cane stood, then circumnavigated the room almost with a swagger, peering out of the windows set in the southern and western walls; unlocking and opening the door leading (north) into the carport; and leaning out into the night. He was surprised that it was so chilly, and was about to close the door quickly behind him when, just beyond the hunched automobile, he thought he saw the vague silhouette of a small girl standing still as a snow sculpture in the night.

"Liz?" he said softly.

But suddenly he found himself back inside the studio, sagged against the closed door, and breathing deeply and rapidly. He thought he'd heard, very faintly but nearby, a giggle. And it frightened him.

Charlie righted the chair and slumped back into it, slept for half a minute with his fingers jammed into his eyes, awakened considerably refreshed, and recommenced his account of his life with Liz—yes, and Ann too, and Agnes the beagle, and the camera.

The camera (he tippy-tapped, *zzkak, zzkak*, ever so lightly on the infernal machine).

Actually, I bought the camera (I'm told) the day before yesterday. Norb Hutchinson was the fellow who told me, and he should know, because he was present at the ceremony. Norb is a hell of a fine guy, all ear and no lip, and I am as fond as I can be of that long, sallow, crumpled face of his. He has a high tolerance for other people's witticisms and sad confidences, a quality I am too twitchy to share. I guess I'd never told anybody about my malignant stepdaughter (that's the word I used—malignant) until the day before yesterday at lunchtime with Norb Hutchinson at the bar of the Plume Rouge on East Forty-sixth Street.

The Plume's usual circle of art directors, copywriters, printer's representatives and magazine editorial people gave us a large hello when we entered. I get a reception in the Plume each time I enter that would be the envy of a king. (The fact that I am still only six or seven weeks widowed may add to the glamour, of course, but I doubt it.)

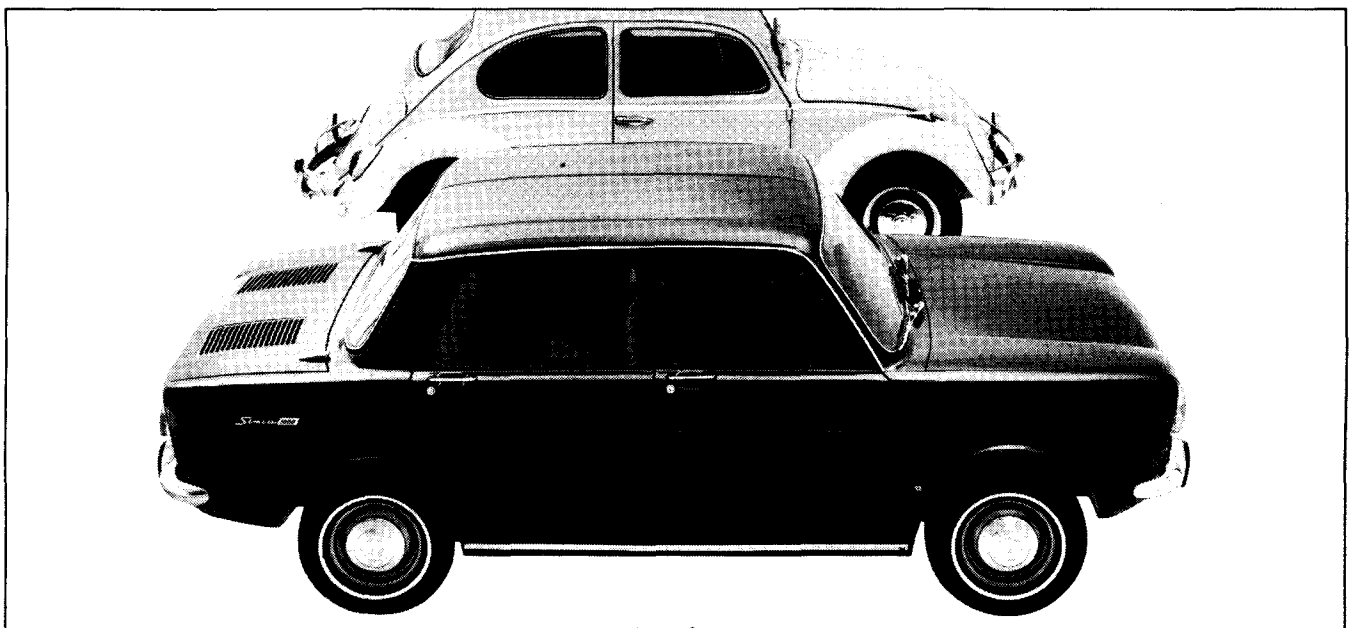
It's all a matter of style, y'see.

I come in with the end of a cigarette in my mouth, sending up enough smoke to blot out New Jersey. I go like a dump truck to the coat room to prop my portfolio against one wall and let the owner's wife pull the topcoat off me. Because ol' Charlie—or "the old man," as many of my friends, including my late wife, have referred to me—has never learned to remove a garment correctly, one sleeve comes off inside out, and the black arm band falls slackly about my left wrist in the entanglement. I run a hand swiftly through my pepper-and-salt hair, which has the consistency of kelp, and then pull the arm band up above my elbow. I'm a slightly-less-than-pretty fellow—a Dylan Thomas, I've been told, and without the poetry. I've put on weight in recent months, especially in the weeks since Ann was killed. My breathing is violent at times—"like the snorts that would escape through the blowhole of an asthmatic whale," as one of my friends put it. My clothes are too tight in some places and too baggy in others. And my limp, which was never slight, now seems more pronounced than ever, as though some tinsmith were trimming the old metal leg by a quarter inch every Tuesday. Now I know—and it isn't immodesty, I swear—that the lunch crowd at the Plume, men with whom I've been working, drinking and jawing for years, love me almost extravagantly. They love me for my style, because in a stylish way I seem to be going to the dogs for *them*. They can smoke too much, drink too much, get into debt too deeply, risk their jobs by staying too long at lunch each day, and sink ever more quickly into the bad habits of middle age, and somehow not show a mark for it all. I'm their own picture of Dorian Gray, coughing away into my cupped hand (a final hurrah before something definitive strikes) or showing up in the art department of some swanky-danky magazine with eyes glowing red like exit signs, and then blowing my nose into a handkerchief that is already weighing down my hip pocket the way a revolver would. The unregenerate regulars at the Plume know that no matter how sickly they might feel, or how conscience-stricken. I feel even worse, and I have more, each morning, to regret.

"You need a haircut, old man," one of the regulars said that day.

"Old man, when's your cookbook coming out?"

"Move over, Jack, and make room for the old man."



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I thanked my companions and hoisted myself onto a stool.

"Old man, what'll you have today?" (This from François, the bartender—the upstart!)

Old man this, old man that; it's just a case of sweet, boozy camaraderie, that's all.

I remember the talk was about my being forty, which is no age to be, and then about putting on weight.

"Ah, I eat like a bird. A pelican."

I sank into a reverie and the conversations struck up once more around me. I glared into my Martini as an important thought struck into me like a javelin out of nowhere at all:

I wonder if Elizabeth thinks that I killed her mother! That it was none other than me—Charlie McLenahan!—over there in the park letting fly with the pistol! Eh? That the "old man" with the gun, who was described simply as "the old man" in the radio report—the only *report Liz heard!—was really* me!?!

Masculine intuition—that's what it was. And hardly more than twenty-four hours before the little gargoyle said it herself! "You killed her, you killed her."

By two o'clock, the Plume regulars were off at their tables putting away great heaps of *osso buco* and eggplant *parmigiana,* and only Norb and I sat hunched at the bar. Ann Carmody McLenahan, I was telling him in the slick tones of a newscaster, was shot to death one afternoon, a little short of two months ago, as she was about to cross Fifty-ninth Street to enter the swank Plaza Hotel on the arm of a former bit player in Tarzan movies ("See here, ape man, you show us the elephant graveyard or we kill the monkey, *comprenez?*"). Mention of the square-rigged young actor was news to Norb, as the chap had not been cited in the newspaper accounts except as a detached witness. The accident, of course, was an awful, terrible, monstrous freak. It was even bad melodrama. An old man, preparing to blow his brains out in Central Park across the way, had fired his lousy pistol prematurely and by accident, and the stray bullet tore into Ann's back, killing her instantly. The wild improbability of the event slapped it squarely on the front pages of the evening papers and the next morning's one tabloid. "Blonde socialite" and "main-stem beauty" were the archaic descriptions of Ann used most frequently by the reporters. But because the story had no mystery to it—the old man turned himself in to a mounted policeman minutes after the shot—the papers dropped poor Ann, as they'd drop a poorly fought welterweight fight, within hours.

I told Norb I knew the actor pretty well, and he was a good-enough joker. Probably he'd already strolled casually into half a dozen affairs of this kind and would take that walk again because—well, he's who he is, and the world is full of good-looking, well-bred women who become jelly at the sound of a British accent. After her first husband died, Ann went a long time without men, and she was a girl who needed a baritone voice and a hairy leg around the house. Here I'd gone forty years without marriage. Thirty-eight, anyway. Didn't know what it was. Wasn't even sure I wanted it. Then there was Ann with her beagle dog, Agnes, on a leash, and her darlin' little daughter, Liz, skipping along behind. How could a hedgehog like me *not* want to have that creamy face of Ann's—that green-eyed, intelligent, alive, *pretty* face—looking at me all the time and kissing my ugly mug and cleaning up the crumbs I left behind?

I had a damn good marriage, I told Norb. It had a run of only two years—two years and a couple of months and a couple of days—but it was good while it lasted. And I was a gentle and constant lover, and I think Ann rather loved me too. Oh, I had my slouchy side. I was gone a good bit of the time. Holed up here at the Plume. Or at the Font. Or at Tim's. And I left my ties around on the backs of chairs and my dental floss on the sink. So Ann met an actor with a chin like a hard, minuscule backside and an eye full of electric sparks short-circuiting away, and she had a short, sweet fling. I don't begrudge it to her. Not really.

Yes, I do. I begrudge the hell out of it.

I waved the bartender into making another round of drinks.

"Why do you still wear the arm band?" Norb wanted to know.

"For the kid, really. She's nine years old, and all I am to her is bad news. I think she connects me up with Ann's accident. Who knows? I even ran over her dog a couple of months ago, shortly before Ann's death. Didn't I tell you about it?"

"Yeah, I remember."

"Right in the dirt road that goes by our house. Not a moving thing within miles, except Agnes. That ¢@½*&%$# dopey dog, Agnes. I think she thought the left front tire was vulcanized Ken-L-Ration. Liz was inconsolable. She's never really talked or listened to me since. But anyhow, the arm band. I want the thing to stay on as evidence that I *care,* despite the way she's been carrying on since the funeral, the malignant little wretch!"

I snickered. "Sorry, Norb, old fellow. I use words like that—malignant, gargoyle, monster child, bat girl—and I'd better wash my mouth out, because I don't really mean those words. Somewhere, in an interior organ of some sort, I love the kid. Or, if the word isn't love, then—well, at the very least, I'm *concerned* about her. I want her to be happy, because the truth is the little bloodsucker breaks my heart."

Norb and I left the Plume drunk, got drunker, and the next thing I remember is 8:45 yesterday morning in Norb's studio, and Norb sitting at the drawing board, dragging deeply at a cigarette and staring morosely at the sunshine flooding the street below. "Hello, old man," Norb said. "God, you snore."

"Of course I do. And somebody's been at your face with the green paint."

He told me I'd been in no condition to drive home the night before, but that I'd phoned Mrs. Cleary and asked her to stay on for the night. And she'd given me one of her Irish lectures.

I shall not describe the pain I found myself in, from my lower regions to my cranium, except to say that no comparable sensation or group of sensations has been felt since the invention of ether. It was in this condition, then, that I was introduced to the camera. It stood on the file cabinet at the foot of the daybed on which I'd slept so violently all night. It was made completely of metal, with a black lacquer finish that was coming off. A leather strap ran across the top like the handle of a briefcase. The lens, which was facing away from me, was encased in a silver cone, giving the camera a faint resemblance to a lantern. Obviously, it was homemade. It was also terribly heavy and, upon close inspection, it proved to be geared for instant developing, in the Polaroid manner.

I'd bought the thing, Norb told me, for six dollars from a pawnbroker who had a shop on the east side of Third Avenue somewhere in the mid-Forties. The man had tried to sell me a battered old box camera, but I'd have none of it. "Don't you have one just as cheap, but different? Crazy?" I said.

"You mean nuts?" the man asked.

"Yah. For a nutty kid, a nutty camera," Norb said that I said.

And out had come this contraption that seemed half miner's lamp, half lunch box. It had been left with him, the pawnbroker told us (Norb said),

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Guess what! They're not only big, they're also very, very stupid!"

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by a thin little man with an indoor face—the face, perhaps, of a henpecked inventor who'd just lost a billion-dollar race with a large film company by only five minutes.

Oh, yes. To test the camera, I'd taken a picture of the spire of the Chrysler Building. Considering the shape I was in, the snapshot was just fine.

"*Im! Possible!*" were the words uttered by the pawnbroker when he saw the picture. And: "To tell you the truth, kid, I didn't think it'd work."

Charlie permitted his head to dip slowly forward in sleep, until his nose was snugly pressed against the margin-release button of the typewriter. Minutes later, he grunted "Huh!" suddenly, excitedly, and lifted his head from the machine. He glanced quickly to his right in time to see—or perhaps, to sketch, in his despair-logged mind—a small darting movement. The door had been opened just a bit, six inches or so, and the small hand flew from the outside doorknob the instant Charlie turned. He lurched violently across the small distance to the door, fell against it, opened it wide, and looked out. "What the hell!" he growled and, finding the cane in his hand, stalked out onto the gravel.

He was certain that he saw a pint-sized shadow far across the lawn, moving rapidly toward the house. He turned and headed back to the carport, taking fast steps up the drive to the door. The wall switch inside still lit no lights, of course, and Charlie swore. From the drawer of the table that stood at the foot of the staircase he removed a flashlight and then hobbled, step by step, to the child's bedroom, the beam of the flashlight jerking to left and right ahead of him. There was no strip of illumination showing beneath the door. He walked directly across the room to the bed, keeping the flashlight beam diverted behind him and to one side so that it wouldn't awaken the girl if she was there and was asleep.

She was there. And dimly Charlie could see that she lay on her side facing him, with her lips parted slightly and her breathing coming slow and deep. Charlie placed a hand on her forehead and was surprised to find the child was quite cool. He turned off the flashlight and placed it on the desk.

"I'm an ash," he told himself, "a stupid, ignorant, selfish, frightened, unmitigated, total, and complete ash!"

And he went down the stairs again as quietly as he could. But then, once again, at the bottom of the stairs, the knowledge hit him that the child had followed him out of the room and was standing, this second, at the top of the staircase. He turned and then cursed himself for having left the flashlight behind. There was something, something the size of Elizabeth, at the bedroom door, wasn't there?

"Liz," Charlie said, barely audibly, but no response came.

And as he made his way back to the studio, he knew she was with him all the way.

Only maybe she wasn't.

Maybe it was just Charlie McLenahan's grief following him around. But whatever it was—something mortal, something imagined, something loving, or something lethal—it frightened him cold.

After he'd closed the studio door behind him, he locked it. And he had a drink. He looked at his watch. Twenty to three. There was no telling how long he had slept—three minutes or a couple of hours—because he'd already written a respectable sheaf of unnumbered pages, some filled, some half empty, without once glancing at his watch, and with no idea of his speed. He seemed to be going like a Thompson submachine gun, *zzkak zzkak zzkakka-kakakak*, but maybe that was only a gin-soaked impression too. Maybe he was tapping it out in the more uncertain rhythms of a cap pistol. Tap. Tap. Taptap. Tap.

Maybe: that was the word he was tapping a moment later.

Maybe (he wrote) is a word that somehow defines my entire experience with Elizabeth. We got off to a fuzzy, maybe, start the day I met her and lifted her onto my knee and tried to give her a kiss, only to have her turn her face away so that the kiss landed somewhere behind the left ear. "Pew, you smell," she said—her first words, and I shall hang onto them always.

Of course I *did* smell occasionally of Martinis, which can sometimes give one's neighbor the impression of being downwind of an onion field. I did smell of cigarettes, certainly. And of uncared-for bachelorhood.

By and large, though, she was civil enough to me, though we never became friends, even when Ann was alive. Liz was a quiet and rather remote child. She would open up from time to time—

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though never, I regret, when I was present. She and Ann would horse around somewhere and when I'd enter the room—run for your lives! Bad news! Poison gas! Liz would stalk out of the room, the grand vizier stalking out of the peace conference.

She was a very religious child, as I was at her age and as, in many ways, I still am. She loved the atmosphere of church, as I did and do. She loved the nuns and the rosaries and the holy water and the confessional and the shiny linoleum everywhere. She even loved school (the creep!) and was good at her new mathematics and her ancient catechism answers. "Why did God make you?" "God made me to know Him, to love Him, and to serve Him in this world and forever in the next."

After she had thrown herself out of that second-floor window—furious, I suppose, that her mother, in death, had abandoned her—and lay grunting a long while on the grass with the wind and the pride knocked out of her, but not the fury; after her almost week-long hunger strike—a week marked by thefts from the breadbox and the deep freeze; after she had set fire to (a) her wastebasket, (b) the gardener's shed behind the house, (c) *my* wastebasket, and (d), quite unsuccessfully, the studio; and after she had run away twice and been returned twice—well, after all these raucous events had transpired one upon the other following Ann's funeral, I took this small cuckoo and occasional arsonist to see Sister Angela Marie, her teacher, and thence to Mother Paul Jude, the principal, both of whom Liz admires inordinately.

"She's . . . *changeable*," Sister Angela Marie said. "She can be sullen one moment in class, and, five minutes later when the children are in church for stations, she seems almost radiant. What kind of food does Mrs. Cleary pack for Elizabeth's lunch? Perhaps her food is wrong."

Mother Paul Jude, who is not a dope, recommended psychiatry, which has been my own prescription from the beginning ("First psychiatry, then electrocution."), and told me about the nuns' pet psychiatrist, a fellow in Pound Ridge, New York, who consents to listen to children for twenty-five dollars an hour. Elizabeth has only just started her visits, of course, so there have been no reports, no findings, no diagnoses yet. Give the good old doc time, I say. Shortly after my own autopsy in the Westchester County morgue, I suspect he will find a key to the child's problem.

But I haven't mentioned the snapshots yet. I must.

Yesterday morning, the morning of the great hangover, I worked straight through at Norb Hutchinson's place. I worked all the afternoon, too, on an illustration that wasn't due at the advertising agency until today. I figured I could do the job a day in advance, deliver it, come home, and then stay at home the following day (the one I've just been through) working on a couple of book covers for a guy I know.

Anyhow, I went home, as I've recorded. Met Mrs. Cleary, said goodbye, tangled with Liz, put her to bed, as I've recorded. Then I had a few drinks because that seems to be the pattern of my life these last weeks, and slept like a grizzly bear. Leaped to the ceiling at the sound of the alarm this morning. Cooked breakfast. And . . .

"Hello, Liz."

She has this kittenish, hands-behind-the-back, let's-walk-close-to-the-walls-today kind of mood about her, though she is still no more talkative than a bay scallop. She is looking for something. She is good about straightening her long black stockings and washing her dirty neck. She is on the move. Silently.

Of course! "The camera!" I exclaim, snapping my fingers.

She darts a quick, thankful look at me, though if I were to measure the wattage of that gratitude flashing there in her eye I'd give it two and a half—about enough to kindle a firefly's abdomen.

Elizabeth liked the camera. She almost—not quite—smiled when I placed it on the breakfast table in the kitchen. She circled the table once and looked at the camera closely. "I love it," she said. She tried to lift it and found it so terribly heavy she had to use two hands. "I just love it."

I suggested that she take one picture before leaving for school. She agreed. She carried the thing before her with two hands holding the leather strap, much as she would carry a pail brimming with water, and went outside. I watched her from the front door as the explosion of morning sunlight—or maybe it was the cigarette I'd just lit—set a deep, needle-point pain going in the central area of my brainpan.

She was saying, "Ah, please, let me take a picture of you, Charlie."

"Nah, my face would burn a hole in the paper." But she was (for her) so happy and talkative that I couldn't risk a change in mood. "OK," I said, as her face began to harden, "where?"

"Back of the house, in the sun."

I stood against a section of white wall, bunching up my face like a closed fist in the early-morning sun. "I'm going to count," she said. "One."

"Don't I get a blindfold or a cigarette?"

"Two. *Three!*"

She pushed a button on the side of the machine, an action that set off a barely audible bzzzzzz-click somewhere in its middle that lasted more than a full second. The button popped back out to its normal position with the click. "There's nothing happening," she said.

I took a couple of steps toward her: "It's developing the picture. Don't worry. Whistle a song."

But her mood of delight was fast slipping away. "It's such a *stupid* thing!"

"Why don't you put it down on the old stump until it's ready, Liz?"

The smile was gone entirely when she looked up at me and said, carefully, "Elizabeth." She added, "I want to hold it."

It seemed half a lifetime before she tore the snapshot against the blade in the bottom of the camera and uttered her definitive comment: "But you're not *in* it!"

"Not in it?"

I stumped over to her and looked over her shoulder at the ridiculous thing. It contained nothing but a number of horizontal boards painted white—perhaps flaking just a bit—with the shadow of an eave slanting across the top left corner of the photograph. "I do seem to have a blank expression," I managed to say, despite the pang that shot through an inner pocket of my spleen. "Maybe it wasn't aimed just right, Liz," I said.

"But it was!"

She tossed the snapshot over her shoulder to the grass, as you might toss away a burned match, then placed the camera on the oak stump and walked off—or, rather, walked *out*. "It's an *ignorant* camera," she cried back at me, "and I hate it, and I hate you, and I don't want it."

"Well, that covers the situation nicely," I said, and then lifted my voice in my best quarter-deck manner: "Elizabeth! Here! Bring the camera into the house! And pick up th——"

The screen door slammed shut behind her.

We were sitting on the stump, the camera and I, when Liz drifted down the driveway on her way to the intersection where the school bus would pick her up. She never looked our way.

I shall not comment just now upon my philosophical musings or conjecturings regarding the snapshot beyond reporting that I examined it carefully and detected, beneath a clothesline hook that truly exists at this very moment in time, a rust stain on the outer wall of the house that does not. The general condition of the paint job in the picture (flaky) was a libel upon our homestead's current epidermis (smooth as nail-polish). In a kind of sedate panic, I left the camera and snapshot on the stump, and, somehow, got to the studio and even managed to do some work on a jacket for a book. The hours passed, and I confess that I had a nip or two to help them along. It must have been about four o'clock that I looked up from my work to see Elizabeth crossing the lawn toward the road.

It was the first I knew that she was home from school. The camera rode on her left arm while she held the snapshot close to her face, inspecting it with an intensity you would find only in the face of a watchmaker looking into the workings of a pocket watch that has been run over by a bus. I tapped on the window with the end of the T square, and then went to the window and (This can't all be happening just a few short hours ago, can it? It can.) opened the window all the way. I called out. "There's stuff in the kitchen. Crackers. Milk."

Without turning, she called back, "I *had* them."

"About to take another picture?"

"Yes."

"Of what?"

"Pete James."

Pete, a four-year-old with a head of tousled black hair that gives him an eternally startled look, lives down the road from us. He had appeared at the foot of the drive precisely on cue and hollered out, "Hey, Elizabeth! You wanna go froggin'?"

No, she didn't—not that minute, anyhow—but she had a better idea. *Uh*-uh, he said, he had to go catch a frog for his mother. Wait, she called to him, and then said that if he, Peter James, didn't come right on over to her in sixty seconds he'd be sorry.

Pete climbed the steep lawn to the girl. Stand against the house, she ordered. You're gonna do something bad, gonna hurt, he said. No, she promised. Picture! You're gonna take my picture! Sure, and you can see it right after, she

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promised. *Right* after? Yup, and then she'd go frogging with him, honest. He smiled a huge, gleaming smile for the camera, his eyes tight shut. Bzzzzzz-click. OK, Elizabeth? Yes, Pete, you can relax. Let's see, huh? Pete, I *can't* go catching frogs this afternoon, I'm too busy, you go on now, get out of here, scram. I *won't* scram. Yes, you will, Peter James, you will if I have to run you off with a large rifle. I wanna see my picture. Well, you can't, because I have to send the film away to be developed, to Rochester, to Kodiak, Alaska, to President Johnson. *Scram!*

She walked quickly around him and into the house, and Pete, after a moment's hesitation, came running behind her. But she was standing in the doorway holding the screen door open for him. She seized him by the face and pushed him backward onto the ground, hard.

That final gesture of Elizabeth's had me half out of the window. "Elizabeth!"

Pete picked himself up and came crying to me, but I couldn't make out a word the kid was saying among the sobs. "Be a good boy, Pete, and go catch yourself a frog somewhere," I told him.

My spit had turned to gunpowder. But I didn't go up to Liz's bedroom because I didn't want to risk a showdown on her battlefield. It would be here, on mine. I stalked the studio room, preparing a loud speech. The speeches I make up and then do not deliver, by the way, are among the finest pieces of rhetoric in all of Western literature.

On about my thirtieth circumnavigation of the room, I detected a slight movement to the right of the drawing board and once again peered from the window. There was Elizabeth, standing in the driveway, with her bicycle just behind her on its side. She was taking a picture of the house and studio.

I forced myself to walk slowly to the open window. I forced my face and voice into a measure of passivity. "Elizabeth, come on in a minute."

She did not reply. She lifted her bicycle, placed the camera in the basket on the handlebars, coasted to the road, and began pedaling toward town. I bellowed out her name, but it was no use.

I stalked over to the house and up the stairs to her room. A snapshot, in a dozen pieces, was in the wastebasket. I brought them back to the studio with me and glued them together on a piece of Bristol board. It was the picture of a tall young man with short black hair, his eyes squinting in the sun. He was standing, as Pete had stood, before the front wall of the house, wearing a well-cut suit and a dark tie. One side of his mouth was pulled into a grin—the same pull-of-the-mouth that will transform Pete's face even now, as he concentrates on a game of skill (like pouncing upon a frog), or a repair job (like realigning the bleached-white skeleton of a snake that's gotten out of whack in a rainstorm). The young man in the picture, I was happy to note, looked sensitive, warm-natured, and well-to-do. I'd place his age at about twenty-four. And because Liz has a distant cousin of just that age, I was sure she was able to guess at Pete James's age in the picture, too, with a reasonable accuracy.

"Ah, come on, Pete!" I said aloud to the picture as I stomped about the room. "When you're twenty-four, I'll be sixty," I hollered. "Sixty! A spry, waltzing, wenching sixty!"

I don't know what time it was—maybe five—when the phone rang.

"Charlie? Mabel Cuthbert."

Through the tired voice I could see her tired, sweet face, with the pale freckles big as dimes on it, and her gray hair swept back into a bun, and something badly wrong with her. Some of her acquaintances think it's cancer, and I wouldn't be much surprised. She said she shouldn't be calling me telling me about anything so trivial, but ——

Mabel had been cleaning a room upstairs in her house down the road when she saw Liz, acting like a bank robber, walk her bike in under the branches of a huge fir tree that's Mabel's pride and joy. ("Why, anyone could hide a water buffalo in there and get away with it," she said.) Mrs. Cuthbert was unable to resist her curiosity, so she came out of the house and peered into the tree.

Elizabeth was studying a snapshot when Mabel had come snooping into the piny lair. The girl asked her: "Mrs. Cuthbert, can you tell how old a tree is just by looking at it?"

"I don't know. What kind of tree?"

"A maple."

"If it's young, perhaps, but not if it's old."

"It's young."

"Let's see, Elizabeth."

After wrestling with a should-she or shouldn't-she decision for a painful moment, Liz handed the old girl the snapshot. The McLenahan manse, according to the photograph, was only barely recognizable, Mabel told me. Ivy grew all over the north wall and the chimney. (The place has never seen ivy in its life!) Flamingos, leprechauns, and other garden cuties paraded across the lawn in the front of the place; ships' running lights ornamented both doors; and the studio ——

"—wasn't there, wasn't it?" I said, feeling sicker than ever.

Mabel snorted. "Exactly! But how did you know, Charlie?"

"Extrasensory perception, honey."

Where the studio had stood, a maple now grew—a tree that had been around, Mabel guessed, oh, a good fifteen to twenty years, more like twenty. The woods beyond, she said, were a little "ratty" in the picture.

"Ratty?"

"Yes, ratty," she said. "Some of the trees in the very first line are dead—long dead—and haven't been removed. And one or two of them show up black."

"Black?"

"Scorched."

And that, in essence, was her story.

Liz, "looking like the cat that ate the canary," had walked her bike onto the road and had pedaled off toward home.

As I hung up the phone, I saw Elizabeth returning—the attempt to make it all the way up the gravel drive, the slight skid, the dismounting, the abandonment of the bicycle at the door of the house. I caught her eye and waved her into the studio. She came slowly, something strangely *tight* about her, as though she were straining every fiber in her to refrain from bursting into laughter, or dancing a tarantella. I jiggled the keys in my pocket frantically in accompaniment.

"Elizabeth——" I began.

"Yes, Daddy?" she said, showering sparks of pure love everywhere in the room. I could have wrung her lollipop-stem neck.

"Elizabeth, I wish ——"

"—that I weren't so mean to Pete?"

"Yes, well, *that* for a starter. I think it would be nice if you'd be nice to me too."

"I'm sorry, Daddy." With a *smile!*

"But I'm putting aside that particular speech for another occasion. Right now I want to make you an offer." She walked about the room as I talked, running an index finger over things. "I'm taking you to live somewhere else. New experiences. New friends. New ——"

She scowled suddenly and wheeled on me. "Where?"

"Oh . . ." I wondered myself where to begin another life. "Manhattan."

"No."

"It's a different tempo. Theater. Noise. We'll go off somewhere for a while. Europe, maybe. You've nev——"

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"No," she said. "I'll never leave here. That's something I know." She said it flatly, with her back to me.

"Let me tell you something, small pussycat. Something important. We're leaving this house tomorrow, you and me. The day after today. And we'll never return to it. I'll have somebody else pack up for us later. Huh? We'll drive in to the Algonquin Hotel in the morning. Eh? And from there on out, we'll improvise. What do you think about that?"

At the word "tomorrow" she had stiffened. Thoughts chased one another across her face like dark, medieval armies sweeping across a ruined plain. One could almost hear—cronk! crunk! clang! oof!—the clangor of the broad-axes upon cuirass and shield. But then there came a sudden terrible quiet. I think I can call it a "quiet," can't I? And, after quite a long pause, a filthy little smile caught the corners of her mouth. "All right, Daddy."

It was the small, hard smile that finished the sentence for me: All right, Daddy-o, then it will have to be tonight, won't it, old pal?

Forgive me while I groan. Ohh, my God, I'm tired. And I can't stay with this thing. I can't. Not with the last thing of all. The final snapshot. The one that cinched the whole thing. Tied it up. Turned the key. Threw the switch. Dropped the blade. Struck the spark. I need a drink. No, a cigarette. No, a drink *and* a cigarette. And then I'll tell you about death.

But Charlie hadn't even the energy to raise the bottle or light the cigarette. For a full two minutes the typewriter became his pillow again, and he would doubtless have drifted back into sleep, despite his determination to see the night through and his account completed, but a fit of coughing shook him up violently. His round, red, blue-black eyes slowly opened, and Charlie found himself staring at an image that was first colored a bright orange, then a blurred, dull gray-black coming into sharp focus. The door. In the door, a small square window. And the window itself cut into four narrow panes. The two at the left perfectly framed the face of a child with eyes hard and dark and lifeless as coal.

As Charlie sat up, the child's face grew smaller and then disappeared altogether.

Charlie snorted, "Hnf!" and muttered drunkenly a few indeterminate words as he tried to find the end of a bent cigarette with the flame of his match. The match burned his fingers, and he catapulted it into the air. It landed on a mound of pencil sketches done on tracing paper and started a small fire which Charlie beat out with a sketch pad. He hurled the cigarette into the wastebasket. He dug a fresh cigarette from the pack and got it going without too much difficulty. "Gotta finish the job," he told himself. "Gotta gotta gotta gotta gotta fininish the jobobob." Somewhere in himself he found the strength to resume his typewritten account of his conversation with Elizabeth in the studio.

"All right, Daddy"—that's what she'd said with that small, hard smile of hers like the smile a nightclub comic throws to a heckler.

I said to her, "But you don't know how it will all turn out, do you?"

"How *what* will turn out?"

"The accident."

She raised her eyebrows, meaning the look to be disarmingly quizzical.

"We know, both of us," I went on, "that there has been an accident scheduled, don't we?"

"An accident." The look was a hmm-what-have-we-here? Wary.

"And we know what kind of accident it will be."

Another small needle of light ignited in the witch girl's eyes.

"Fire." She'd formed the word with her lips, but no sound was uttered.

"Fire," I said. "Correct! Right here in the studio."

"Here."

Her conversation, you note, was not voluble, but I understand brevity of speech is common among nine-year-old patricides. Or maybe the word should be step-patricides.

"But there's something vital that we still don't know, Elizabeth. And that's what will happen to . . ." I paused.

"Elizabeth," she whispered.

"Yes again. We can't let any accidents take place, eh?—unless we know just exactly how Elizabeth will make out. Shall I take your picture? It's hardly the dinner hour yet, not even five-thirty, and we've got plenty of sunlight."

(I hear the words, but they're deep and slow, like a seventy-eight-rpm record played at forty-five.)

Now the thoughts that fled across her face were of a different sort, ending in a suspended emotion very close, I think, to despair. She nodded gravely, and we walked together to the out-of-doors.

(I see us walking together, as a bystander would, but each step takes an eternity, like the graceful sweep of a slow-motion movie.)

On the lawn, across which the trees stretched their shadows in long sloping lines to the house, I took her picture with the camera. "Say cheese," I said and got the tight little paper-clip smile. Bzzzzzz-click.

"What do you think you'll look like?" I asked as I handed her the camera. "A movie star? Or an oyster?"

"An oyster."

"Then what noise is it, Liz, that annoys an oyster, do you know?"

"*Please* shut up."

"Don't you know?"

"A noisy noise!"

"No, you're wrong. The noise that annoys an oyster is faint, ever so faint. It's the scraping sound—skkkkk!—of the oysterman's knife just beginning to go to work on her front door."

Elizabeth shivered.

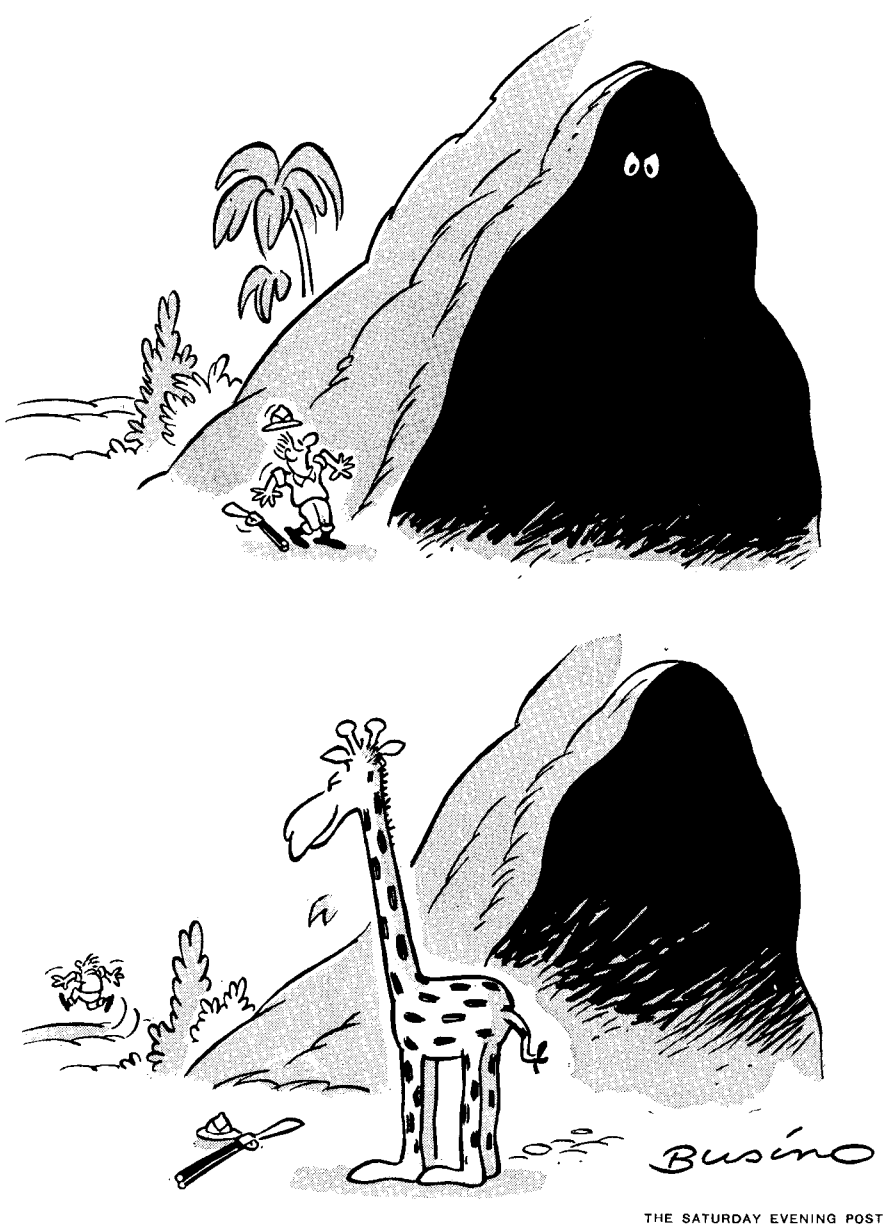
"Do you hear it?" I asked her.

"Hear what?"

"The oysterman's knife. It's your last chance. I want to begin to make a real life for you. Let me do it?"

"You hate me."

"I don't anything of the kind. I love you, kitten. Here, let me throw that cam——"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

She twisted away from me. "No! You hate me and you've killed everything. Everything! And I'll see the picture. I'm *going* to see the picture no matter what!"

Elizabeth stood very still with the camera held before her in both hands. The picture, when it finally appeared, was that of a young nun, just short of her thirtieth birthday or just beyond it, of the same order as that of Sister Angela Marie and Mother Paul Jude. I can't describe the young nun's face as happy, but there was a resignation in it that seemed frozen there, a calm mask over a tortured memory. The eyes were large, even larger than I imagined they could be, but darkly shadowed. A smile, a rather knowing smile, touched the lips. And it was the smile that did it. I knew, at that first glance, that I'd lost the war, just as surely as though some dark enemy had turned a flamethrower on me. I looked at Liz to see how the picture affected her. Her mouth twitched with excitement. In my innermost mind, I thought I detected the sound, ever so faint, of the oysterman's knife.

Death is the end of everything we know and maybe of everything else too. It's the lid coming down. It's every regret we have for failure. It's a black, asphyxiating cloud. And waiting for it is worse than waiting for pain. It's waiting for the zero, the nothing, the stopping of the intelligence that lives, like a gray shimmering pearl, somewhere behind our eyes. Death, believe me, is a lonely business. I believe in God and in eternity, but I don't (just now at least) believe in my place with Him in it. There's just the *skkkkk!* of the knife. And then the dark. And there's only one way to wait for it that I know. You drink. And then you drink some more. And then you

Charlie McLenahan did get to finish his account of his life and hard times with Liz—as much as he could know, that is—but with not even seconds to spare. When he became aware that the room was filled with smoke, and that, in fact, there were intimations of real red fire to his right, Charlie rolled up the forty-odd pages he'd typed into a tight cylinder and jammed them into the pocket of his robe as one would thrust a sword into a scabbard. In fleeing the studio, he fell badly once, giving his right hip a terrible wrench, and then had a devil of a job making it to the door on his elbows. The door needed unlocking, which delayed things a bit. (He'd knocked the key out of the lock and had trouble finding it.) All in all, it took him a long, wearying four minutes before he was breathing the clear, cool, almost cold night air.

He coughed a good deal as he lay on the gravel halfway down the driveway, and emitted a few indescribable noises from deep inside him. Elizabeth flew out of the house, shouting, "Daddy! Daddy!", with a shrillness that was close to hysteria. She asked him, over and over, what the matter was, but his attempts to answer came out only as grotesque wheezes and grunts. The child sobbed in apparent fear and threw her arms around him. Charlie cried a bit himself. And by the time he could get a word out, the studio was most dramatically afire. Charlie sent the child to the house to put in an emergency phone call. When she returned to him, helpless on the gravel, her eyes

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were still wide with excitement. She helped him to the car, so that he could move it down to the road, free of the blaze and out of the way of the volunteer firemen. Through the dark hours, they sat side by side, propped against a tree by the road, watching the fire brigade hose down the blaze in the studio and in the trees beyond. The flames never reached to the house.

At one point in their vigil, Charlie somehow muttered into the child's ear the fact that he, Charlie, had not had anything to do with the death of her mother; and Elizabeth, genuinely surprised at his stupidity, said that of course she knew he had nothing to do with the violent end of Ann Carmody McLenahan. A crazy old man in Central Park had done that. He'd shot her. And he hadn't even meant to.

But then ——

Charlie stopped. Then why had the girl called him a murderer?

Agnes!

Of course!

Liz thought he'd killed that silly beagle bitch Agnes out of sheer wanton malice! Charlie began, very quietly, to laugh, and his shoulders shook against the tree trunk, and tears coursed down his cheeks. Liz looked at him quizzically, but he could say nothing through his exhausted giddiness. He'd tell her another time, in another place.

Then the giddiness was gone. Charlie turned to the child. Why had she been up all night, sneaking around like a ¢@#$%& leprechaun?

But she hadn't, she said, and her puzzled look was entirely convincing. She'd been in bed. Asleep. His gruntings in the driveway here had awakened her and, in fact, had given her a good scare.

Charlie shook again with laughter that was not too far removed from weeping. She'd been in her room all the time! The fire had not been started by Elizabeth—it must have been his own discarded cigarette! And probably even the snapshots were only sick little flashes from his own burning imagination! Martini dreams, knitted from pure dog hair—the hair of the hair of the hair of the dog that began biting him in earnest just a few days ago, or a few weeks, at the bar at the Plume!

"Show me the picture of the house," he said, almost in a whimper.

"Picture of the house?"

"Describe it to me then," he said.

"How?"

"Was there ivy? A maple tree? Santa Clauses? Reindeer? Imps? Leprechauns?"

"*Leprechauns?*"

"What, then?"

"The house," she said, shrugging. "I don't know what you're talking about, Daddy."

Charlie sighed, like a man reaching home.

There is little to add to the story. The next day, Charlie looked everywhere for the camera, even in the ashes of the studio, but he found nothing. A couple of weeks later he put the house up for sale and took Liz off with him to New York. They lived, as he'd suggested, at the Algonquin. They went to James Bond movies, ballets, slick new musicals, even ball games. Norb Hutchinson and Charlie's other close friends at the Plume decided that the old man and his small stepdaughter were hitting it off quite well together in the big city, and Norb was extremely pleased when he learned that Charlie and Liz were sailing to Europe for the summer. Norb, of course—and everyone at the Plume—was naturally shocked to the ends of his being when he heard that, on their fourth night out from New York, while Charlie and Liz were taking a turn together, alone on the deck, Charlie fell overboard and was lost.

The little girl, in a profound state of shock, was flown back to New York from Europe and was met at Kennedy Airport by some cousins of her mother's. She lived with them only a short time, though, because she was quite unhappy, always drifting about like a new moth in a breeze. She had, they noticed with sympathy, a strange habit of holding her right arm behind her and pinching her left elbow.

In the end, the cousins gave up. They bowed to the child's entreaties and gave her over to the Church. □

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THE CHANCE OF

BY MONTY CULVER

The man who changed Sirene's life came into it through the front door of the hospital in which she worked, late one afternoon in January. At that time, Sirene—a tall, trim Negro girl with large, downcast eyes—was twenty-four and in need of a change. She occasionally imagined, without much enthusiasm, that a man might someday come into her life and rescue her from the nurse's-aide routine, but she never imagined—although her imagination was active—that the man would be who he was, or that the change would be what it was.

A few seconds before she first saw him, Sirene hurried out of the hospital's main kitchen and crossed into the first-floor lobby. She was hearing the kitchen supervisor's falsely cheery "Bye, Miss Scott" echoing in her head. She disliked being called "Miss Scott" almost as much as she disliked being called "Sirene." Her first name had been something to be borne ever since her earliest childhood; and, in later years, she had come to associate the "Miss Scott" with the starched-white nurses and supervisors who smiled stiffly at a point somewhere over her shoulder and were always asking her for, handing to her or putting her name down on mimeographed charts.

She wrinkled her nose now at the meal-cart charts—a sheet for each cart, with spaces to check off "Knives," "Forks," "Spoons." Even if you assumed you were dealing with morons, mightn't "Silverware" be enough?

Crossing the lobby, she saw Miss Ingram's finger crooked at her. Miss Ingram, a coldly beautiful, light-colored girl, could be counted on not to remember anyone's name, first or last. She called to Sirene, "Miss—ah, please take this gentleman up to room 612."

Sirene dropped her eyes and shuffled toward the desk with a pang of shame for her own sulkiness. She sneaked a glance at the gentleman—a tall white man in a gray overcoat. When he smiled tentatively at her, she dropped her gaze again. Without saying anything, she took his admission form off Miss Ingram's counter and read the name on the top line—A. E. Brant. (Another of the mimeographed instructions stated that aides, when possible, should call the patient by name.) Then she reached down for his overnight case ("Always carry the patient's luggage") and, at the handle-grip, she touched his warm hand.

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She must stop being timid, stop being
polite, stop saying "Thank you" for nothing
She had come too far to turn back.

A LIFETIME

Illustrated by Tom Quinn

She jerked her hand back. Then, feeling her dark face burning, she mumbled, "I'm sorry," and turned toward the elevator, catching, as she turned, a flashed impression of Miss Ingram's lovely faint-tan face, the small, Caucasian features fixed in the expression of a sniff.

At the elevator door, she jabbed the button and stood looking nervously at the nurses who passed and then at Mr. Brant's case; she wished he would set it down. Thinking of her recoil from his hand, she blushed again.

"Oh! I'm sorry, miss," he said suddenly. "I didn't think. Is there some rule about my carrying my suitcase?"

Surprised, she risked a glance at him; he looked concerned. She said, "Well, yes, sir"—she had to look at the form again—"Mr. Brant."

He set the case down, saying, "Far be it from me."

They got on the elevator, the only riders. With the suitcase in her own hand, she felt more comfortable, and grateful to him. Then, however, he let her down. "Don't you think it's nice of them," he said casually, "to put a colored girl right out there at the desk?"

Her eyes fixed on the control panel, she felt a rush of embarrassment and of disappointment in him, and was surprised at the strength of her feelings. "Yes, sir," she mumbled.

"Makes you feel proud," he said, and his tone made her look at him sharply. He was watching the elevator door, his eyebrows up a little. "It's just a shame they couldn't get Lena Horne for the job."

He looked at her then, and his mouth curved a little. After a moment, he said, "It's the same way where I work. Everybody gets together and decides to go all out for equality of opportunity. Then the personnel man goes out and looks for somebody who looks sort of white."

She smiled toward the floor. Then she suddenly realized that he was talking a little nervously because she had not answered; it seldom occurred to her that anyone was waiting for ***her*** to say something. She muttered, "No sense being *too* equal." But he seemed to have heard her.

"Um-hum." He nodded. "You have to approach these things with a certain moderation."

The elevator had taken them up six floors; Sirene felt as though they had

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traveled a great distance farther together.

Miss Bowles, one of the floor nurses, was waiting in the hall, a busty blonde in white, holding her clipboard jutting out from her waist as though she stood behind a Dutch door with a counter at the middle. She smiled broadly and briefly without opening her lips, then said, "Mr. Brant? Yes indeedy, we're all ready for you." She checked off his name on the entering list and scribbled it into a blank space on her floor diagram.

She led them into 612, a semiprivate room with both beds empty. "See, you even get your choice," she chirped. "The one by the window?" She darted to the bed nearer the window and printed his name on the chart at the foot.

Mr. Brant was frowning around the room.

"The view here is lovely," Miss Bowles went on, "and we'll try to make you comfortable."

"Well, yes, but excuse me," Mr. Brant said, "but aren't there any telephones in the rooms?"

Miss Bowles's brow wrinkled briefly at this reminder that her floor of the old building was not yet as thoroughly modernized as some of the others. "I'm sorry to say that only the rooms on the other side of the hall have their own telephones. But you'll be very comfortable."

He hesitated. "Well—is there an empty room across the hall? My children are too small to visit me, but they get a kick out of calling me up during the day."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Brant," Miss Bowles said with a smile, "but we've registered you." She turned away to the window, opening the curtains wider. "The sun rooms at the end of each hall have telephones for ——"

Mr. Brant wet his lips, looked around and strode into the hall.

Sirene was left standing just inside the door, still holding the overnight case and looking at Miss Bowles's broad back. Choked by a sudden nervous hilarity, she wondered what she ought to say: "He's gone, Miss Bowles"? "After him, Miss Bowles"? Fortunately, just at the moment beyond which Sirene would have *had* to say something, Miss Bowles turned in midspeech, stopped talking, and stared at the door. "Mr. Brant," she said, in a tiny voice, and hurried, behind her clipboard, out into the hall. Sirene went after her in time to see Mr. Brant, removing his overcoat, swerve into 605 in a swirl of gray. She was reminded of a time in her childhood when a bird had got down the chimney, and the family, in single file, and ranked according to age and speed, had chased it from room to room.

When she followed Miss Bowles into 605, she saw Mr. Brant's overcoat across a chair; he was peeling off his suit jacket, and smiling at the telephone on the stand between the two empty beds. "This will be fine," he said cheerfully to Miss Bowles. "The kids are used to calling me up once a day down at school."

"Mr. Brant, if you had specified a telephone ——"

"Oh, it never occurred to me there wouldn't be a telephone," he said, smiling and lowering his eyes, as if to say, Don't be embarrassed; I know it's not your fault.

He gripped the straight top fold of the hospital-made bed, yanked both the top sheet and the blanket firmly down, and sat down on the bed; Sirene, who had moved in far enough to watch them both, choked again at the dumfounded expression on Miss Bowles's face.

"Mr. Brant," Miss Bowles said, "you are *registered* for 612 on the *charts*."

He loosened his necktie and opened his collar. "Well, of course, those charts are in your control, nurse," he said. "I mean, I wouldn't ask a favor if you didn't have the authority."

Miss Bowles said, "But it's all entered down*stairs!*"

"Well, you could call them downstairs. This room's obviously empty." He bent to untie his shoes and smiled up into her face. "Go ahead," he said quietly. "All it needs is a couple of scratchings out. Please."

When he had held her gaze this way for a few seconds, he stood up and walked around the bed to the bathroom door. "Excuse me," he said, and went in and closed the door.

Miss Bowles shook herself and said, "Well, Miss Scott. . . ." with a jumpy laugh, trying for a note of we-know-how-patients-are. She wrote Mr. Brant's name on the chart at the foot of the bed and went out. Sirene looked at the overnight case in her hand and swung it up onto the visitor's chair. She smiled.

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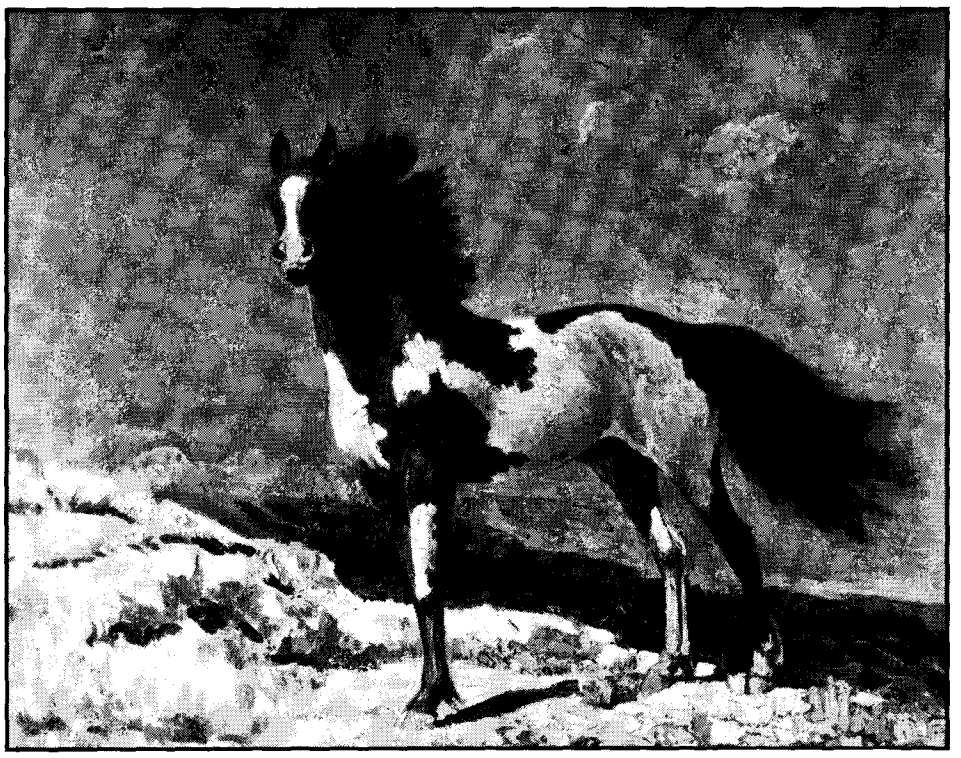

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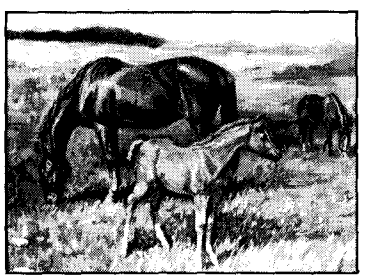

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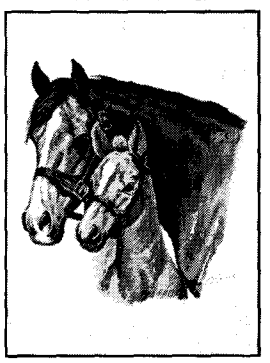

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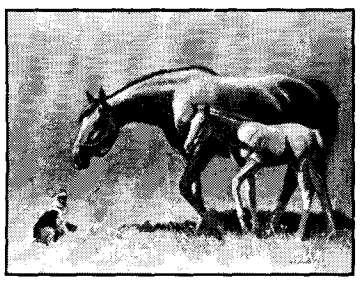

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After a few moments, Mr. Brant came out of the bathroom. "You know, I hate doing things like that," he said seriously, taking his tie the rest of the way off. "I used to be the type who wouldn't even have tried it. But the kids *do* like to call up."

Sirene thought: I'm still the type who wouldn't even try it. "I'm sure they do," she said.

"I thought the bed was a nice touch," he said judiciously. "Course, I could have taken my shoes off and put my feet up on it."

She wanted to say: Well, you have to approach these things with a certain moderation; but she only smiled.

After a second, he grinned. "Well, we've had a long day, Miss—ah," he said, opening his case and taking out a pair of pajamas. "What *is* your name, for when I see you again?"

She considered "Miss Scott," but it was inappropriate to the way she felt. "Sirene," she said, a little extra loudly and clearly.

"Really?" He glanced up from his cuff links. "I know how that is. I'm Aloysius."

It was time for Sirene to think of lining up the meal carts and getting out the linens, but she stood a moment trying to think of something else to say. In his overnight case she saw two stacks of folded single sheets of white paper, each endorsed and dated on the outside—apparently student themes or quizzes. "Do you teach school?"

"I teach out at City."

She thought for a few seconds about people she knew who had gone to the City University—chattering girls and one hulking tackle from her high-school class and a few little gum-chewers who worked part-time as nurses' aides to help pay their tuition. She wanted to ask him if they didn't drive him crazy—she knew he wouldn't think the question too personal—but she didn't speak. After a second, she faltered, "Well. . . ." and started out. He waved to her and winked; and she went up the hall and down the right-angled passage to the sixth-floor kitchen.

So this was the kind of person who taught in college.

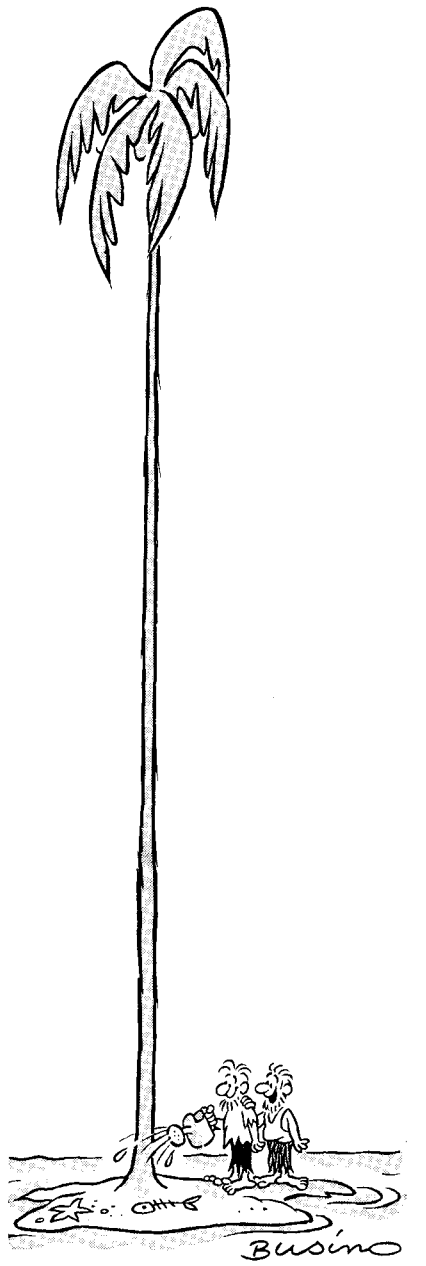
She went at her pre-dinner arranging and checklisting with an air of bemusement which changed, just as the trays were coming up on the dumbwaiter, to a sudden fretfulness when she realized that she didn't know why Mr. Brant was hospitalized. She fussed and snapped at the other aides until all the carts were trundled away, and she had time to go out to the desk.

Mr. Brant's doctor, she learned, planned to remove a cyst. Minor surgery, no serious illness. Sirene, while relieved, realized she was disappointed to know that he would be there only a day or two. Suddenly she laughed at herself (although to anyone who might have glanced at her there at the desk, she would have presented the same downcast, faintly sullen expression); she could always, she thought, plant his footstool in the doorway of his bathroom and hope he'd trip over it and break his leg.

She remained bemused throughout the evening's chart-initialing. She left when her shift ended at midnight, drove her old car home over the icy streets to a darkened house (her mother was in bed, her father gone to work at twelve, her sister still out) and, still thoughtful, prepared for bed.

Her feelings surprised her. She knew that, like a character in a Thurber story she'd enjoyed, she never liked anyone she hadn't met before—that is, until Mr. Brant. Somehow, the few minutes of talking with him and seeing him in action had affected her life. The shadow of loneliness and the ever-present prison of the organizers and chart-mimeographers seemed a little withdrawn and shrunken. Because of a man who taught in a college.

Though her grades had been consistently excellent through high school, Sirene had not thought of going on to college. The high school's "guidance counselor" had opened their only conversation by saying, "I don't suppose you'll be able to go to college," and her parents had spoken only of how much easier things would be when Sirene was bringing in a little money. The few classmates of hers who crossed the river to City were considered by the neighborhood to be either grinds or flibbertigibbets, and, from what she knew of them, Sirene concurred.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I've got to hand it to you, Harry! You sure have a green thumb."

Yet, when she woke up the morning after meeting Mr. Brant, Sirene found herself thinking about college. It was crazy even to consider it, but she couldn't shut off the questions. True, there was more money now, with her job and her savings, but was it enough? How much did college cost? And would she be able to keep her job? Her four-to-twelve schedule was in her favor, but could you work full-time when you were going to school? How could you have time to go to classes and get your studying done? (You could, she reflected wryly, draw up a chart of your week's time, with a little box for each hour.)

She would be even lonelier and more thoroughly organized than before, conspicuous for her advanced age. Was it worth it for the privilege of filling out forms, attending to mimeographed assignment sheets and reading lists, sitting in large classes where the teachers knew the students only by number? She would be as she had been in high school, too timid to ask questions in the classes or to speak to other students in the halls.

No. You were better off to stick to what you were doing: you might not like it, but you knew what to expect from it.

The next day, she spent the early afternoon in the library, rereading Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, and went to work at four with the feeling that all this business was well off her mind. Still, she was disappointed to find, upon arriving, that Mr. Brant had just been brought upstairs from his examination, and was sleeping. At eight, with most of the day's checklists disposed of, she drifted to the end of the hall again, encouraged by the full light she saw shining from the doorway. She looked in and saw him awake and reading, and saw also—a possibility that had never occurred to her, although it was an obvious one—that the other bed in the semiprivate room was occupied. A middle-aged man lay there, his hands behind his head, looking gloomily up at the ceiling.

So of course it was impossible to talk to Mr. Brant in any privacy; and he would go home the next morning. As she went on with her evening's job, she became more and more discouraged, and decided it was no use approaching him. She couldn't have, even if she had wanted to.

At ten, most of the aides, who worked six-hour shifts, had left, and the two who remained slipped off, as soon as possible, to sneak a cigarette on the back stairway. Sirene, fiddling about in the sixth-floor kitchen, heard a repeated buzz from the nurses' board out at the desk; she went out, saw no nurses in sight, and went herself down to 657 to deliver a pitcher of water. Then she went back past the desk into the angled corridor which led to the kitchen, actually a food-receiving room—a large space containing a sink, a four-burner hot plate where the nurses' coffeepot sat and broad wall tables adjacent to the dumbwaiter which brought the food up from the main kitchen on the first floor. Sirene, turning the last corner, was startled to find the room not empty as she had left it: leaning against the edge of the sink, reading, with a steaming coffee cup beside him, was Mr. Brant.

He looked up at her and said, "OK, I'll go quietly," and she felt an ugly thrill of certainty that he did not remember her at all. But, as she moved into the stronger light, he smiled and said, "Oh, hello, Sirene."

She smiled faintly, realizing that she had been called nothing but Miss Scott since she had left home that morning, and remembering her old distaste for her first name. She knew that she should say, "Hello, Aloysius," or at least say *something*, but she didn't.

"I figured maybe I could scrounge a little coffee out here," he said after a moment. "Whyn't you have some?" He waved at the hot plate, and she, feeling ridiculously like a guest, relit the fire under the pot and took a cup from the cupboard.

After a second of the old struggle to force her mind and voice to produce something worth listening to, she said miserably, "How do you feel?"

He laughed. "I feel fine now, thank you. They're throwing me out tomorrow."

The subject seemed closed. After pouring herself a cup of coffee, she noticed his book on the table where he had placed it—the new nine-hundred-page novel by a well-known "serious" author. "I didn't care for that," she said, touching it. "He doesn't know what he's up to, so he just bunches it all up and chucks it at you."

He looked at it and back at her. "Oh—you think so?"

He was doubtless wondering who she thought *she* was. "Well, we hadn't ought to talk about it before you finish it," she said desperately. She fumbled again in her mind and produced—still a platitude, but one at least closer to what she wanted to talk about—"Do you like teaching?"

"Yes."

She hesitated. "From what you hear. . . ." He looked up at her over his cup, and she faltered. "I mean, I know some people who go out there, and I always thought——" She plunged on into it. "If they're all like that, I mean the ones I know, I'd think they'd drive you crazy."

He thrust one hand high into the air and said, "Better to light one little candle. . . ." He lowered the hand and grinned sheepishly. "No," he said. "I really like it very much."

They both looked up as official-sounding heel-clicks came down the main hall, grew louder at the mouth of the kitchen corridor, and then faded. They both breathed deeply, and Sirene said reluctantly, "You better get on back. They'll bawl you out."

"Um-hum. Rules and regulations."

And Sirene realized hazily that the subject was irretrievably changed, that she would not get to the words that would return them to it. He would go tomorrow, before she even got to work. He was not, of course, going around the world, but she would never call him at the university, never go out to visit his office. She would stay where she was, knowing what to expect.

There in the kitchen—in the silence, emphatic and eerie, after the passing of the heel-clicking, he asked, "Why'd you ask, Sirene? Were you thinking of going to school out there? You ought to try it sometime."

At last, she began pouring out her questions, and he answered them patiently and easily. The costs were such-and-such, and by keeping her job she could afford them. Yes, lots of people worked and went to school; she probably shouldn't start out with a full schedule, but she could take at least three courses; some people even managed with full schedules. True, most of

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the students were younger than she, but at a school like City she would find plenty of people her age and even older.

Would she have to wait until next fall to start? No; the winter term was just about to begin. Regular freshman-class admissions were closed, but she could enter as a non-degree student, part-time, right up through the week before classes started, and transfer to degree status later.

They might ask for records from her high school; she could get her principal to fill out a form for her—or did she still have her diploma and report cards stuck around somewhere? Yes, well, just bundle them up and take them in with her. She could go in tomorrow, for that matter; the offices were open till noon on Saturdays.

"The Administration Building," he said. "You can't miss it; it's stuck right there in the center of the square with everything else around it."

She asked, much more easily now, "And you really think I ought to do it? You know how you get to thinking that going to school isn't much use. I mean"—she waved around her at the hospital—"if college turned out to be just like every place else—well, I might as well have my time in the library."

"I think you ought to try it," he said. "And don't be too disappointed if it's not *too* different; there's a lot of red tape around. Wherever there are large numbers of people, there's red tape."

He drank from his third cup of coffee. "But the thing to remember is, you will learn things you never heard about; you will read things you've never read. I know you like to read what you damn please, but the truth is you miss things you ought to read. And you'll meet a dozen people you'd never meet anywhere else, and you'll be able to talk to them all the rest of your life. You know what that is?" He saw her face. "Or maybe you don't, but I know what it is. I never used to talk to anybody, either. I still can't, to some people. But, all in all, I probably talk too damn much now. Go on, get on out there."

Then the heels began to click again, and this time did turn into the kitchen corridor. Sirene stiffened against the edge of the table, but Mr. Brant quickly refilled his cup, winked at her and hurried around the corner toward the footsteps.

Sirene heard the head nurse's heavy voice: "Against the rules for patients to be back here, Mr. Brant."

"Yes, ma'am," he said cheerfully. "That's what the lady was just telling me."

As the padding of his slippers faded, the nurse pivoted through the doorway. She bustled over to the hot plate and turned up the fire. "Let's be sure to keep the patients where they belong, Miss Scott."

"Yes'm," Sirene said happily. "That's what I told him."

But she did not go out to City the next morning. She woke up in the middle of the night and, feeling her way toward the bathroom, was wretchedly sick.

In the morning, the doctor was reassuring, if not particularly helpful, and the week she spent with the virus, or whatever it was, turned out to be, weakness and discomfort aside, a lazily pleasant one. Her mother agreeably walked to the library with a list, made up almost entirely of books Sirene had read before. When Sirene opened *Pride and Prejudice*, the remote world of the story somehow became interchangeable with the world of the university; she wondered drowsily if she would find anything there to surprise her as much as Mr. Darcy had surprised Elizabeth.

She went back to work on Sunday. About ten-thirty on Monday morning, with her high-school diploma and report cards in a neat bundle, she left home in her old, secondhand car to drive across town to where the university buildings clustered in and around a city-block quadrangle.

Parking turned out to be a problem; ice and plowed snow lined the curbs, and all the spaces that looked empty had sports cars in them. She drove around and around. Finally, after waiting for some time behind a parked car before realizing that the boy inside was reading a book, she successfully followed another student to his car and pulled into the space he left. She shut off the motor and sighed so deeply that she laughed at herself. Her mood of increasing tenseness swung back to its earlier lightness.

The students she passed on the university walks looked animated and cheerful, and no one stared at her. She felt that she *ought* to be worried. What would be her first words to the man who would take her application? What would be her first words to Mr. Brant if she should see him?—and, picking at the very back of her mind, the timid person's deepest fear: Does he really remember me? Does anyone remember me when I'm not right there?

Remembering what Mr. Brant had said, she headed for the building in the center. She had been afraid that there would be more than one building in the center, or something. But there it was, by itself, and as she neared its entrance, she could read the carving in the stones above its doors—"Administration Building."

It did not occur to her to wonder why, if the winter term had not yet started, so many students crowded the walks.

Hanging from the ceiling just inside the Administration Building were signs with arrows on them, one reading "Admissions." She walked in the direction of the arrow, through a pair of swinging glass doors and up to a counter, behind which people were working at desks. To the smiling young man who rose and came toward her, she said, "I'd like to make out an application, please."

He was a tall, stooped young man with glasses. He said, "An application for the summer session, miss?"

What did that mean? "Well, I'm not—I'd like to start to school in this new term."

"I'm afraid applications for this winter are closed," he said.

She was ready for that one. "Yes, but I wanted to apply as a non-degree student. Part time."

"Well, yes. We were taking non-degree students right up till Thursday, when registration closed. But now the term's started, you see. Classes started today."

The typewriters clattered and the ventilators hummed loudly; Sirene felt herself holding her smile in place. After a deep breath, she said, "Thank you very much."

"I'm sorry," he said. "Can I give you an application form for summer?"

"I'll have to make my plans. Thank you." She turned away, thinking savagely, I always *thank* people. She knew that in the four months between now and the summer session her impulse to act would disappear; she felt it ebbing now.

With an angry wrench, she turned back to the counter. She caught the young man as he began to lower himself into his swivel chair; he looked at her, eyebrows up, and came back toward her. She thought, He's not the only one surprised.

"Excuse me," she said, trying to keep her voice cheerful, "but if classes just started—if I could get fixed up today, I'd only have to miss a day or two. Is there no chance at all?"

"I'm terribly sorry."

"You said you were taking people up through Thursday; is there really that much difference?"

He smiled tightly. "Our closing date was Thursday. We have to stick to our rules."

She remembered Mr. Brant and the hospital room without a telephone. "Please," she said. "You could do it all today. I have my high-school diploma and my report cards right here. Please."

His eyes were now flittering from spot to spot on the counter, his brow deeply wrinkled. Sirene realized that he would rather help her than not. For the first time since her return to the counter, she felt a spark of real hope. "Mr. Brant was specially hoping I would come," she said, not even feeling ashamed. "Mr. Brant of your staff said I could use his name."

His gaze jerked up to her. "Do you know Al Brant?"

"Yes, I know Mr. Brant."

"So do I, as it happens." He really smiled now. He pulled a telephone toward him, flipped the pages of a small, paper-bound directory and concentrated upon the dialing with the intense self-satisfaction of someone who has been handed a way out. "Maybe . . . we . . . can . . . just . . . settle this . . . right . . . now."

He waited. For that instant, Sirene felt as she remembered feeling one night in her early teens when, urged by her sisters, she had given a birthday party, and no one had arrived until a few minutes past the hour. She had been convinced that the carefully written invitations, the remarks exchanged with classmates about the coming occasion, had been cheerfully and casually forgotten by all but herself. Does anyone really remember me?

"Oh, what is your name?" the young man whispered.

"Scott. Miss Sirene Scott."

The telephone squawked. "Hello, Al?" he said. "This is Tony Mewhirter. Fine, thanks. Say, what can you tell me about a girl named Scott?"

A silence, then a squawk.

"Well, there's a young lady here named Scott who wants to enter late, says she has your recommendation."

A squawk, a silence, a series of grating syllables.

The young man frowned importantly. "OK, Al, thank you. Sorry to bother."

He hung up the phone. Sirene, watching him numbly, was still able to notice that he was just as happy as he had been before; his job was to settle things, and this thing was settled.

"I'm sorry, Miss Scott," he said. "I thought with a faculty member's recommendation we just might have made an exception. But Mr. Brant says your name is not familiar."

He watched her, his head bowed a little, looking up through the glasses. Sirene, as if standing outside her own swirl of emotion, saw his lively interest in what she would do. She said, "Thank you for the trouble."

We're all so polite, she thought as she pushed through the doors and took slow, careful steps down the paneled hall.

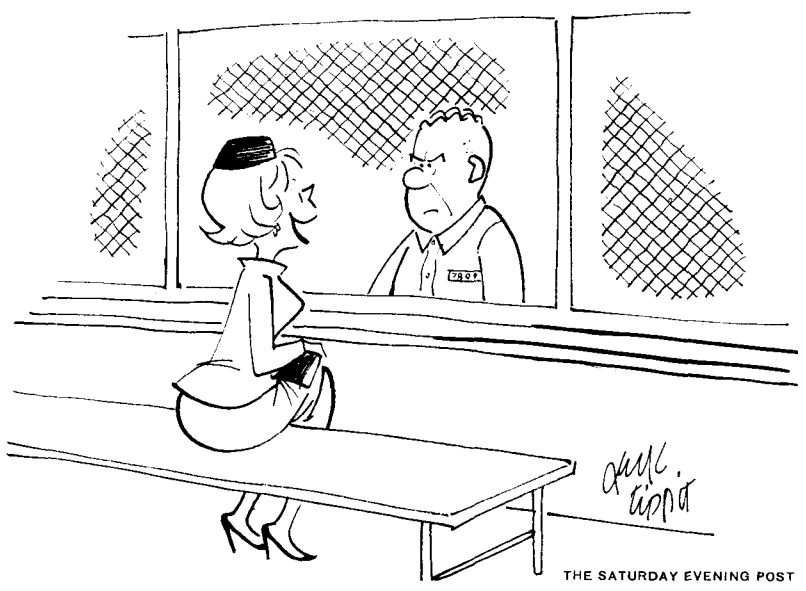
Then, for a moment, she excused Mr. Brant for forgetting. After all, he talked every day with people who were in college or wanted to go to college; he had no reason to be impressed by her.

But why should he forget? *She* had remembered; and that seemed suddenly to be a profound reason why he should have, too. When, in her slow walk, she reached the outside doors where the hall crossed another, she thought, the hell with being polite.

She took two steps up the intersecting hall to what looked like a cashier's window and said to the woman behind the marble counter, "Can you tell me where Mr. Brant's office is?"

"Who?" The woman picked up one of the paper-bound directories. "What department is he in, hon?"

"He teaches here."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Do that impression of Jimmy Cagney again."

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"I know, but what department?" At Sirene's blank stare, the woman said, "What subject does he teach?"

"I don't know." The fact surprised her; she had thought of him as a wonderful teacher without knowing what he taught.

The woman flipped the pages and tossed the book away. "Sorry, hon, can't even look it up. They haven't even got the damn directory in alphabetical order. It's all arranged according to departments."

"Thank you," Sirene said. She could go back and inquire of the young man in the admissions office, but she'd told him that she *knew* Mr. Brant. She went out and down the crosswalk.

As she passed a young couple swinging their clasped hands, she swerved toward them and said, "Could you tell me ——" but her voice creaked in her throat, and they were already past her. Sirene was directly in front of an advancing pair of young men, and she said more successfully, "Can you tell me where Mr. Brant's office is?"

The taller one asked, "What department?" The shorter one said, "I'm sorry, I don't know the name." And after halting in their stride, they went on past, the taller one looking back.

Sirene hurried on into the building that rose before her, and found herself in a cafeteria line that crept between steel rails toward a clanging cash register. She dodged outside the rails and into the area of booths and tables. There she stopped in front of a noisy, semicircular booth. The faces began to turn, one by one, toward her, and then the whole booth seemed to swing toward her like a scythe. She said, in a voice only slightly raised, although she thought she was shouting, "Excuse me, but can any of you tell me where Mr. Brant's office is?"

The noise faded, and a girl giggled sharply; but a pale-faced girl at one end of the semicircle glared at the giggler and shouted to the booth, "Mr. Brant! Does anyone know?"

Sirene looked around the curve of faces that seemed to advance and recede. A boy in the middle said, "I'm sorry, miss. Ask around; someone'll know."

She took a step toward the next booth and stopped, seeing everyone there already looking at her. She turned again, not thinking but just turning, as though in a maze. She bumped into a boy rising from the small table behind her, a massive six-foot-five boy with the face of a peaceful child. She did not realize that his huge hand on her elbow was anything more than polite until he pointed her toward the door and said, "Look, miss, through that door over there. See that diagonal walk and the building it leads to? You can't miss it, a ten-story building, taller than any of the others. You walk over there and find 617; that's Mr. Brant."

The crosswalk was a blur of faces that looked at her; the elevator very nearly made her sick, and she leaned against its wall, feeling herself drain away toward her toes. After getting off, she turned right toward 650 and walked to 622 before she realized that she was seeing only even numbers. She stopped, turned back, and walked on without knowing whether she was doubling back or not. After a while she saw 601 and went on to 613, 615, 617.

Beyond the open door, slouched in a swivel chair, listening with a smile to a student who sat leaning across the corner of the desk toward him, sat Mr. Brant.

Without thinking even to knock, Sirene strode across the threshold, a set smile on her face. She heard herself say bitterly, "Please don't get up."

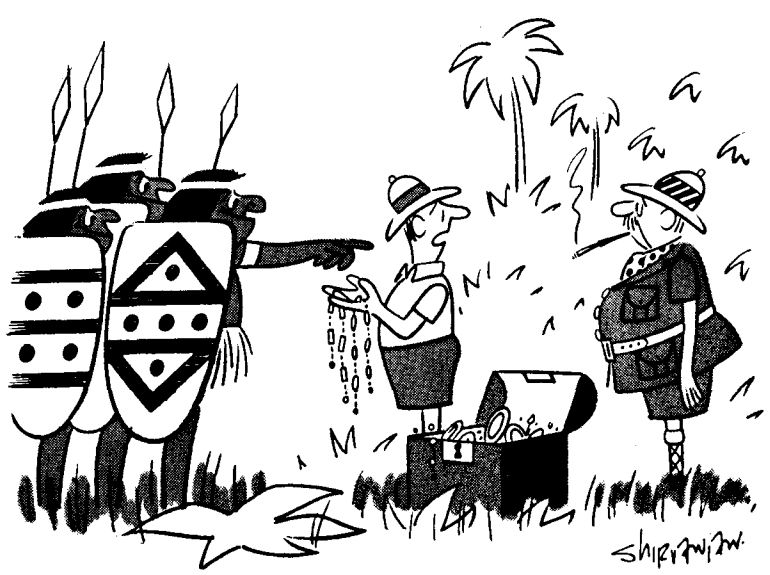
He looked, then scrambled up out of the chair. He smiled happily at her and said, "Why, hi, Sirene!"

She suddenly understood everything that had happened. She remembered the exact words of the young man's telephone call, and she saw with relief, and even amusement, the collapse of Mr. Brant's face. Sirene loved the quickness with which he understood, too. He said, "Oh, no, Sirene, are you Miss Scott?"

And she was giggling helplessly and sitting in the chair vacated by the student, a big-nosed boy who smiled at her hesitantly. Mr. Brant was reaching for the phone and saying, "Oh, Lord. Sirene, this is Irving. Irv, this is Miss Scott, Sirene Scott. Don't ever call her anything but Sirene."

Giddily, she thrust out her hand to the boy. He grinned, took her hand, waved, and left. Beside her, Mr. Brant had hung up and was saying, "Come on, let's go over. They're supposed to close from twelve to one, but I told Mewhirter the system wouldn't collapse if he stayed open till we got there."

Sirene, standing, suddenly felt timid again, but she said firmly, "I'm so glad to have influential friends." □



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They don't want the trinkets, Heatherington. They want you."

S-o-o-thes CHAPPED LIPS

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FEVER-BLISTERS, DRY LIPS

IN THE GREEN TUBE

What is the best product for your headache?

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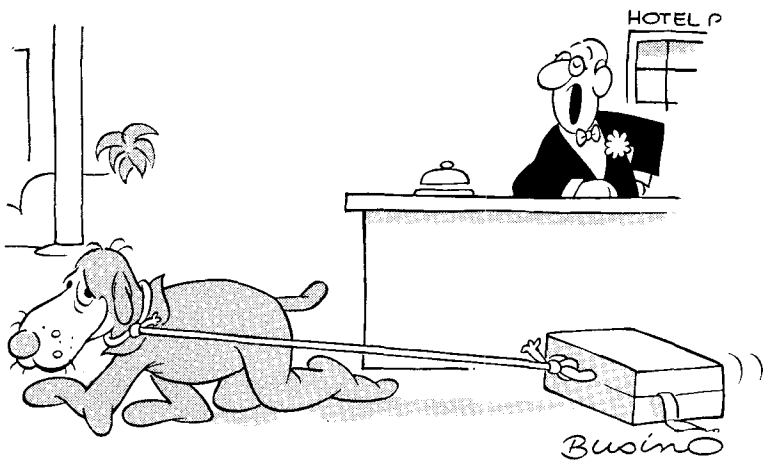


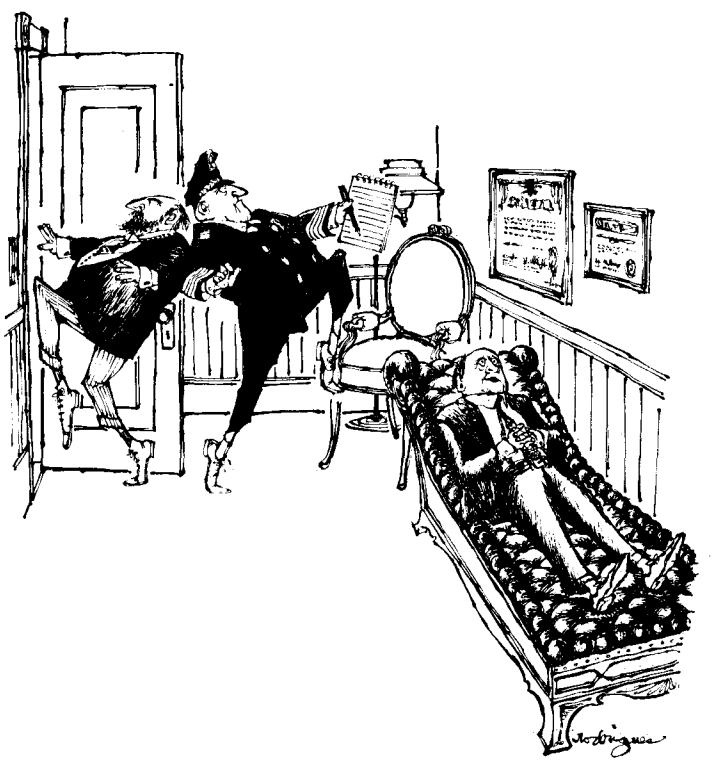
"Checking out, Mr. Miller?"

"Harlan, it's time you realized that there are children in this world who have to brush their teeth manually!"

Question for January

Now, why have all the windows got
Such a pretty store of
Things I want an awful lot,
All for sale upon the spot
For such a little bit of what
I haven't any more of?

WALLACE IRWIN JR.



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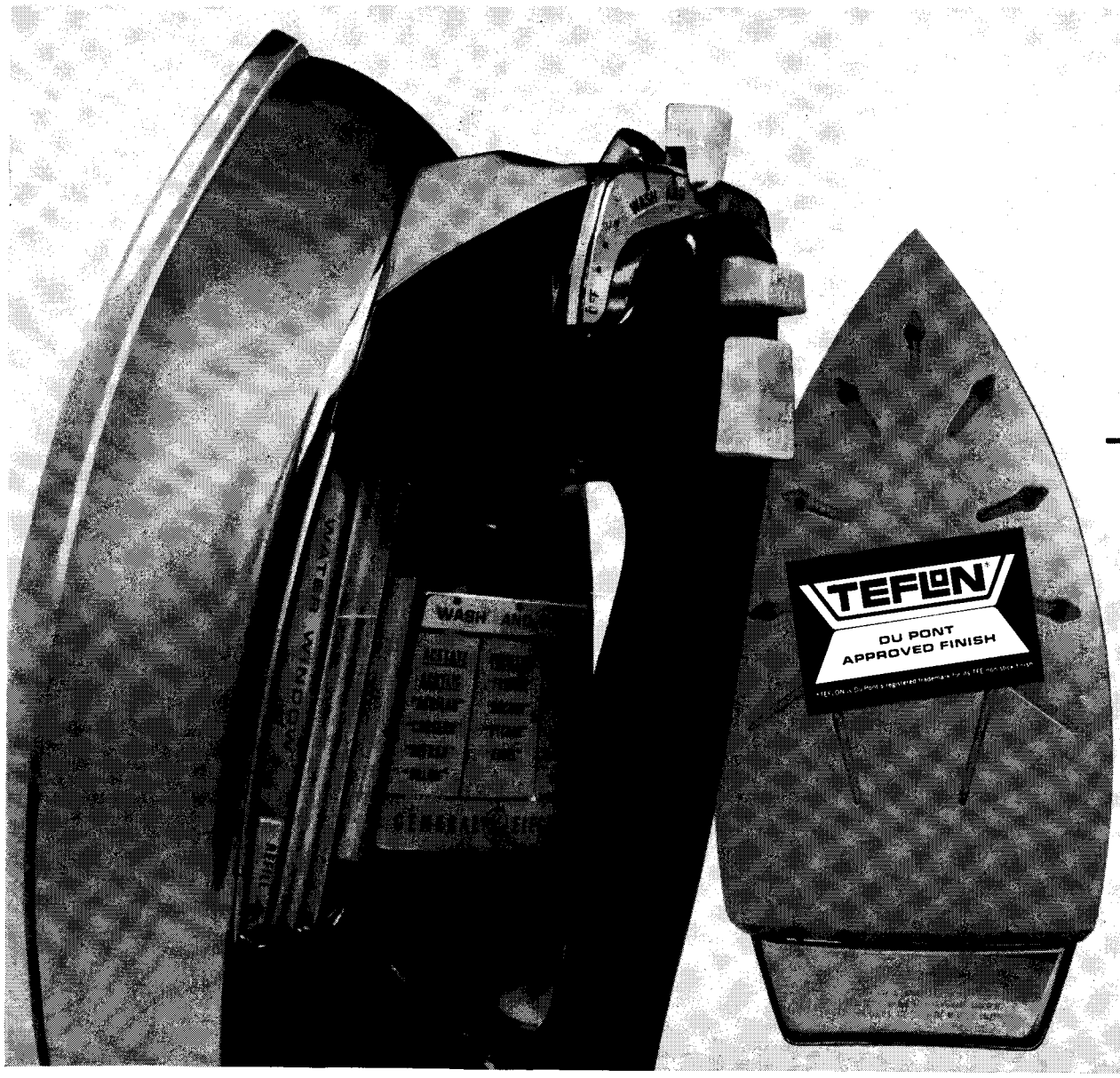
General Electric Cares



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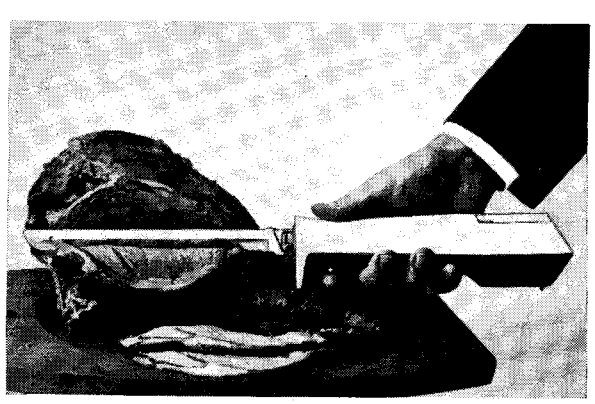

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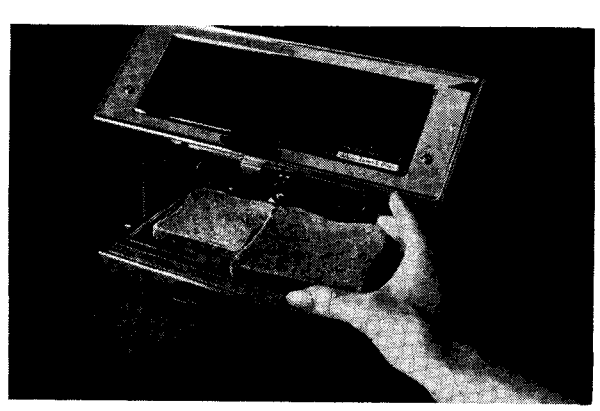

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THE BIRTH CONTROL REVOLUTION *(continued from page 25)*

sex outside of marriage. With the deterrents reduced or gone, many people believe that the foundations of contemporary sexual morality may be threatened, especially the morals of the young. Newspaper headlines and book titles have cited "the new promiscuity" facilitated by the pill. "Sex on the campus" has been a popular topic on television discussion programs, and college health officers have shocked parents across the country by publicly reporting that coeds come to them for prescriptions for pills. One said that when a girl at a midwestern college recently made such a request, she was asked, "How old are you?"

"Twenty-one," the girl replied.

"You have a particular man in mind?"

"Well, yes, I do."

"Have you ever stopped to think that you might someday want to marry a man who holds virginity in high regard?" the doctor then asked.

"Yes," she said, candidly. "But I'm not at all sure I want to marry a man like that."

Indisputably, the revolution is making an impact on the lives and sex standards of the young, from teen-agers on up. Some authorities hope that the pill, prescribed for "the girl in trouble," the youngster whose sex impulses cannot be controlled, will at least prevent the tragedy of the illegitimate, unwanted child. Dr. Edward Tyler, president of the American Association of Planned Parenthood Physicians, says his clinic in Los Angeles follows the principle of giving birth-control help to girls who have had a baby or who are brought in by mothers saying they are afraid the daughters will become pregnant. In New York the Planned Parenthood clinics follow a similar rule, and if parents or guardians are not available, the girls are accepted for help on referral by a social or health agency, a clergyman or a physician.

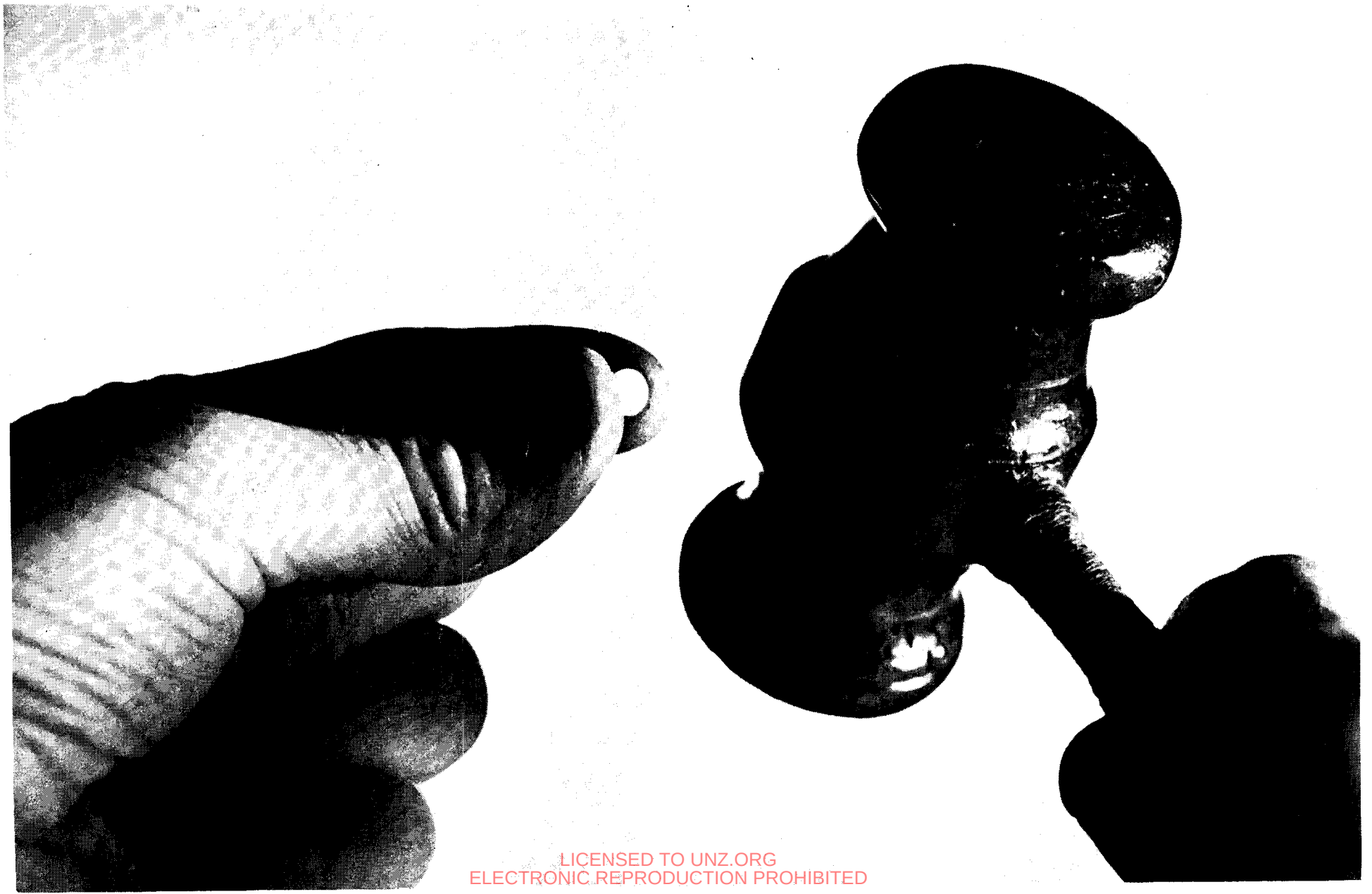
As for the controversial issue of sex on the college campus, some college officials doubt the pill is really encouraging freer sex activity there. Though ministers and moralists are highly vocal about "the rapid breakdown of sexual moral standards" among the young, many administrators insist that the situation today is no different from what it has always been.

"We have about five percent whom I would call sexually active," observes Dr. Richard Moy, young head of the Student Health Service at the University of Chicago. "But that's the same five percent we've always had. As for the pills, many girls have them when they come to school. Their family doctors at home have prescribed them. Or they borrow from each other or use the prescription of a married sister. Or they put on an engagement ring and get them as part of preparation for marriage. It's not a very formidable task to obtain the pills." A doctor on the West Coast says, "I'm sure many are sold in the drugstores without prescriptions, and there is certainly a lot of pill swapping, like sugar or eggs."

Some investigators and many students insist that promiscuity is no more acceptable today than it was 40 years ago. Nevitt Sanford, professor of education and psychology at Stanford University, reports in the *National Education Association Journal* that on the basis of 12 years of studies at three schools—an eastern women's college, a western state university and a private college in the West, "there has been no revolutionary change in the status of premarital intercourse since the 1920's." He finds that between 20 and 30 percent of the women in his samples were not virgins at the time of graduation, and he thinks this is about the same percentage that existed in the 1920's.

A number of college girls interviewed on these questions believe there *has* been an increase in premarital intercourse, but not in the direction of promiscuity. "There is a more sensible assessment of the problem than our parents used to make," one girl explained. "I don't think that promiscuity is condoned any more today than it ever was. But sex between people in love, people who hope or expect their relationship to grow into marriage, is much more common." Nor do the girls think the rise in premarital sex is due to the pill.

Mrs. Mary-jane Snyder, of the Chicago Planned Parenthood staff, had a discussion on several topics with girls from a half-dozen colleges. On the subject of the pills, one of them said, "A lot of girls who were using other precautions have changed to the pills, I think—in fact, I know. But that's just like changing from the horse and buggy to the automobile—it's progress." Another agreed. "No.



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I don't think the pill has changed campus morals. The change was there. The pills just make it easier." A third girl remarked, "Just think what the automobile did to increase sex activity. Don't forget, though, there are still a lot of girls left with strong old moral fiber!"

"I wish it didn't seem so old-fashioned to have high moral values," one coed commented. "So many girls would just love to be able to say out loud that they think too much is being made of the importance of sex. The silly thing is that it's sort of embarrassing to admit that you disapprove. It's 'the thing' to sound modern and blasé even if you aren't. For this reason, one can get a false impression of the percentage of girls who indulge."

A faculty member at a big eastern university also doubts the pill has been a factor in changing campus morals, although he notes that "a great many girls are taking the pills, girls whose mothers send them to school all informed and ready."

"It seems to me that the changed circumstances between the sexes is the crucial factor," observes John Munro, dean of Harvard University. "The independence of women, for example. Going steady—the steady companionship of individual couples—is another aspect. Boys and girls are so much more companionable than ever before. Girls can do so much more, too. Families will send a couple of girls to Europe unchaperoned, for example. Or boys and girls start off together on some idealistic mission. But the young people, depending much on each other, become sexually entangled. Then one of them gets tired of the situation and the other suffers emotionally, and what you have is divorce before marriage, which can be pretty hard on these people." But one girl asks: "So long as we have no child—thanks to the pill—our relationship affects only ourselves. Why is this so wrong, when no one else gets hurt?"

A controversy over birth-control pills recently flared on the campus of Pembroke College, the women's division of Brown University, in Providence, R.I. A 19-year-old reporter for the *Pembroke Record*, a campus paper, called on Dr. Roswell D. Johnson, the Pembroke College health director, without identifying herself as a reporter, and asked for a prescription for the pills. In her article she wrote that she had "obtained a tentative prescription," though she went on to say she was "refused a prescription for the time being on the grounds that she was under age." Her story claimed Doctor Johnson did not mention any need for parental permission.

Doctor Johnson flatly contradicted the reporter on this point, saying he couldn't even begin to talk to her about prescribing pills for her because she was under 21. "I also told her the only way she could get them was for her parents to write and request me to prescribe them," he said, "and when I added, 'I assume you're not in the mood to write to them?' she replied, 'Oh-h-h, no-o-o!'

"Anyone over twenty-one, however, is a free agent," Doctor Johnson remarked, although he said he had actually prescribed the pills for only two unmarried students, and both of them were planning to be married. He added that if a girl asked him for a pill prescription he wanted to know why she wanted it. "I want to feel I'm contributing to a good solid relationship and not to promiscuity," he said.

Mrs. Annabelle Cooper, executive director of the Washtenaw County League for Planned Parenthood, in Ann Arbor, Mich., finds no perceptible increase in the number of unmarried college girls under 21 applying to the clinic for contraceptives. "Those who want contraceptives can get them so easily at the corner drugstore," she says, "that they usually don't come to us. The pills aren't available there without prescription, of course, nor the intra-uterine devices nor the diaphragms. But foams and condoms are."

The Washtenaw Clinic's policy statement on services to unmarried women is clear and decisive:

Contraceptive services are given to all women 21 years or older, all married women under 21, and all unmarried mothers 21 or under "upon consideration." "All women under 21 who are definitely engaged are given contraceptive service prior to marriage," the statement continues. "All others are counseled, but given contraceptive service only with their parents' permission."

The premarital counseling and examination will be given as long as three months before marriage. "We have trained social workers who try to determine if a young girl is really going to be married," Mrs. Cooper explained. "Occasionally we see a girl who is 'premarital' for as long as two years."

Among young couples who have premarital intercourse, many actually refuse to use contraceptives. In addition to those who observe a religious prohibition, there are couples who believe that the use of any contraceptive is "too premeditated," or is "not sincere." "Some felt 'planned intercourse' was not romantic, and was too great a transgression of standards," says Dr. Joseph Katz of Stanford. "I believe this is one of the biggest factors in unwanted pregnancies."

Occasionally one finds a lonely, unloved girl who wants to become pregnant, even though she has no hope of marrying the baby's father. And there is always the girl who tries to snare a boy by this means. In contrast with these girls is the one whose story a university official said he had every reason to believe. Even though she was not having intercourse, she still was taking the pills, she told him, because when she turned down a man she wanted it to be a matter of her own free choice and not because she was scared.

With her bewildering reasoning, the girl had touched upon what may be the only inarguable conclusion that can be drawn about the impact of the birth-control revolution on sex behavior: In cases where fear of pregnancy was the sole deterrent, the reliability of the new contraceptives has removed that fear.

Last June the Supreme Court struck down

Connecticut's old anti-contraception law; soon afterward

10 other states moved to support birth control.

IV THE RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY

Nearly all religious denominations opposed birth control until a few decades ago, when one after another began to modify their positions. The Roman Catholic Church, almost alone, remained firm in its opposition. What the Church is now involved in is a struggle to extricate itself—without confusing the faithful—from a thick doctrinal web spun around the subject of marriage and sex in the early centuries of the Christian era.

Neither the Old Testament nor the New specifically forbade contraception. The web of prohibition was purely an interpretation, woven by Popes and bishops and strengthened by the authoritarian tradition of the Church.

A penetrating study of this process—*Contraception: A History of Its Treatment by the Catholic Theologians and Canonists*—has been written by John T. Noonan Jr. of Notre Dame. Professor Noonan notes that contraception had been permitted by the Greek, Roman and early Jewish cultures and that the Christian teaching against it was mainly a reaction to the excesses of the Romans, who added to their licentiousness not only contraception but abortion. The Christian doctrine also reflected a new emphasis on the sanctity of all human life, including the seeds of life to be.

But there was a peculiar ambivalence toward sex in marriage, even in the Old Testament, and this, says Professor Noonan, is basic to an understanding of the development of the Christian ethic. On the one hand is the familiar glorification of procreation: ". . . and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it." Yet over against this are such strange verses as that in the Psalms, in which David, though the child of a lawful marriage, cries: "In guilt was I born and in sin my mother conceived me." This and other passages, says Noonan, "furnish support to one stand of Christian thought, mistrustful of sex."

Puritanical hostility to pleasure in sex, and to contraception, reached its peak with Augustine, in the fourth century. A former believer in Manichaeanism, he bitterly attacked the sex practices of that group, including its use of the sterile period. Ironically this was the original rhythm method, the only one now approved by the Catholic Church. As Noonan observes, "History has made doctrine take a topsy-turvy course."

The pill was, of course, the catalyst that started the ferment of rethinking in the Catholic Church, for it was obviously less "artificial" than jellies, foams and mechanical contraceptives. And in mimicking the action of nature's hormones, the pill could be said to "regularize" the cycle and thus make the rhythm method more acceptable.

One of the first Catholic scholars to argue that the pill was licit on the basis that it did simulate normal physiology was the Rev. Louis Janssens, of the University of Louvain, Belgium. But within three months after his article appeared, in 1958, the late Pope Pius XII rejected this view. While Pius condemned the use of the pills to prevent conception, he nevertheless approved them when used for therapeutic purposes, even if "temporary sterility" was an indirect result.

This opened the door to more debate, a torrent of spoken and written words from priests and laymen alike, representing all shades of opinion and discussing female physiology and marital love with amazing frankness. Seldom in the history of the Church, which now claims a world membership of about half a billion, has an issue produced

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such sharp and vocal division among its leaders.

At the heart of most of the liberal argument was a pastoral concern for the dilemma of married parishioners. The Belgian cardinal, Leon Joseph Suenens, was moved to declare before the Ecumenical Council in Rome: "We are faced with the problem, not because the Christian faithful are attempting to satisfy their passions and their egoism, but because the best among them are attempting with anguish to live a double loyalty, to the Church's doctrines and to the needs of conjugal and parental love."

The cleavage among the priests left millions of Catholic couples confused. Many made their own decisions and chose the pills, with or without a twinge of conscience or a confession. Others had a tougher struggle. There was the girl of 18 who knocked one evening on the door of the Chicago Planned Parenthood headquarters. Mrs. Snyder, a warm and understanding staff member, let her in. "The poor girl was in tears," Mrs. Snyder recalls. "She told me she and her fiancé were to be married during his three-week leave from the Navy, and since both were Catholics she had asked her parish priest for a dispensation to permit them to use a contraceptive. She had a job and didn't want to become pregnant until her husband came home again in a year. But her priest had refused, although, as she said, a friend's priest in the next parish would have given the dispensation.

This girl said she didn't mind if they had *twelve* children, once her husband was home to stay, but right now she didn't want to take a chance because it was so necessary for her to keep her job. I really felt sorry for her. I was in tears myself before she left. But I didn't want to advise her to go against her priest when she so plainly thought it would be the wrong thing to do."

For another midwestern woman, an accountant's wife with three children under three years of age, there was a different outcome. Mrs. Jarvis, as we shall call her, had met her husband at a Catholic college, they had been married in the church and were "the best Catholics you ever saw until our babies began to come along so close together. Then we felt we had to do something.

"Our house has five bedrooms, but my husband said he didn't want me to fill them up right away," she said. "And when I'm pregnant, I'm in a bad mood most of the time. However, he didn't think we could receive communion if we used ordinary contraceptives, because we'd have to confess each time as a sin." Mrs. Jarvis, a young woman with delicate, sensitive features, leaned forward in her chair. "But for a thing to be a sin," she said, "there are three things about it: First, you must think it's a sin; second, it must be a grievous thing against God; and third, you must have done it voluntarily. Well, we don't think the pills are a sin, and our young priest said he saw nothing wrong with them either. So we don't confess them, and we can go to church and take communion. We didn't learn about this until just a few weeks ago when the young priest told us. Young priests seem to be more understanding.

"The best time to be a Catholic," Mrs. Jarvis concluded, "is when you're very young or very old. In between is this problem. They say the Catholic Church is hard to live in and easy to die in, and it's true. But the pills, which so many in the Church are beginning to approve, will be a great help."

Hopes for liberalization of the Church's position appeared to suffer a setback last October, when Pope Paul spoke to the United Nations in New York. Three quarters of the way through his eloquent plea for world peace, he sounded what to many seemed a discordant and disappointing note. "You must strive to multiply bread so that it suffices for the tables of mankind," he said, "and not rather favor an artificial control of birth, which would be irrational, in order to diminish the number of guests at the banquet of life."

The Pontiff's remark was open to instant and differing interpretations, as papal utterances often are. Some observers said its import hinged on the Pope's own definition of "artificial." Others thought he simply wanted to discourage an international campaign for contraception.

One of the official bodies studying the problem is a special papal commission on problems of marriage set up by Pope John XXIII. Pope Paul enlarged the commission to 56 members, including clergymen, scientists, doctors and a few married couples. The commission failed to agree on a recommendation during the Ecumenical Council, but the council's final declaration on marriage, which reflected intervention by the Pope, indicated that he had asked the commission to continue its study of the birth-control question.

The pertinent passages in the council's report on "The Church in the Modern World" were ambiguous, however. They said the faithful "may not undertake methods of birth control which are found blameworthy by the teaching authority of the Church in its unfolding of the divine law." At present this rules out all but abstinence and rhythm. At the same time they made a significant change by placing conjugal love for its own sake on an equal plane with procreation. Some observers think this opens the way to eventual approval of many forms of birth control.

V THE BENEVOLENT CONSPIRATORS

While the Catholic Church has not significantly modified its official stand on the birth-control issue, the fact that the Pope and his advisers have been considering changes has had an effect. For one thing, the possibility of future change has served to inhibit many of the Catholic politicians who have traditionally fought the operation of birth-control clinics. "The Catholic Church found what the Pope was going to decide," said Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher, the eminent obstetrician, gynecologist and president of the Planned Parenthood Federation. "They didn't want to hold the line against birth control and then discover that the Pope will say the sky's the limit." Several states repealed their anti-birth-control laws last year, and Connecticut's law was declared unconstitutional, with almost no opposition from church groups. Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston, whose autographed photo hangs in Guttmacher's office, has actually said he favors the legalizing of birth control. He reflects the new attitude of many Catholic prelates in saying that "Catholics do not need the support of civil law to be faithful to their religious convictions, and they do not seek to impose by law their moral views on other members of society."

The revolution in birth control is far more, of course, than a rebellion against rigid church teachings. It is a wave of human thought and emotion which was channeled into world-wide action by a group of what might be called "benevolent conspirators." They are industrialists, physicians, scholars, publishers, retired generals—men and women who are convinced of the urgency of the cause and are highly persuasive in advancing it.

Doctor Guttmacher recalls a routine mail appeal of several years ago which brought a $100 check from the president of a large corporation. "We followed this up with a personal contact," he said, "and now this man contributes one hundred thousand dollars a year to the Planned Parenthood funds and is one of our most effective leaders. The movement also gained much momentum when Cass Canfield of *Harper's* became chairman of our executive committee six years ago. He is one of the most respected publishers in the United States, and his influence has been great."

Some years ago Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. became interested. She enlisted her husband, and their son, John D. III, continued the family's involvement. Doctor Guttmacher recalls that John D. III was distressed by the poverty and acute overcrowding he saw during a trip to the Far East in 1952. "He conceived the idea of the Population Council, and with Gen. Fred Osborn, then one of his advisers, set it up. It is now one of the strongest forces we have, especially for carrying on research."

Although the birth-control organizations operate no lobbies, their officers often inspire important moves by other groups, and they make frequent calls on members of state and federal governments. Last spring a large group of Nobel Prize winners of America and Europe addressed a statement to the Pope, urging him to "give due weight to the ever-growing opinion" in the world that unwanted children are a source of unhappiness and distress and that parents should be able to limit their families to the number of children "which can be cared for and cherished." Dr. Edward L. Tatum, a biologist of the Rockefeller Institute, and Dr. Peter B. Medawar, a British biologist, were the two Nobel laureates who moved the idea ahead and got 81 signers to the letter.

Doctor Guttmacher, when not touring the world on behalf of foreign birth-control programs, gets to Washington once or twice a month. There he may confer about family-planning services for the wives of military personnel or American Indians (both groups are entitled to such services under current government policies), or push for wider use of anti-poverty funds for birth control. (A total of $766,000 has gone to 13 birth-control projects.)

A change in government attitude at the White House level has had much to do with speeding up the anti-poverty clinics, Doctor Guttmacher believes. "President Johnson sent up a trial balloon

The population explosion has moved hundreds of millions to the brink of starvation. 'Only massive birth control,' says an expert, 'will prevent world catastrophe.'

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early last year, saying he would 'seek new ways to use our knowledge to help deal with the explosion of world population.' I guess the balloon didn't burst because he sent up an even bigger one six months later when he said at the United Nations in June that five dollars spent on population control is worth one hundred in economic aid. What else do you need for a green light?"

The turnaround in government policy can be credited in large part to Gen. William H. Draper Jr., now a vice-chairman of Planned Parenthood, and a famous report he wrote in 1959. He was then chairman of the President's Committee to Study the United States Military Assistance Program.

General Draper had first come into contact with a major population problem during a trip to Japan in 1948, where he saw the tremendous congestion caused by the repatriation of millions of Japanese from Manchuria and the Chinese mainland. "In 1958, members of our committee—a high-level group of responsible citizens—visited all the countries receiving aid from us," General Draper recalled recently, "and in some we found the standard of living was actually going down because of the high birth rate. We agreed unanimously in our recommendation, that 'the United States should assist those countries with which it is cooperating in economic-aid programs, on request, in the formulation of their plans designed to deal with the problem of rapid population growth.'

"Of course, the recommendation was carefully worded," General Draper pointed out, "and there were two words—'on request'—which saved it."

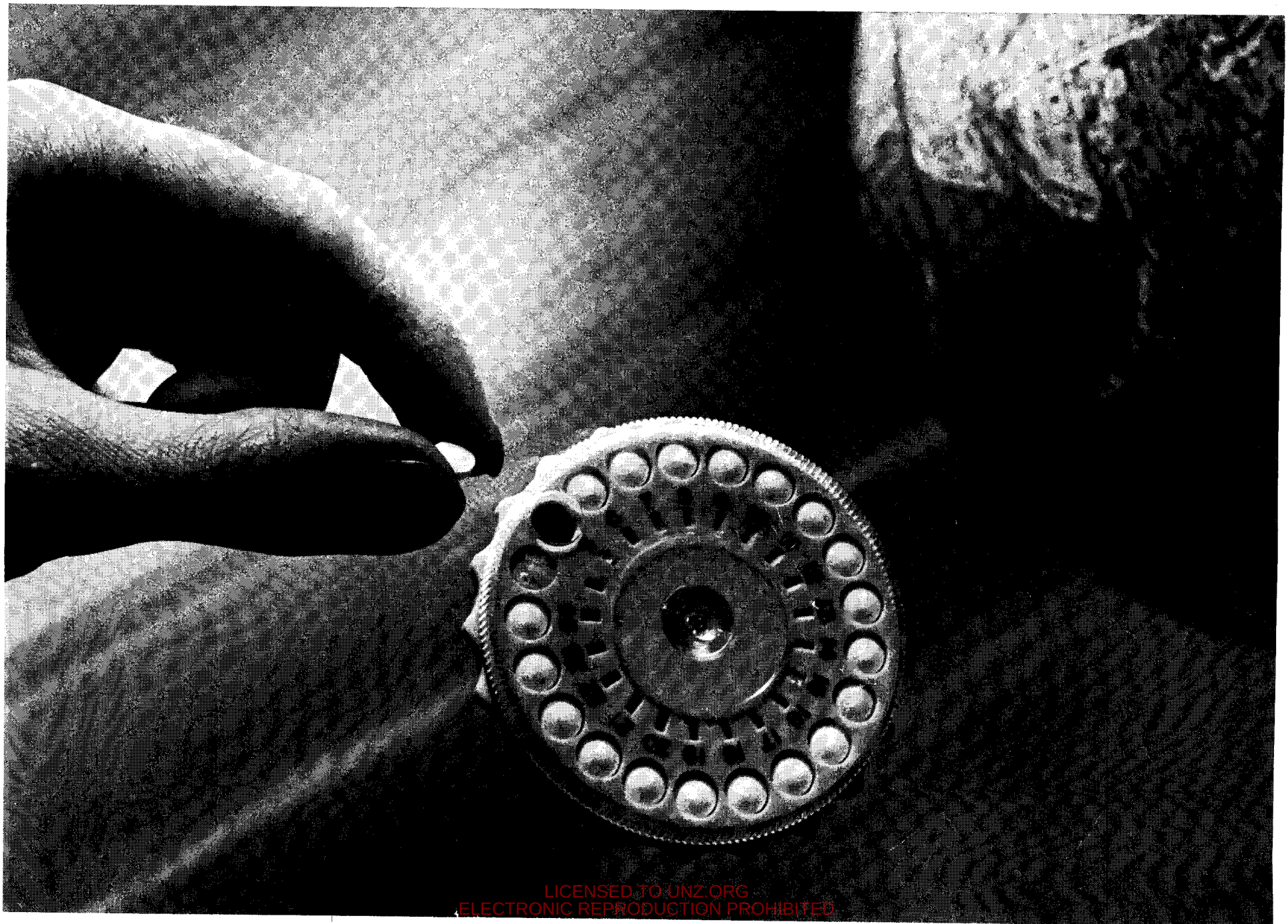
But at the time the Draper report was submitted, even those two words didn't save it, a fact that shocked its authors. "We never thought the recommendations would not be accepted," General Draper said, "and then I picked up the paper one morning and read that President Eisenhower had said that the last thing he wanted our Government to do was to give birth-control advice to foreign countries." Even before Eisenhower spoke, Draper said, "the Catholic bishops blasted the report, and that was the worst thing they could have done, because it did become a big issue, and all the candidates were asked how they stood on it, Kennedy coming off very well."

The idea had been planted, and it took root. Though Eisenhower refused to involve the Government in foreign birth-control programs, he approved of private organizations in this field. Later he changed his mind on government participation. In a *Saturday Evening Post* article of October 26, 1963, he explained he had rejected the Draper recommendations because he felt that using federal funds on population-control problems abroad "would violate the deepest religious convictions of large groups of taxpayers." But, he wrote, "As I now look back, it may be that I was carrying that conviction too far." In 1964 General Draper persuaded Mr. Eisenhower and another former President, Harry S Truman, to be honorary co-chairmen of Planned Parenthood-World Population, thus lending their influence to foreign as well as American phases of the program. All this made it easier for President Lyndon Johnson to make birth control a national policy.

VI BIRTH CONTROL AND THE LAW

While the "benevolent conspirators" were slowly changing our attitudes toward birth control, there remained a vast network of restrictive laws, the principal effect of which has been to deprive low-income families of birth-control information and services. This legislation began with the federal law of 1873, instigated by the busy New England anti-vice crusader, Anthony Comstock. Some 30 states soon passed "little Comstock laws," most calling birth control "obscene and immoral."

These were the statutes under which Mrs. Sanger's pioneer meetings were raided, her clinics closed and she herself jailed. In 1936 another famous birth-control figure, the late Dr. Hannah Stone of New York, was involved in a case known as "The United States vs. One Package." The package contained diaphragms sent to her from Japan and seized by U.S. Customs. Mrs. Harriet Pilpel, a New York lawyer, argued the "package" case for Doctor Stone and won. In the fall of 1963 Mrs. Pilpel was called again when the St. Louis postmaster held up the mailing of 50,000 samples of an aerosol foam contraceptive on the grounds that they were not addressed to doctors. The product, Emko, is made as a crusading and semi-philanthropic sideline by a gregarious white-haired St. Louis manufacturer, Joseph Sunnen. Sunnen, who has donated thousands of bottles of Emko and hundreds of thousands of dollars to birth-control programs, always carries a few Emko packages in his pocket, passing them out to friends



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and casual acquaintances after asking them how many children they have. The samples were being sent to women who had clipped coupons from Emko ads appearing in 19 magazines. Again Mrs. Pilpel obtained a favorable ruling, one that said unless the postmaster could prove the packages were being mailed for unlawful purposes, they could go through.

The toughest Comstock Law in the land was Connecticut's 1879 statute making the use of any drug, medical article or instrument to prevent conception an offense punishable by a fine and up to a year in prison. Anyone who "assists, abets, counsels, causes, hires or commands another to commit any offense" could be similarly prosecuted.

The law was enacted by a Protestant Puritan legislature and was kept on the books, in the face of 28 legislative repeal efforts in the past 40 years, by what has been described as "a small but very articulate and well-organized group of Roman Catholic extremists." Connecticut doctors were not barred from giving birth-control advice to private patients in their offices, but the state law blocked welfare clinics from giving such advice to their clients. Eight or nine birth-control clinics were closed under the law in 1939 and many of the doctors and nurses in attendance were arrested.

When Dr. C. Lee Buxton arrived from New York in 1954 to head the department of obstetrics at Yale's School of Medicine, he was both amused by the law's silliness and distressed by its social injustice. To prohibit individual couples from using contraceptives would, he observed, "require police power as a third party on the connubial couch," a thought whose "farcical implications have all kinds of possibilities."

But what sharpened his determination to do something about the law was the death of several women patients and the permanent incapacitation of another from medical problems seriously aggravated by unwanted pregnancies. All these women had sought contraceptive advice and been unable to get it. "I was brooding about these patients at a cocktail party one evening," Doctor Buxton recalls, "when I met Fowler Harper, then professor of law at Yale. I asked what he thought about the Connecticut law, which was actually preventing us from giving birth-control information to ward patients in the hospital. He said he thought it was a hell of a law. So I got some cases worked up for legal trial, and Harper filed suit to challenge the law's constitutionality, on the ground that it violated the 14th Amendment assuring citizens the basic civil and human rights of personal liberty. Professor Harper died last year, but Miss Catherine Roraback, one of his former students, masterminded the case for us."

This case was lost in the lower courts, and the Supreme Court refused to consider the constitutionality on the grounds that the law was in fact a dead issue and was not enforced. Well, if the law was a dead issue, the thing to do was to open a contraceptive clinic at once, and Mrs. Estelle Griswold, executive director of the Planned Parenthood League of Connecticut, in cooperation with Doctor Buxton as director, prepared to do so. On November 1, 1961, the clinic opened its doors to the public. On November 10 it was closed, by order of the prosecutor, Julius Maretz.

In closing the clinic, New Haven authorities had to contend with a small, white-haired woman in her 60's with a lively sense of humor and a relish for a good fight. The shutting down of Mrs. Griswold's clinic on that November day was a challenge she met with delight.

"My real concern had been that we were only fighting feathers," she said, "that no one might oppose us. This bothered me because birth-control services would still have been illegal. But when we announced the clinic was open, we were swamped with phone calls, and our appointments were soon set up for two or three months ahead."

What forced the legal move against the New Haven clinic was a series of accusations by a man who went to one official after the other demanding that the clinic be closed. "He made a lot of wild statements about me on the radio," said Mrs. Griswold, "and said that every minute the clinic was open a baby wasn't being born. Shortly after one of his radio broadcasts he went to the prosecutor with what was almost an accusation, and there was nothing for the prosecutor to do but send the detectives over to the clinic to see what was going on."

In the course of appealing the case from the lower courts, where he and Mrs. Griswold were fined $100 each and released on $250 bond, Doctor Buxton wrote to experts at every medical college in the country, asking for written support. He got it, even from many Catholic medical schools. Finally, on June 7, 1965, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down its historic 7-to-2 decision. Justice William O. Douglas, in writing the majority opinion, declared the case concerned "a relationship lying within the zone of privacy created by several fundamental constitutional guarantees" and said the Connecticut law "in forbidding the use of contraceptives rather than regulating their manufacture or sale, seeks to achieve its goals by means having a maximum destructive impact upon that relationship.

"We deal with a right of privacy older than the Bill of Rights—older than our political parties, older than our school system," he concluded. "Marriage is a coming together for better or worse, hopefully enduring and intimate to the degree of being sacred."

The two dissenting justices, Stewart and Black, both thought the Connecticut law offensive but constitutional.

Within days after the Supreme Court decision the New York legislature modified its 84-year-old "Comstock law" to remove all restrictions on the dissemination of birth-control information and to permit sale of contraceptives to everyone over the age of 16. Although the law had not been enforced for years, it had been resurrected by the Catholic Welfare Conference in an effort to stop birth-control activities by the State Board of Social Welfare.

Later in the summer the Massachusetts legislature defeated a similar repeal move, but this was the one exception to last year's general easing of legal and administrative restraints. Ohio and Minnesota joined New York in clearing away restrictions from their statutes. Seven states—California, Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan and Nevada—adopted positive legislation to authorize or encourage public family-planning services. And according to a Planned Parenthood survey more than 40 states have made administrative decisions favorable to such programs over the past four or five years.

The long and bitter political battle in Chicago and Illinois ended last June when the state legislature passed a resolution authorizing state agencies to provide birth-control services. And the Chicago Board of Health, under the adroit persuasion of its president, Dr. Eric Oldberg, a prominent neurosurgeon, cautiously began family planning services in nine of its 39 city health centers. His viewpoint conflicts sharply with that of Dr. Karl A. Meyer, 79-year-old medical superintendent of the huge Cook County Hospital, which still has no birth-control clinics even though its annual delivery of 18,000 babies is the largest of any hospital in the country. "Birth control," Meyer has remarked, "is a socio-economic problem, not a medical one."

However you define it, birth-control information has been denied to the many women who have sought it at Cook County. In an interview on CBS-TV, one woman said she asked a doctor at Cook County if he could help her stop having children. "He told me no, I was too young," she said, "and was good for twenty more."

VII THE WORLD CRISIS

Spectacular and incisive as its 1965 battles have been, the birth-control revolution has just begun on those troubled frontiers of the world where the population has outraced the supply of food, housing and jobs. Humanity, now numbering almost three and a half billion and expected to reach over six billion by the end of the century, has not yet filled up all the earth's living space. But in many countries the conquest of diseases that used to hold the population in check has been so rapid that the economy has not been able to keep up, and living standards have steadily fallen. "The world-population crisis is no longer a future fear—it is already with us," General Draper warned last month. "One half of the world's population and two thirds of its children do not have enough to eat. The stark fact is that if the population continues to increase faster than food production, hundreds of millions will starve in the next decade."

India, her chronic food shortages worsened by the lack of normal monsoon rains, "is experiencing semi-starvation today," General Draper commented, "and may see full-scale famine this coming year." Prime Minister Shastri has asked his people to observe "supperless Mondays" and food rationing has been ordered in New Delhi. Reports from Orissa, a state in eastern India on the Bay of Bengal, say that some farmers, unable to feed their families, are selling not only their possessions but their children as well.

Latin America's living standards have declined as its swelling population crowds from the country into the cities. Less food is produced and eaten there per capita than before World War II, says General Draper, and there has been a shocking 10 percent decline since 1960.

Dr. Alberto Lleras, a former president of Colombia, told Sen. Ernest Gruening's committee on population control that South America's problem has been greatly aggravated by mechanization on the farms and automation in industry. "Millions of peasants, thrown out of work in the country, become a bedraggled army of nomads," he said, "flocking to the cities and finding no work, or grossly inadequate employment there.

"Worse yet," Lleras added, "economic development is not achieving its purpose—to create jobs. . . . Latin America is breeding misery, revolutionary pressures, famine and many other potentially disastrous problems in proportions that exceed our imagination."

Both Lleras and General Draper insist that population problems in Latin America and other crowded parts of the world cannot be solved without birth control. Unfortunately, the revolution has not yet touched the great majority of the world's people. According to George N. Lindsay Jr., brother of New York's mayor and the new chairman of the board of Planned Parenthood, "Modern contraceptives are still largely unavailable among three fourths of the world's people. Even in the U.S., where family planning is now a deep-rooted tradition among the more fortunate, nine out of ten impoverished women still lack birth-control information and assistance."

Where the new weapons of the birth-control revolution have been given a fair test, the signs are encouraging. Under the Korean National Health program, doctors have been fitting women with intra-uterine devices at the rate of 15,000 a month. Their aim is to cut the birth rate in half in the next three years, and in one test area a 20 percent reduction was achieved in just one year. In Taiwan the program is under non-government sponsorship, with Population Council assistance. The goal is to install 600,000 loops by 1969 and slow the island's population growth rate from 3.2 to 1.8 percent. In selected areas the birth rate has already declined 60 percent.

U.S. Ambassador to India Chester Bowles has said that India expects to reduce its annual birth rate from the present 42 per 1,000 of population to 25 over the next decade. Mr. Bowles displayed a New Delhi newspaper with a Ministry of Health ad that read: "A small family is a happy family. Plan your family the loop way."

At this point no one can say what the ultimate in conception control will be—a loop, a better pill, a longer-lasting injectable, a safe vaccine. What is important is that the human family and the human race have at last a means for determining, with unprecedented reliability, their increase. "By placing the creation of life under the guidance of man's ethics and intellect," says Donald B. Straus, former chairman of Planned Parenthood, "we can achieve a reverence for life which assures that every baby shall be a wanted baby and shall have room in the family for love."

We live in a finite world, with finite resources. Yet we are endowed with a brain of almost infinite inventiveness and capacity, and it has given us the birth-control revolution. We can reasonably expect that in time we shall be able to occupy our world without crowding and exhausting it. □

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Fifty years ago their forebears were marauders with bounties on their heads.

Today a man in Pennsylvania claims to be the sole protector of

THE LAST OF THE OUTLAW WOLVES

Waiting for his weekly 50 pounds of beef, one of Jack Lynch's big wolves paces expectantly.

By Robert K. Massie

Every night of the year, winter and summer, Jack Lynch of Kane, Pa., gets out of bed twice—once before midnight and once between midnight and dawn—to visit his wolves. Putting on his bathrobe, he walks down a dark path to a sprawling maze of rusty iron and wire pens, each the size of a tennis court. Inside, 20 massive, furry animals, looking like monstrous dogs, glide silently back and forth along the fence. When Lynch arrives, the wolves watch him carefully with expressionless little eyes set close together. Cheerfully Lynch walks around the outside of the pens, emitting chuckles and grunts, which he believes comfort the animals and make them know they are loved. On the rare occasions he misses this nocturnal round, the wolves set up a howl that rolls off the nearby hills and echoes down the lonesome highway outside the pens.

To Jack Lynch, a tall, gray-haired, broad-shouldered man in his early 40's, it is extremely important that his wolves feel comforted and loved. Here, in the mountainous northwest corner of Pennsylvania, he lives with what he says are the last of the lobos, the great killer wolves of the North American continent. Zoologists say that Lynch's "lobos" are not a separate species at all; that "lobo" is Spanish for "wolf" and is a colloquial term for the large gray wolf in the Southwest; and that gray wolves, although scarce, are not near extinction. (The gray wolf became known in the Great Plains region as a "buffalo wolf," and Lynch uses the names interchangeably.) Nonetheless, as recently as 1915, large killer wolves like Lynch's were depleting Western herds at such a rate that the Federal Government organized posses to hunt them down, and now they have all but vanished. Every year 20,000 people pay to see Lynch's animals, but his purpose, he vows, is not merely the management of a commercial enterprise. "My life," he declares, "is dedicated to seeing that *Canis lupus nubilis*, the buffalo wolf, which played such a magnificent role in American history, does not become extinct."

Sunday always brings the best crowd. From eight in the morning until eight at night the cars turn off the highway and the tourists pay 75 cents to see the lobos and hear Jack Lynch give his dramatic spiel, which is filled with hairbreadth escapes, startling statistics and graphic scenes of primeval gore. Over and over, Lynch gives his talk, popping throat lozenges into his mouth, growing hoarse, but losing none of his gusto.

He begins inside a pen containing three young wolves which Lynch playfully slaps and pummels. The animals climb his chest, lick his fingers and wag their tails like happy dogs, but Lynch points out that few of the wolves are so gentle. "You take this big rascal over here," he says, pointing through the wire to a particularly sinister-looking wolf. "His name is Saber. He weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His teeth are two inches long. He can leap twenty feet in a single bound. He bent the top of that twelve-foot fence, trying to clear it and get at a man he didn't like."

At this point the Sunday-afternoon crowd—a cluster of Boy Scouts, plump women in slacks and gum-chewing teenagers with beehive hairdos—always stops whispering and carefully scrutinizes the reinforced chicken wire separating them from the wolves.

"The lobos are not to be confused with timber wolves and other lesser breeds," Jack continues. "A timber wolf weighs seventy or eighty pounds; these wolves weigh twice that much. When these wolves moved into an area inhabited by timber wolves, the timber wolves left at once. The U.S. Biological Survey called these lobos the 'consummation of absolute savagery.'

"The lobos are loners," he goes on, explaining the fact that none of the eight other pens contains more than two wolves. "They mate for life, and when one partner dies the other remains single for the rest of his life. Here, if we put two unmated lobos into a single pen they would fight to the death." Jack shakes his head at the thought. "A wolf fight isn't a lot of growling and snapping and rolling around on the ground. One swing of the head and they regurgitate everything in their stomachs and are ready to fight. Then they just stand there silently, shoulder to shoulder, taking big bites out of each other. The one that eats the other one fastest wins."

At this, of course, the crowd wonders what he can be doing in there with three such beasts. "These rascals in this pen are our cubs," he explains, roughing the fur behind their ears and scratching them under the stomach. "Margie, my wife, and I raised them under our bed." As one of the wolves carefully closes his teeth over a hand, Jack adds confidently, "A wolf will never bite in error."

In the four years since he and Margie began keeping the pack, Jack has often been attacked by wolves. His clothing has been ripped, his boots have been bitten off, and a tin bucket used to ward off attacks is battered and punctured from the crunch of flashing teeth. Once, a wolf jumped on his chest and tore his leather jacket. To the wolf, it seemed like flesh. "We were looking right at each other," Jack says. "I saw his eyes dilate and heard that low gurgle in his throat. I got away by pushing him and whipping out the pistol I used to carry.

Photographs by George X. Sand

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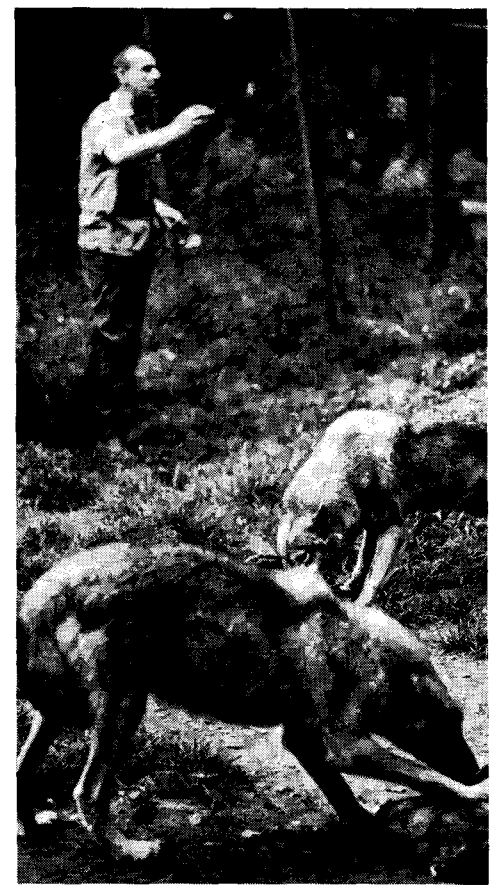
I fired behind him and he backed away, but he has never forgiven me and I can't go near him anymore."

At 4:15 on Sunday afternoons, when there is a maximum audience of spectators, the wolves get their only meat of the week. Before the feeding, they run up and down the pens, tails high, watching expectantly. The meat arrives in a wheelbarrow: 1,000 pounds of beef cut into 50-pound chunks. As Jack heaves each piece through the gate, a wolf jumps forward and grabs it, hoisting the whole 50 pounds in his jaws as though it were a chop. On the other side of the pen, he drops it, bends down and, with a single jerk of the head, tears off and swallows five pounds. They eat everything—hair, hide and gristle—except the bones.

Jack buys the beef from local dairy farmers who have lost a cow. "I used to toss in the whole carcass," he says, "but I had to stop because it made the spectators ill." This is a favorite part of his monologue. "Once, we had this real fluffy model here in spiky heels and a white dress. I guess she'd never been out of New York City before in her life. Well, when she looked in there and saw those rascals biting into that cow's head—you can imagine what happened." The crowd, pleased to be made of much sterner stuff, laughs generously.



While Lynch tells tourists about their days as killers, two lobos devour their dinner.

'I saw his eyes dilate and heard that low gurgle in his throat. I fired behind him and he's never forgiven me.'

While the wolves rip and tear, Jack delivers the windup. "If you can do what you love in life, you're lucky," he says. "My wife and I love these wolves. Just as they were passed along to us, we will care for them for the rest of our lives and pass them along to some other man and woman so that future generations can see what you have seen—the last of the lobos."

At dusk, when the last of the tourists has disappeared down the highway, Jack Lynch walks slowly up the path to the cramped three-room trailer where Margie, his wife, is cooking his supper. She is a dark-haired, quiet woman, who sells the tickets. Although she does not go into the wolf pens, her feeling for the pack is similar to Jack's. She is collecting anecdotes for a book to be titled *Love Me, Love My Lobos.*

Inside, Jack slumps in a chair at the kitchen table, trying to unwind. He does not smoke or drink, and his principal relaxant is black coffee, very hot, with two heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar. Every day he drinks a dozen cups.

The Lynches share the trailer with Kim, a lumbering Alaskan Malemute dog, who has thick gray fur and often is mistaken for a wolf, and Amigo, a tawny animal that is often found stretched out on top of the washing machine. Amigo turns out to be a mountain lion; from her perch, she switches her tail slowly and blinks at visitors with slitted yellow eyes.

After dinner on a recent Sunday night, Jack Lynch stirred a steaming

A two-year-old lobo gets a penicillin shot from the owner, who doubles as veterinarian.

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cup of coffee and explained how he and Margie happened to be living with a wolf pack in Pennsylvania. He was born, he said, in a small town in Illinois and adopted by a childless older couple. He served in the Air Force during the war and then went to Southern California. There he worked for a boat-building firm, attended a steel-engineering institute in San Diego and met Margie. She came from Green Bay, Wis., had served in the Women Marines and was going to acting classes at Pasadena Playhouse.

Both the Lynches loved dogs and they raised a trio of German shepherds which they exhibited regularly in dog shows. In 1955 Jack became plant manager for a steel-products company in Milwaukee. In 1960 all three of their German Shepherds died of old age within a 90-day period, and they acquired Kim, the Malemute. That year the Lynches were talking dogs to a fellow enthusiast when the conversation turned to wolves, particularly to the great buffalo wolves which once terrorized the Great Plains. The friend recollected that he had once heard about an old man in Pennsylvania who owned the last of the lobos. Jack was fascinated. He investigated and located the whereabouts of the pack. For weeks he talked about nothing except going to see the wolves.

Finally, on Thanksgiving Day, 1960, the Lynches drove to Kane and, for the first time, saw the wolves. "It was love at first sight," Jack said. Before they went home, he and Margie decided to give up "this rat-race city life" and to try to buy the lobos.

The owner, Dr. E.H. McCleery, was a frail, slender man only five feet, four inches tall and over 90 years old, and, Jack says, he had single-handedly saved the buffalo wolf from extinction. The great days of the buffalo wolf lay in the time when immense herds of American buffalo roamed the Great Plains from Texas north to the Canadian border. The wolves, loping along the fringes of the herd, cut down the stragglers, the old and the sick, and kept the size of the herds in check. Then came the railroads, the hunters, and sportsmen with repeating rifles to overturn the balances of nature. The buffalo were exterminated but the wolves remained, their appetites undiminished. They turned to cattle and sheep.

Doctor McCleery saw his first wolf in 1887. That summer, when he was a 19-year-old student at Princeton, McCleery went to the Yukon to hunt grizzly bears. He never saw a grizzly, but one night, as he sat by his campfire, a big gray wolf trotted out of the shadows and sat down in the light of the fire. Fascinated, McCleery tossed over scraps of meat which the wolf ate politely, like a big dog, before ambling away. Promising himself that he would come back to the Yukon, McCleery returned home, entered Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and eventually began to practice in Kane, his family home.

"Old Doc lived to be ninety-four and he never did go back to the Yukon," said Jack. "But he never forgot the sight of that big wolf sitting a few feet away from his campfire. He read all he could about wolves. As time went by, he realized that the wolf, like the buffalo, was being exterminated."

On the Western cattle ranges the buffalo wolves had been wreaking destruction. Hunting in pairs, the female wolf attacked the steer from the front, tearing at the eyes and nostrils, while the male charged in from behind and slashed the hamstrings. A wolf hunting alone lunged straight for the throat.

The fiercest of the lobos achieved a notoriety equal to that of famous train robbers. A wolf called Jack the Ripper slaughtered 64 sheep in a single night; The Butcher of Colorado killed $90,000 worth of cattle in his lifetime; Three Toes, a female who escaped a trap but lost a toe, did $12,000 worth of killing in South Dakota in a single year, 1923. Most lobos killed simply to eat, but a few slaughtered cattle for revenge or even mutilated them for sport. Sometimes, when a rancher shot a wolf, the mate returned and murdered the rancher's cattle without eating a bite.

As the ranchers' losses to wolves rose to a staggering total of $30 million, bounties on the most famous killers soared to $10,000 apiece. The U. S. Biological Survey (now the Fish and Wildlife Service) made up "most wanted" lists and kept plaster casts of the footprints of the most destructive wolves. At one time, around 1915, the Government deployed 400 professional hunters armed with traps, poisoned meat, high-powered rifles and dogs, all trying to kill the lobos.

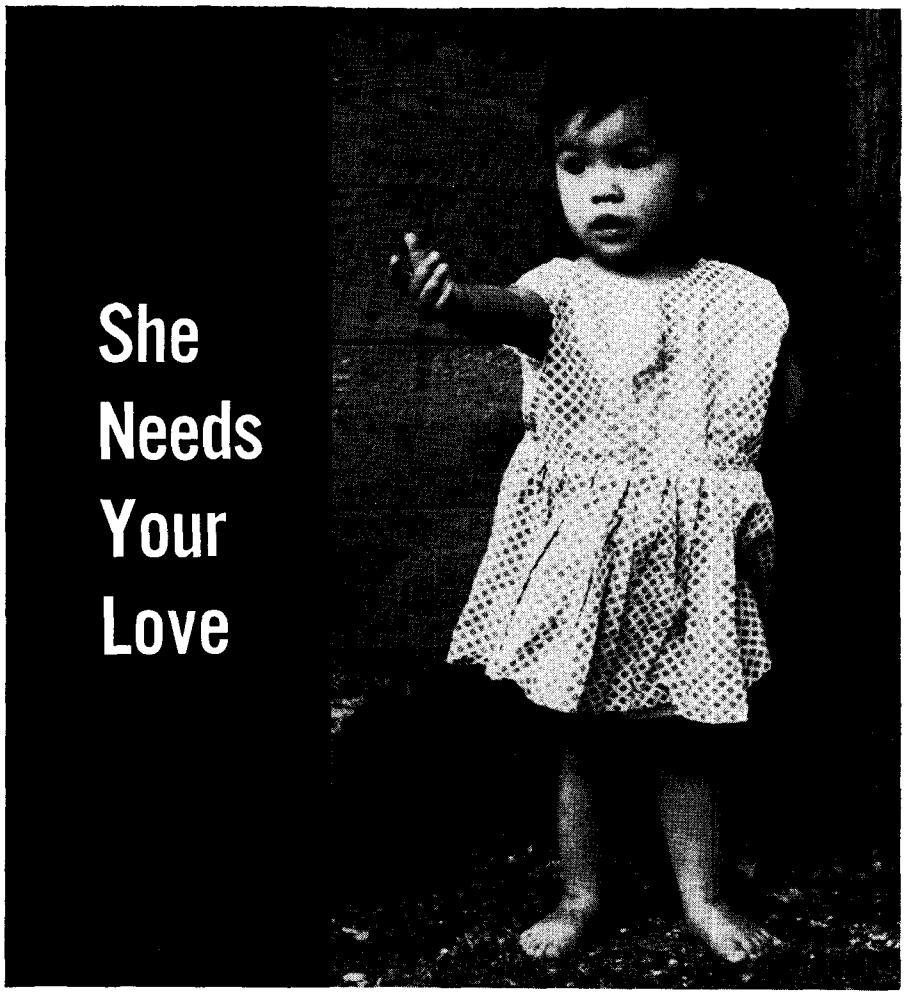
For dogs, tracking wolves was a risky business. Often the wolf would run before the dog pack until the dogs were widely strung out. Then, swiftly doubling back, the wolf slaughtered the leading dogs. With a single swing of the head, a lobo could lay open a dog's stomach; a crunch of the jaws snapped the dog's leg. Teddy Roosevelt once lost so many cattle to wolves on his South Dakota ranch that he bought nine brute dogs, half bulldog, half great Dane, with which to fight back. After trailing a big lobo all day, his hunters called back the dogs, made camp and slept. In the darkness, the wolf returned and killed all nine dogs.

The lobos used their wits as well as their teeth. A male and female, working together, criss-crossed the trail to decoy and confuse pursuing dogs. Wolves ran down railroad tracks where the smells of tar, creosote and cinders blurred their scent. One wolf named Lucifer eluded a pack of dogs by charging down the main street of Inola, Okla., while citizens stood on their porches and gaped in amazement.

Nevertheless, the battle was unequal. The wolves could overpower most dogs, but they could not escape bullets. By 1920 the lobos, like the buffalo, were almost gone.

It was at this point that Doctor McCleery wrote to the Biological Survey and asked for a few cubs, offering to pay all expenses. In 1921 his first wolf arrived. Twenty others followed, including a daughter of the infamous female Three Toes, whose blood runs through the present pack.

From the beginning Doctor McCleery treated the wolves as pets. To his neighbors' dismay, he walked them



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through the streets of Kane at the end of a leash. One big male, Geronimo, sat beside him on the front seat of his car as he drove about making house calls. Often, to find solitude, Doctor McCleery went down and sat in the pens surrounded by wolves. Mrs. McCleery hated the animals and insisted that he get rid of them. When arguments ensued, Doctor McCleery quietly retreated to the wolf pen. "I shall go and stay with my friends," he would say. Eventually the couple was divorced, Mrs. McCleery left, and Doctor McCleery settled down to domestic tranquillity with his lobos.

The doctor supported his pack by occasionally selling a wolf, either to a zoo or to a museum, and he permitted a Walt Disney photographer to film his wolves. Later, using timber wolves, which were easier to handle, Disney made a film, *The Legend of Lobo*. Meanwhile, to raise money, Doctor McCleery moved the pack to a site on the highway, hired keepers, and put the animals on exhibition.

"Over forty years, of course, Doctor McCleery sometimes got bitten," Jack admitted. "Once he fell and a wolf was standing directly over him. Doctor McCleery blew as hard as he could right down the lobo's throat and the wolf was so surprised that he let the doctor go. Another time an angry wolf had backed Doctor McCleery into a corner. The doctor just stooped down and began drawing doodles in the gravel. The wolf got so interested that he forgot he was angry."

Several times the lobos dramatically demonstrated their affection for the doctor. One day when he was very old, Doctor McCleery fainted inside a pen. The lobos formed a guard around his prostrate body and refused to let the keepers carry him away. Fortunately, before long the doctor revived. On another occasion, McCleery slipped and fell, and three young wolves leaped to attack him. Suddenly an old male named Snowdrift charged up, slashing and biting, and sent the assailants scurrying to a corner.

"In his last years," Jack said, "old Doc went down to the pens less and less often. He got to be infirm, and in the year before we bought the wolves, he hadn't seen the lobos even once. For a long time he'd been looking for someone to take over the pack. He didn't want the wolves scattered. He told us, 'I want them to remain right here where they belong, in the care of people who will want to carry on as I have done.' I guess Doctor McCleery must have liked us and trusted us, because in December, 1961, he telephoned and said, 'I'm going to die. If you want my wolves, you'd better come.'"

The Lynches returned, and two days after Christmas, 1961, they bought pack, pens and park. Jack won't say how much he paid, but he estimates that his present investment in the animals, the equipment and the 40 acres of land is $57,000. "Of course, the wolves themselves are really priceless," he insists. "In 1934 Doctor McCleery sold a lobo for $3,400. Today they are worth much, much more."

The transfer of the lobos was a major event in Kane. Pennsylvania's Gov. David Lawrence sent a special message, and the Kane *Republican* published a special edition. It welcomed the Lynches and honored Doctor McCleery, quoting him as saying, "They [Margie and Jack] have the youth, the enthusiasm, the energy, the drive, and above all, the interest to carry on. My mind is at ease." A few months later, in May, 1962, Doctor McCleery died.

"When we first took over, it was pretty rough," Jack recalled. "The place was run down, five of the wolves were sick; and since the doctor hadn't been near them for quite a while, all of them were vicious. They hated the keeper who worked their pens and they would charge any human at the slightest opportunity. For the first couple of months, I carried a pistol. Every time I went into one of those pens, I was scared to death."

In time Jack managed to win the respect of four of the older wolves. "It was on their terms, mind you," he said. "The moment I knew I had been accepted came as I was working inside a pen repairing the wire. Saber walked up behind me and very carefully closed that big jaw of his over my right leg. Then he let go and gently took my other leg in his mouth. I didn't move a muscle. He looked up at me as if to say, 'OK so far, buster, but watch it.'"

Jack is on excellent terms with the cubs he raised himself. Four litters, 18 cubs in all, have been born since the Lynches took over, but only three cubs have survived. "We have a lot more people and much more noise around the pens than in Doctor McCleery's day," Jack explained. "The mothers don't get the seclusion and feeling of security they need, and their milk doesn't come down. Rather than let their babies starve, they kill them."

Jack and Margie eventually decided to take three newborn cubs away from their mother and try to raise them in their trailer. They fed them milk from an eyedropper and kept them in semi-darkness for several weeks so that light would not damage their unshielded eyes. "Taking cubs from a mother wolf can be the quickest way to make a wolf your enemy," Jack said. "But we had no choice. When they grew bigger, we took them back to her and showed her that they were all right. For two days, she carried them around in her mouth. Then, she kind of half forgave us."

Because the future of the pack depends on the lobos reproducing themselves, Jack has now built two dirt dens inside the pens to give the wolf mothers privacy. He watches the lobos' diet carefully. In addition to beef, they eat plums, grapes, watermelon, cantaloupe, tomatoes, pears and four eggs a week. "They're suspicious of pills," Jack said, "so we have to slit the meat and tuck the vitamins inside the flap."

The Lynches use veterinarians only for the smallest cubs. "A vet won't go near a mature wolf unless it's anesthetized and I think anesthetics are dangerous," Jack said. "You can't blame the vets. It's tough to treat an animal when it is trying to eat you."

As a result, Jack, who has had no formal training, does most of his own veterinary work. "My biggest success was cutting a lesion out of a wolf named Keno," he said. "Much earlier, Keno had been bitten around the backbone about eight inches from the tail. One day I noticed that he had to struggle to get up on his back legs. I looked and found a mass of maggots as big as an orange clustered around this old wound. When I touched it, he winced, but he never growled. He looked so helpless and sad that I decided to treat him myself. I tucked his head behind my back and put my knee under his tummy. Keno went absolutely rigid but he made no sound. I cleaned away the maggots and shaved the area and then I took a scalpel and pushed it in. Keno didn't move a muscle. I located and cut away an inch-long white growth at the core of the wound. Then I packed the area with penicillin. Two days later he stood up without difficulty. A month later he was well. I never really worried about being bitten because I knew that he knew I was saving his life."

Nothing has surprised the Lynches more than the mysterious way the wolves react to death. "If one of them dies fighting, the others don't pay much attention," Jack said. "But when a wolf dies of old age, the rest of them sit there alternately howling and just staring, silent as death."

An even more startling thing happened on the day Doctor McCleery died. "The old Doc died in a hospital in town," Jack said. "That's more than six miles from here. But on the afternoon he died, the wolves started to howl. They kept it up all that afternoon and all that night. I don't know how they knew, but they knew."

Like zoo keepers everywhere, Jack has found that it is unsafe, both for the people and the animals, to leave the pens unattended for long. Children, thinking the lobos look like their dog at home, push their fingers through the fence. Once, while Jack was taking a coffee break, a sadist threw acid through the fence and burned a lobo across the face. After dark, there are sometimes prowlers. Steel nuts and bolts have been slipped under the hide of meat scheduled for feeding the following day. For protection, Jack has threatened to turn his pet mountain lion loose at night.

This year, after almost four years in Kane, the Lynches and their lobos have reached a crossroads. The wolves are more than paying their way, but the pens are old and rusting. There is talk of a new superhighway, which would whiz the tourists through Kane at 60 mph. Some of the citizens of Kane still don't like the idea of wolves in the area, and tourists have occasionally been told that the lobo park was no longer there. And Margie Lynch, alone all day in a ticket booth and her small trailer, has begun to long for the excitement and the golden beaches of Southern California.

"What I'd like to do," Jack said, "is take the pack some place like Arizona. We ought to show these wolves to as many people as possible. They've got highways in Arizona where a million people go by every year."

The coffee was gone and Jack pushed back his chair. "Come on," he said. "Let's go see the lobos."

The moon was shining through the hemlocks, dividing the night into patches of light and dark. Back and forth, like gray shadows, the wolves moved through the pens. As Lynch appeared, they stopped, the heads swung around, and they watched him with cold, glittering eyes. The wire fence was barely visible in the darkness.

"Wait a few minutes," Jack said. "On moonlit nights, they always howl. It's something to hear."

Ten minutes later it began. Starting with a single howl, the sound rose in pitch and volume as the entire pack joined in. Heads thrown back, staring up at the moon, the descendants of Three Toes and Jack the Ripper and The Butcher of Colorado sent their piercing, eerie, mournful wail out across the deserted highway and into the gray hills of Pennsylvania. □

"Thin ice?"

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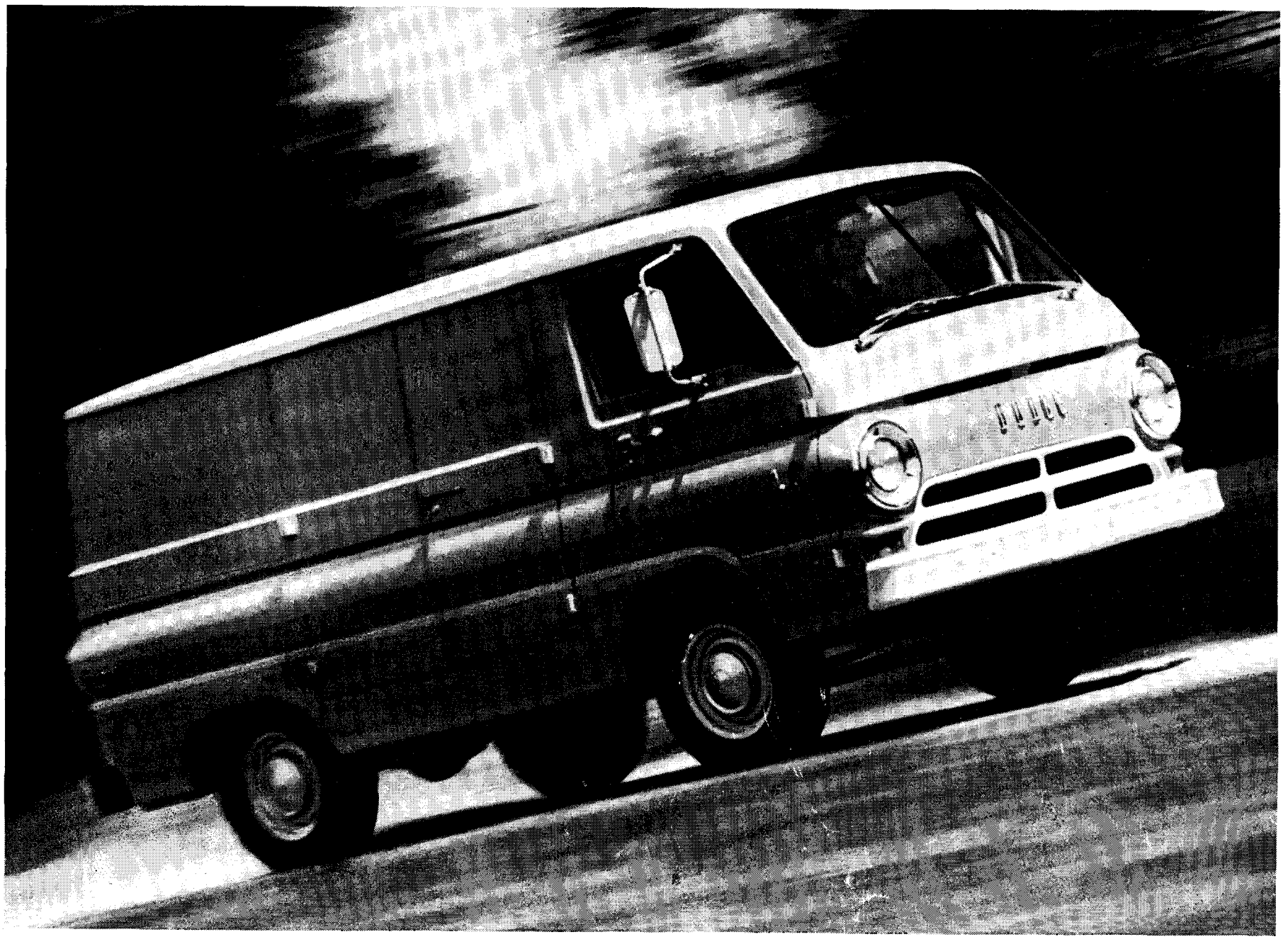

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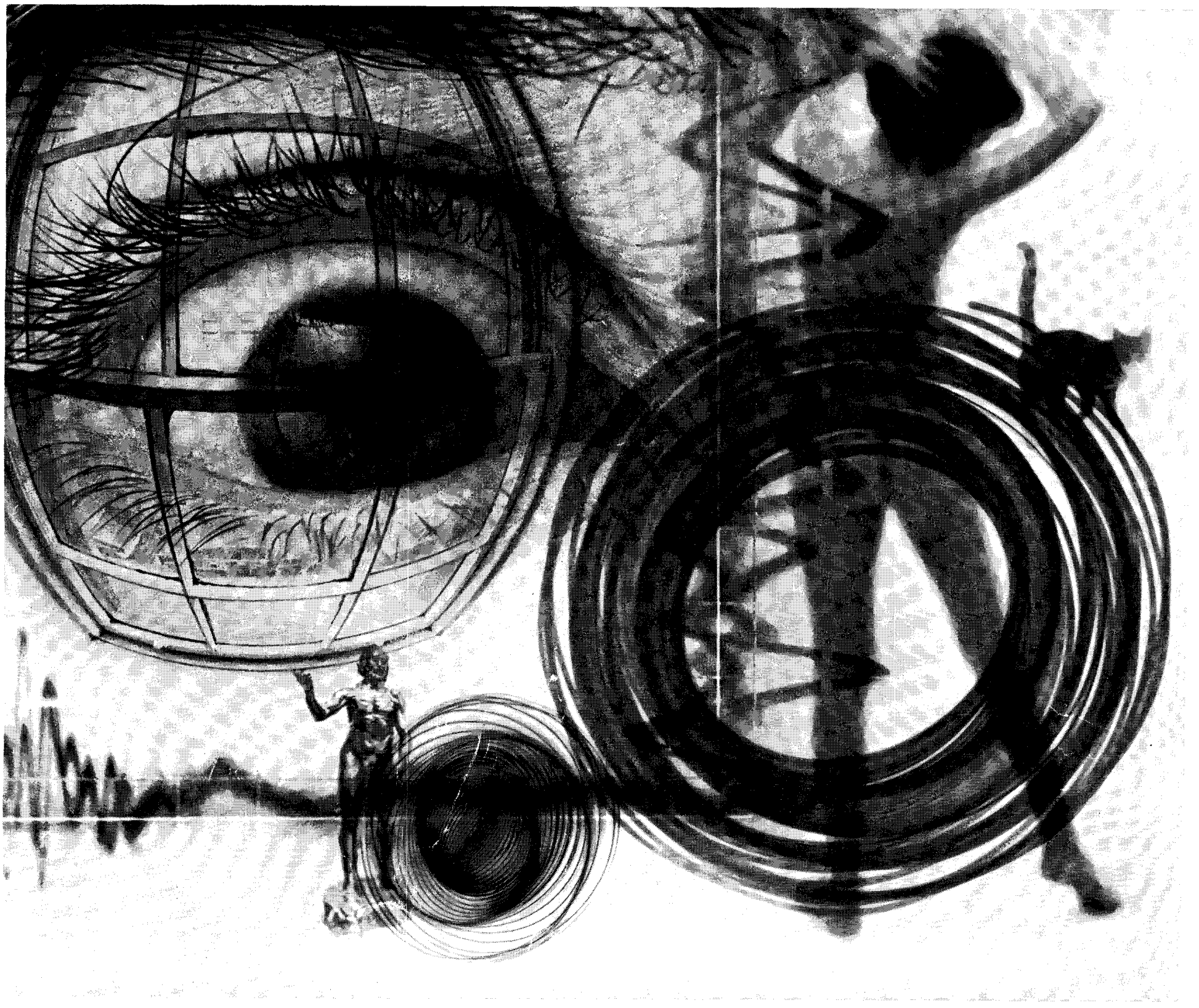
television commercials, spot latent sexual problems

and even read the minds of animals.



Photograph by David Attie

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YOUR EYE CAN'T LIE

One afternoon not long ago a University of Chicago scientist named Dr. Eckhard Hess performed in his laboratory a series of experiments which seemed more appropriate to a swami's carnival tent. Using a simple device he and his associates themselves had designed, Hess:

(1) Figured out what, approximately, was going on in the mind of a cat; (2) Proved that a woman who declared she loved modern art actually loathed it; (3) Examined the secret thoughts of two virile-appearing young men and determined which one was an admitted homosexual; (4) Found meaning in the jumbled thoughts of a four-year-old boy which the child could not possibly have expressed in speech.

Doctor Hess's device is essentially nothing more than a movie camera rigged to record and measure changes which occur in the pupils of the subjects' eyes in response to various stimuli. In the case of the cat, the stimulus was a movie showing a number of scampering mice. The instant result was a pronounced dilation of the cat's pupils. The same kind of dilations or constrictions in the pupils of human subjects seems to reveal true feelings and opinions which the subjects sometimes will not—or perhaps cannot—express in words. The results have been so convincing that they have opened up a whole new field of psychology based on the study of pupil measurements, christened "pupillometrics" by Doctor Hess. Some of the more enthusiastic practitioners like to describe it as "the X ray of the mind."

Pupillometrics is based on the fact that the pupil of the eye is a direct extension of the brain and cannot be consciously controlled. It grows larger or smaller in response to stimuli such as pictures, sounds, odors, tastes or even spoken questions. No one is sure why this happens; a stimulus to the sympathetic nervous system somehow seems to affect the muscles of the iris. Hess's usual procedure is to have the subject peer into one end of a two-foot-long black box called a Pupil Response Apparatus and look at photographs projected on a screen at the other end, while a movie camera records the changing size of his pupils at the rate of two pictures per second. The pictures of the eyes are then enlarged to 20 times life-size, and the dilations and contractions are meticulously measured to within 1/20th of a millimeter.

An increase in pupil diameter almost infallibly reflects varying degrees of pleasure or interest in the subject's reaction to the photographs; a constriction indicates distaste or rejection of whatever the subject is observing, and no change in pupil size shows disinterest or boredom. "The eye cannot lie," says James M. Polt, an assistant to Doctor Hess.

A pupillometric experiment reported last year in *The Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* is stirring widespread interest in medical-psychiatric circles. There has never before been a reliable test for homosexuality, a means of detecting latent homosexual tendencies in time to head off a possible major personal tragedy. Hess and two of his colleagues rounded up a test group of 10 normal young men and five admitted homosexuals of the same age, background and education. Each of the 15 youths was shown a test battery of 10 paintings and photographs, among which were pictures of female nudes and pictures of male nudes. The results showed an amazing correlation. Every one of the normal youths had pupil dilations, in varying degrees, in response to the pictures of female nudes; the homosexuals all reacted similarly to the male nudes. One of the homosexuals also showed a minor response to women, but it was much less than the lowest response of any of the normal youths. "In this one area alone," says Hess, "pupillometrics could be an important aid to psychiatrists in making their diagnoses."

Researcher James Polt is using the technique in a special project to try to communicate with animals. "You can't give a cat a new experimental drug and ask him how he feels," says Polt. "But with pupillometrics, his eyes *tell* you how he feels." For example, a cat

By Bill Davidson

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'Then we knew that we really had something. It was as though a portion of the brain were in plain sight for the psychologist to peer at.'

stimulated by a drug has larger-than-normal pupil reactions to movies of mice; a drug which depresses the animal reduces pupil reactions to the same stimuli.

In the same manner, pupillometrics might be used to communicate with people too young—or too sick—to express their feelings, and Hess's research team has made some tests of this theory. In one experiment, a four-year-old boy was shown pictures of his parents and other relatives interspersed with pictures of strangers and other "neutral" scenes. His pupil reactions expressed strong feelings of pleasure and rejection which a four-year-old could never verbalize, indicating that pupillometrics may prove to be of considerable value to child psychologists.

In another experiment a quite articulate young woman who expressed (among other things) a great liking for modern art was given the lie by the Pupil Response Apparatus; photographs of abstract paintings shown to her amid a succession of other pictures invariably caused her pupils to constrict.

This suggests that pupillometrics might be used as a substitute or supplement for the standard lie detector, or polygraph, and in fact, a Chicago polygraph laboratory is experimenting with the idea. Hess is convinced that his machine would be an improvement in hunting criminals, because it offers a "built-in safeguard against error." Even though a polygraph operator tries to relax the subject in advance, Hess points out, anxieties which have nothing to do with the questions—the mere fact that the man is a suspect—can throw the results out of whack. "In pupillometrics, we start each test battery off with a control picture which has nothing on it but numbers from one to five, arranged in a certain pattern. If the man is anxious to begin with, his eye pupils will be larger than normal as he looks at the control slide—but *that* pupil size would be the basis for judging pupil changes that might occur later as the suspect was shown pictures of the crime scene. As a further control, he would be shown many other, innocent photos, which have nothing to do with the crime in question."

A lot more refinement of techniques will be needed before the fate of crime suspects can be entrusted to pupillometrics, if only because the science is so new. Yet its basic principle has been recognized for centuries. Poets wrote long ago about the eyes being the "windows of the soul" and described emotions in terms of the pupils ("pinpoints of hate," for example). Medieval Middle Eastern rug dealers and Chinese jade merchants were aware that their pupils dilated at the sight of a particularly exquisite piece of merchandise and veiled their eyes in various ways (even using crude smoked-glass spectacles) to avoid giving away their enthusiasm and causing a rise in price. In more recent times the green eyeshade of the serious poker player was designed to hide his pupil responses to, say, a full house.

The first scientist to note the phenomenon was the great 19th-century naturalist, Charles Darwin, who referred to "widening and narrowing of the eyes" as signs of human emotion. Some 60 years ago German psychologists made crude experiments which showed that when a person was engaged in solving a problem, such as a mathematical equation, his pupils dilated. For more than a half century, however, no further research was done in this area. Various medical techniques were developed—such as testing the reaction of the pupil to light in detecting brain disease—but the emotional-intellectual responses of the pupil were almost totally disregarded.

It wasn't until 1960 that the phenomenon attracted the attention of Eckhard Hess. Now 49 years old and chairman of the Department of Psychology at the University of Chicago, Hess is a sandy-haired, cigar-smoking, free-wheeling scientist of the old school who constantly berates his students about falling into the slough of unimaginative, computerized research. "Use the computer," he tells them, "but don't let the computer take the place of your brains! Think! Look at the world around you! Rely on your common sense and your green thumb! Don't get swallowed up by the I.B.M. machine!"

Born in Germany, Hess came to the United States with his parents at the age of 10, served as an infantryman in the U.S. Army in World War II, and got his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in psychology at Johns Hopkins University. Soon after he joined the University of Chicago's psychology faculty in 1948, he made some major discoveries in the field of "imprinting"—the process by which life-long attitudes can be stamped on the minds of baby animals and human babies during a critical period shortly after birth. Thousands of baby ducks, for example, were made to consider Hess their "mother," and were induced to change their instinctive nesting habits so they would be safer from predators.

One night in 1960 Hess was lying in bed looking at some animal photos. One of them was strikingly beautiful, and as he stared at it, his wife happened to look at him and said, "Dear, your reading light must not be too good. The pupils of your eyes are terribly enlarged."

"The light is perfect," said Hess. "It's one hundred watts, coming right over my shoulder."

"Nevertheless," said Mrs. Hess, "your pupils are dilated." And she turned off her own light and went to sleep.

Hess couldn't sleep. "The next morning," he says, "I went to my laboratory at the university, still thinking about what had happened. I recalled the old observations by Darwin about the pupil of the eye reflecting the emotions, but for the life of me I couldn't figure out what was so darned emotional about animal photos. My curiosity was aroused, so I decided to try an impromptu experiment. I assembled a group of pictures of landscapes, and then I found a pinup photo of a nude girl in a man's magazine. I mounted the pinup and the landscapes on identical cards, and I called in my assistant, Jim Polt. I shuffled the cards and, holding them above the level of my eyes so I couldn't see them, I had Polt look at each picture in turn while I studied his eyes. As I reached the seventh card, the pupils of Polt's eyes popped to about one third more than their normal size. I looked at that seventh card. It was the pinup. Jim and I both agreed then that we might have stumbled on something really significant, and we immediately started research into the phenomenon."

One of the first things Hess and Polt did was to design their basic equipment, which now has become standard. The key to it was the movie camera, which photographs the eyes from the side of the black box into which the subject is peering. The subject is not aware of the camera because it focuses on his eyes indirectly, through a mirror.

As Hess developed his test materials, one discovery after another came tumbling out of his black box. He soon learned that male and female reactions to the same photo may differ radically (a woman, for example, will develop much stronger pupil responses to a picture of a baby than will a man). He became the first scientist to note that negative responses (such as those to cross-eyed children) will nearly always cause a constriction of the pupil, and that shock reactions (of the sort produced by pictures of the bodies of concentration-camp victims) will first produce a dilation in some people, changing to a constriction after the initial shock reaction has worn off (other people, however, have severe constrictions the first time they see the picture). He found out that the pupil reflects complicated thought processes with astonishing accuracy. A man wrestling with a decision, for example, will show constantly changing pupil enlargements as he considers and reconsiders the problem, with the largest dilation occurring just as he makes up his mind. Immediately after that, the pupil size returns to normal—unless he still has doubts about his solution.

As their research progressed, Hess and Polt decided to see if the pupils respond as accurately to taste, sound, etc.. as they do to sight. They rigged up a sipping device and recorded the pupil reactions of people tasting various pleasant and foul-tasting liquids. The pupil responses were as sensitive as they had been to photos. It was the same with sound—both music and speech.

"It was then that we knew we *really* had something," says Hess. "It was as though a portion of the brain were in plain sight for the psychologist to peer at. We were both exhilarated and puzzled. It seemed unforgivable that we scientists had overlooked such an obvious conclusion for centuries." Since the publication of Hess's findings in the scientific journals, new research projects in pupillometrics have been launched at Chicago, at Vanderbilt University, the University of Colorado, the University of Kentucky, Stockholm University in Sweden, and elsewhere.

The potential applications seem to multiply week by week. At Chicago pupillometrics has already been used by researchers to record people's reactions to stress, to subtle persuasion and to their own inbred prejudices. Psychologist Allen L. Seltzer is using it to test the effectiveness of hypnosis (normally the eye pupils of a person who has just eaten will not react to food pictures, but Seltzer found that they will dilate if a person under hypnosis is told he is hungry and shown the same pictures). A Colorado psychologist has been trained to use the technique as part of a major study to determine people's true attitudes toward Negroes. The Royal Canadian Air Force is considering using pupillometrics to help weed out misfits by discovering how quickly pilot cadets react to various cockpit situations and make necessary decisions.

A New York marketing-research firm called Marplan, Inc. is using 11 of Doctor Hess's black boxes to test consumer reaction to new products, packages and TV commercials, a project headed by an attractive young psychologist named Paula Drillman. In one of her first tests, Miss Drillman asked 39 potential buyers of silverware to state their preferences among 10 silver patterns, and then recorded their pupil reactions to the same patterns. What the shoppers said they liked, their eyes quite often said they didn't. The pupil response all down the line correlated almost exactly with the store's actual sales figures, while the verbally expressed opinions were much different from the sales history.

One pattern produced such a violent constriction of the pupils in all the female shoppers—

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an average of 3.7 percent reduction in size, or about the same constriction produced when women see a picture of a shark—that Miss Drillman asked the store manager why he carried such an item. "Carry it?" he exclaimed. "We discontinued it years ago because it didn't sell. We just sneaked it in as a sleeper to see if this method of yours really works."

"We tested a TV cat-food commercial for a client," says Miss Drillman, "and the eye pupils dilated beautifully in the beginning of the commercial while cute little kittens played with each other. Then we moved to a close-up of a big black cat eating the food, and nearly all the pupils contracted. The client cut out the black cat when he saw our graphs, and the commercial is doing nicely. In the same way, we noted pupil constrictions for single words in the sound tracks of some drug commercials—words like 'nausea' and 'depression.' That's how sensitive the procedure is. These words are not being used by the client anymore."

There seems little doubt that pupillometrics could be a valuable diagnostic tool for the psychologist and the psychiatrist. "A mentally disturbed person usually can't tell you the root of his problem and frequently he doesn't know what it is," says Doctor Hess. "But if you show him a carefully prepared test battery of pictures of people in stress situations or mother-father relationships—to give a couple of examples—his eyes can reflect his problems. Then, as treatment progresses, the doctor doesn't have to guess whether or not his patient is improving. The pupil reactions to the same battery of pictures, or cleverly designed similar ones, will tell him as he goes along."

Dr. Gerhard Haugen, a Portland, Oreg., psychiatrist, says he has already made rough measurements which show that "patients' pupils become larger when any of their phobias or obsessions are mentioned and smaller if some neutral topic is introduced." Dr. Charles Fisher, a top psychiatric-research man at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, thinks that the profession should, with due caution, begin using pupillometrics in clinical work "as a valuable adjunct to existing techniques, and even as a possible independent tool."

There are a few dissenting voices, notably from some neurosurgeons who note the sharp reaction of pupil size to light and doubt that Hess can control the light well enough to measure psychological effects accurately. Hess replies that the light, like other variables, can indeed be controlled and accounted for. "The only bugs in pupillometrics," he says tartly, "come in selecting the proper test materials and in posing the proper questions. That requires common sense, which even some scientists don't have."

What does worry Hess is the thought that pupillometrics might be used by people other than trained scientists, that it might somehow "get into the wrong hands." He sees good uses for it in politics, suggesting that it might be employed by the government to determine true public attitudes on issues like Vietnam, or by a candidate to find out how voters really felt about him. But, by the same token, he fears that it might be an instrument for the invasion of privacy or for thought control.

For the moment, however, Hess's hopes far outweigh his fears, and his only immediate worry is a small, domestic one.

"When I get back to my apartment after a hard day at the laboratory," he says, "my wife always looks into my eyes to see how I'm feeling. If the pupils are small, she complains that I don't love her anymore." □

Dr. Eckhard Hess demonstrates his device with help of volunteer at right, whose eye shows on TV monitor. Movie camera is on far side of box. At left is projector used in tests.

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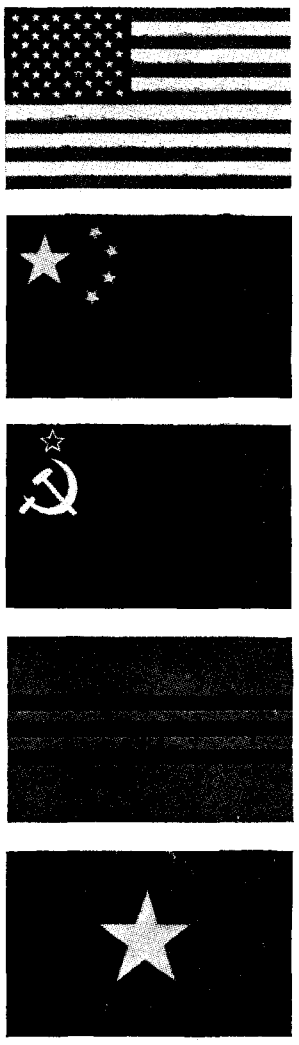
Editorial

The Communist view



James Reston of The New York Times: *Our doctrine "is that force should never be used for political ends. We are trying to rule out all wars. . . ."*

Soviet Premier Kosygin: *"This war in Vietnam and the war in the Dominican Republic and others—you believe that this reflects your doctrine of peace. . . ? I cannot agree that you have the right to kill defenseless people. That is a doctrine of the right of the strong to kill the weak. That is what you are doing. . . ."*

Reston: *"This is a monstrous distortion of American policy. . . ."*

Kosygin: *"You cannot say that the United States is not killing innocent people in Vietnam. . . . I am surprised that you do not see objectively what is taking place. Even a blind man could see what is happening. And if you speak to the contrary . . . I can only conclude that you are not being sincere. . . ."*

It would probably be hard for any American to listen to a ruler of Soviet Russia make an accusation of insincerity. It was probably doubly hard for James Reston, an enormously talented and thoroughly sincere reporter. "Kosygin . . ." he wrote in a separate commentary on the interview, "insults you quietly. . . . It is difficult to comprehend his self-righteousness. . . . He was clearly right, he seemed to be saying, and any sensible person who thought about it would realize it was true."

Kosygin didn't just seem to be saying it; he was indeed saying it. But is it really so "difficult to comprehend his self-righteousness"? It may well be argued that no Soviet leader has ever told the truth, and the evidence for such an argument extends from Stalin's consistent treachery to Khrushchev's lies at the time of the Hungarian revolt and the Cuban missile crisis. Cynics might even argue that no politician of any kind ever tells the truth, and that it is the function of politicians to say whatever is expedient to achieve their ends. Here, too, there is ample evidence.

But despite our mistrust of anything said in Moscow—and the Communists' mistrust of anything said in Washington—it is rarely wise to underestimate one's enemy by assuming that he is the helpless victim of absurd illusions. Just as Khrushchev was woefully mistaken in declaring that the West would inevitably turn to Communism, we may make the similar error of assuming that the leaders of Soviet Russia accept our own ideas of right and wrong, and that they, being naturally evil, choose to lie and play the hypocrite in justification that Kosygin and his deputies do consider themselves "clearly right," and do believe that "any sensible person" would agree with them. This does not mean that they *are* right, but that they confidently believe it as we believe ourselves to be "right."

With the Russians our disputes are relatively normal. When we come to deal with Communist China's Mao Tse-tung and North Vietnam's Communist leader Ho Chi Minh, normality and reason fade away into the mist. According to Stewart Alsop's article on page 14, Washington's professional "China-watchers" report that Mao believes a hostile alliance of Russia, India and the United States is planning to attack China. He must, according to the China-watchers, be a paranoiac. It is quite possible, however, that Mao has his own "America-watchers," and if they analyze an appropriate selection of official statements, they might conclude that the United States has stationed 200,000 troops in Europe in the serious belief that the Red Army may invade West Germany any day, that the United States really credits tiny Cuba with the ability to subvert all of Latin America and that the 10,000 aging incurables of the American Communist Party represent some kind of threat to the republic. Mao, from his own standpoint, might well decide that our leaders in Washington are paranoiac. More seriously, just as we like to interpret refugee accounts in Hong Kong as evidence of the impending collapse of Mao's empire, Mao's America-watchers might analyze the reports on Watts, Harlem, Selma and the various marches on Washington and infer that the American people are on the verge of revolt.

It becomes obvious that we do not really understand the Communists any more than they understand us, and that they may sincerely consider us as misguided as we consider them. While it is easy to talk of more tourism and academic exchanges as a means of "international understanding," the war in Vietnam offers a critical test of our mutual myopia.

We say we are fighting for the liberty and independence of the people of Vietnam. The Communists say they are fighting for the liberty and independence of the people of Vietnam.

We say we will stop the bloodshed if they will stop their aggression. They say they will stop the bloodshed if we stop our aggression.

We say we want to negotiate on the restoration of the 1954 Geneva treaty, interpreted our way. They say they want to negotiate on the basis of the treaty, interpreted their way.

We are convinced we must "teach them a lesson." They think they are teaching us a lesson.

As is often true, each side can argue its case reasonably and believe in it passionately. What is at stake here is not a matter of moral rightness but rather a deadly conflict of national interests. As long as each side demands that the other side abjectly surrender, the war will probably go on—for years. As long as each side takes "negotiation" to mean that the enemy must confess his sins, there will probably be no peace—for years. Is this really what we want? Is it really what the Communists want? Is it what the people of Vietnam want?

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